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THE

AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

Under the Direction of

MOST REV. EDMOND F. PRENDERGAST, D. D.

RIGHT REV. MGR. JAMES P. TURNER, D. D., ASSOCIATE EDITOR,

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

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(Extract from Salutatory, July, 1890.)

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SILENT SANCTUARIES.

GLASTONBURY—A CRADLE OF THE SAINTS.

A SINGLE lonely tower standing on Glastonbury Tor, a hill that rises sheer four hundred feet from a plain in Somerset, not far from the Bristol Channel, in Southwestern England, is the sole relic of what was for many centuries the holiest shrine in the British Isles. Around no other spot, with the exception of the Eternal City and the sacred places of Palestine, have history and legend intermingled in more fascinating combination. The names associated with Glastonbury during the thousand years of its existence as a sanctuary of pious pilgrimage carry one in a living link from Our Lord's own Disciples to that ominous day when Blessed Richard Whiting, gentle of spirit, but courageous of soul, last abbot of a great house, shed his blood at the instance of a faithless and avaricious King.

The beginnings of Glastonbury, sometimes called a "Second Rome," because of its sanctity, go back to a time so remote that it is difficult to distinguish fact from the body of tradition by which it is surrounded. There is nothing, certainly, to disprove the genuineness of the stories that cluster about the foundation of the church and abbey, and it may well be, as they assert, that St. Philip the Apostle, with his twelve companions, chief among whom was St. Joseph of Arimathea, built here the first Christian temple in Britain. In subsequent chronicles it is spoken of as the "vetusta ecclesia," or the "church of willows," because of the fact that it was constructed of willows, or osiers, twined together.

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The land upon which this first rude church stood was originally an island, none other than the Isle of Avalon, the seat of King Arthur, his Queen, Guinevere, and their Knights of the Round Table—the spot that the poet Tennyson has sung of as "deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns and bowery hollows crowned with summer seas." To it, long after St. Philip and his disciples had died, leaving in their places other holy men, came St. Patrick, who gathered around him the scattered hermits and organized them into a community. Here we know for a certainty either lived or were brought for burial St. Aidan, the Bishop of Northumbria, St. David and the fiery St. Dunstan, at one time abbot of the monastery and later Archbishop of Canterbury; and on down the centuries, as long as the abbey stood, saintly men and women, nobles, and even Kings, found their last resting place within its walls. The very soil was held to be holy, and was sent away in vast quantities to the faithful throughout Christendom.

A chronicler of the latter part of the twelfth century tells of the finding of the bodies of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere in the year 1191. He says that beside the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, seven feet below the surface, there was found a large flat stone, on the under side of which was affixed a leaden cross. Upon the removal of the cross it revealed on its side a Latin inscription setting forth the fact of the burial of King Arthur in this place. Further excavation disclosed a huge oak coffin of two compartments. In one of these were the bones of a man of great size, the skull bearing ten sword wounds. The other contained the bones of a woman, together with a great tress of golden hair. The old chronicler goes on to relate in his quaint way how "The Abbat and Convent, receiving their Remains with great joy, translated them to the great Church. . . . in the Choir, before the High Altar, where they rest in magnificent Manner 'til this Day."

Glastonbury was one of the first abbeys in England to follow the Benedictine rule, and from the time of its introduction until the end it ranked as the first and richest English house of that famour order. Church after church, each more substantial than its predecessor, arose to the east of the sacred little "vetusta ecclesia." None replaced it, however, for it was held in extreme veneration. Finally, in 1184, a disastrous fire swept away the entire abbey, including the first church. Immediately work was begun on a magnificent edifice, the only marks of which remain to-day in the few broken arches on Glastonbury Tor.

It is hard for us, in imagination, to rebuild and repeople this great monastery of St. Mary. We have need to remember that the monks were not only master builders, decorators, illuminators and workers

in gold and silver. They were large landholders as well. Whole communities grew up around the monasteries and were dependent upon them for employment. The monks were the dispensers of charity and the promoters of civilization. They had gone fearlessly into the swamp lands and waste places of England and had quite literally made them "blossom as the rose." When Henry VIII. demolished their houses and confiscated their revenues, they were not the only ones who suffered. Nearly eighty thousand of their dependents were deprived of employment and rendered destitute.

Besides the noble fabric of Glastonbury Abbey, the pride and glory of all England, with its wonderful sculptures and altars, among which was the "Sapphire Shrine," a gift from St. David of Wales, there was a great library of such size and beauty as to excite the admiration of the most learned men of the time. In it were hundreds of volumes bound in fine tooled skin and studded with precious stones. After the destruction of the abbey these priceless treasures were scattered abroad and put to the commonest uses, as were the sacred vessels and the gorgeous vestments that had been made and used in the service of God.

The broad lands and extensive revenues of St. Mary's were likewise stolen by Henry. From supporting in peaceful and happy employment several hundred people and ministering to such charities as the entertainment of strangers and the care of the poor, the sick and the aged, they were diverted to the personal uses of a bloodthirsty King and a ring of rapacious nobles.

On Friday, September 19, 1539, the royal commission, headed by one Layton, of decidedly doubtful reputation, appeared at Glastonbury and demanded surrender in the name of the King. The saintly old abbot, whose rule had been a wise and beneficent one, was taken from one place to another for trial. It is a matter of recorded fact that he was actually sentenced to death before he was tried. On November 15 he was dragged on a hurdle to the top of the Tor, where he received the glorious crown of martyrdom. In the meantime the monastery had been sacked and its inmates dispersed.

Time has almost finished the work begun by the agents of the King. As the ordered beauty of the great abbey, with its splendid services and its abundant charities, testified to the efficacy of Christ's religion when it has free play among men, so the mournful ruins on Glastonbury hill bear their witness to the violence of a will undisciplined by the fear of God.

LINDISFARNE—"THE HOLY ISLAND."

It is a far cry from Glastonbury, among the wooded hills of Somerset, to the wild Northumbrian coast, two miles off which lies

Lindisfarne, the "Holy Island." Sanctified it has been, every inch of it, by the footsteps of two as glorious saints as England ever knew —St. Aidan and St. Cuthbert, Apostles of the North.

It is a well-established fact that the members of any race are influenced in great degree by the physical characteristics of the country in which they live. So the inhabitants of this wild, wind-swept border kingdom were turbulent and barbarous. All attempts to convert them had failed, when, in the early part of the seventh century, they gained a Christian King in the person of Oswald, who in the year 635 called St. Aidan from Iona for the purpose of winning his people to the faith.

Iona is a tiny island off the west coast of Scotland. There, for long years, St. Columba had his monastery and training school. From it missionaries had been sent out through all the north, reaping a harvest of souls for Christ and His Church. The story goes that the first Bishop sent from Iona to Northumbria returned after a year's time completely discouraged. He declared that the people among whom he had been trying to work were so headstrong and uncivilized as to be impossible of conversion. Springing up in the midst of the assembly of monks, Aidan cried out, "Was it their stubbornness or your severity?" Upon this the brethren were all of the opinion that God had chosen him for the work in which the other had failed, and, in answer to the King's request, he was consecrated and sent to the Northumbrians as their Bishop.

Perhaps Lindisfarne, as he saw it for the first time, suggested to St. Aidan that other island from which he had come and for which he had such deep personal love. At any rate, he chose it for his seat and from it he and his successors went out with the message of the Gospel until the whole of the North had been won for God. "Holy Island" was an outpost of the army of the cross. The history of its early struggles has a modern counterpart in that of the Jesuit missions on our Canadian frontier. No hardship was too severe to be undergone, no obstacle too great to be overcome, so that these heathen nations might be brought to a knowledge of the faith.

At about the time that St. Aidan set forth from Iona on his mission to the Northumbrians there was born, of humble parentage, in what is now Southern Scotland, a boy whose future was to be bound up intimately with Lindisfarne, St. Cuthbert, the glory of Northern England. First a shepherd lad, like David; then a soldier, like St. Martin, he finally embraced the religious life at Lindisfarne and became its Bishop-abbot and the most illustrious of those who followed St. Aidan. There he died and there his relics were preserved and venerated until a century after his death, when the storm of the Danish invasion broke over the land. Few word pictures are more

vivid than that drawn by a modern writer, who describes for us the flight of the monks across the narrow channel between the island and the mainland, the glow from their burning buildings lighting them on their way. They carried with them the body of St. Cuthbert, and for seven years the precious burden was borne from place to place until it found a rest in the abbey of Durham.

For a space of three hundred years after the devastation by the Danes "Holy Island" lay desolate. Then, in the eleventh century, a little company of Benedictines, holding in memory St. Aidan, St. Cuthbert and the monks who had met death at the hands of the Viking host, came to possess themselves of Lindisfarne. With patient labor the newcomers quarried and brought over from the mainland the huge blocks of red sandstone out of which was fashioned their monastery home. Although later generations added somewhat to it, it must have stood very much as at first when the last prior, Thomas Sparke, together with his few brethren, vacated it at the command of Henry VIII. All of value fell prey to the King, as in the case of the other abbeys. Plate and vestments were scattered and taken away, the altars were broken down and the lead was torn from the roof of the church and the conventual buildings.

In spite of the long period of decay that set in after the departure of the monks, the strong sandstone walls have, on the whole, well withstood the siege of time. Such of the abbey as remains speaks in sturdy language of happier days. The Norman pillars and round arches are very like those of Durham Cathedral and are among the best of their type in England.

The history of "Holy Island" for three centuries before the so-called Reformation was exceedingly uneventful. It was, relatively speaking, a poorhouse. Unlike Glastonbury, it had no extensive lands or large incomes. Its purpose was to perpetuate the lives and to carry on the work of the saints who had trodden its soil.

The ruins of Lindisfarne stand to-day uninhabited and silent. It is significant that their very color is that set apart by the Church for use on feast days of the Holy Ghost and of martyrs.

WHITBY—A ROYAL SHRINE.

Sixty miles to the south of Lindisfarne, on the summit of a bleak cliff overlooking the North Sea, stands all that is left of Whitby Abbey, founded by a King and ruled, in its early days, by women of royal blood.

Oswiu was the brother of King Oswald, St. Aidan's friend and patron. When about to engage in battle with the heathen King of Mercia he made a vow that if God granted him victory he would

build a monastery and consecrate his little daughter, Elfleda, to the religious life. His prayer was heard and answered, for at Winwaedfield he put his enemy to rout. In fulfillment of his vow, Oswiu built at Whitby a double abbey; that is, an abbey composed of two houses—one for monks, the other for nuns.

Over this new foundation the King placed as abbess the Lady Hilda, who was herself of royal blood and a convert to the faith. It had been her intention to go to France, then known as Gaul, and there to enter a religious house, but she was prevailed upon by St. Aidan to remain in her native England. She presided for some little time over a convent at Hertlepool, and it was while at that place that she was called to Whitby.

Under St. Hilda's wise rule the new abbey flourished apace. As Lindisfarne was preëminently the house of missionary activity, so Whitby was the home of learning. The list of scholars whose names became identified with it is a long and honorable one. Foremost of them all was Caedmon, at first but a humble monastery servant, from whose lips flowed, at God's bidding, sweet songs that startled a waiting world.

When, in 664, the memorable controversy arose concerning the time of keeping Easter, it was natural that the council held to decide the matter should meet at Whitby Abbey. The churches of the North had heretofore followed the Celtic reckoning; those of the South that of Rome. As the contact of the missionaries had grown closer, the difference in the date of Easter observance had occasioned much embarrassment, and it was for the settlement of this difficulty, once and for all, that the council of Whitby had been called. It turned out that the council was divided in its opinion, and King Oswiu delivered final judgment in favor of the Roman reckoning. The reason he gave for his decision has been preserved for us, and it is as terse as it is quaintly expressed. "I will rather obey the porter of heaven," said he, "lest, when I reach its gates, he who has the keys in his keeping turn his back on me and there be none to open."

In the year 680 St. Hilda died. She was succeeded by the Princess Elfleda, who, in turn, was followed by a long line of renowned men and women. And so the torch of sacred learning that had been kindled by the foundress of the abbey was handed on, undimmed, from generation to generation.

At the time of the first Danish invasion, in 793, Whitby was spared, but seventy-five years later it shared the fate that had overtaken Lindisfarne. The abbot and the monks fled, as had their brethren of "Holy Island." It is a matter of uncertainty as to what finally became of the body of St. Hilda. It was long believed to

have been carried to Glastonbury, but later writers have thought that it was deposited at Gloucester.

The story of the repossession of Whitby, two centuries after its destruction by the Danes, is almost as interesting as that of its foundation. A soldier, Reinfred by name, passing the cliff on which the abbey had stood and touched by the scene of desolation, was filled with a pious desire to establish a monastery there. He straightway applied for admission to the house of the Benedictines at Evesham, and spent ten long years in preparation for his work. At the expiration of that time he made his way northward to Whitby, where he gathered about him a body of earnest monks. Under the protection of King Henry I. and William de Percy, who was to die later as a crusader in the Holy Land, the abbey prospered greatly. The beginning of the fifteenth century found a stately group of buildings on the spot made holy by the lives and deaths of Hilda and her company of saints.

The last years of Whitby, like its sister foundation of Lindisfarne, were uneventful. The monastery ran its daily round of prayer, study and good works until the year 1539, when, at the demand of the King's visitors, Abbot de Vall and his eighteen monks yielded the buildings and their contents to the royal will.

Scarcely anything could be more picturesque than the shattered columns of the abbey as they stand outlined against the sky upon their stormy height. The sea birds circle about them and the waves crash at their feet. Although the situation is wild and exposed, there is nothing forbidding in the ruins themselves. Fretted arches and fragments of delicate tracery point sorrowfully back to a time when the great monastery was a hive of activity, with sweet bells constantly calling to a life of devotion to God and of service for men.

James Louis Small.

Glastonbury, England.

IN ANSWER TO THE EGOISTS.

Nous cherchais de bonne fêr la veritó.

THOSE who hope to be sufficient unto themselves are egoists. They are of all times and of all places. They are independents in literature, art, society, politics, economics or religion. They announce their freedom and speak in glowing phrases of the "emancipation of the mind;" believe in their own desires and aversions, their own rewards and punishments; and plan boldly to follow their own arrogant inclinations, not for their own good (oh, no, of course not!), but for the good of "society." And they, in their vanity, have absolute faith in a subjective idealism, in their own ability, integrity and strength. They grope toward the skies and, if they are propagandists, expect that humans on lower levels will reach as high as they. Nor have there ever been egoists more interesting or more dangerous than those who expounded their principles at the time of the French Revolution,[1] those who advocated a sheer "intellectual radicalism."

Shelley is familiar to most of us. Behind the flashing colors and glancing sunlight of his prismatic poetry we have learned to see a solid core of doctrine. We know the anarchistic principles of William Godwin, and realize that he stood for the exaltation of the individual on the grounds of his right, his reason and his perfectibility. We read *Queen Mab* and the notes thereto and we recognize this same idea of individual freedom based on the inherent perfection of a personality. We look over the Shelley-Godwin relations which began in January, 1812. Then we realize that there is real connection between Shelley's recent reading of *Political Justice* and his subsequent communication with Godwin, between these two things and the writing of *Queen Mab,* first heard of at Lynmouth, August 18, 1812. We can say with truth that Shelley "sat at the feet of Godwin."

In *Queen Mab* Shelley looks forward with hope, for he knows that "every heart contains perfection's gem" and "a brighter morn awaits the human day." In *Prometheus Unbound* there is a lesson and a dream. The evils, the traditions of the world, are cast aside. Through self-knowledge and self-discipline man may rise to higher levels—and this by discarding external influences and adopting one only guide, "the light of circumstances flashed upon an independent intellect," as Wordsworth has put it. This dream flattered; it held forth infinite perfectibility to the human spirit.

Take, my reader, your volume of Shelley from off its dusty shelf.

[1] Examen du Materialisme, vol. I., p. 3.

Turn over the pages and discover lines of noble hope and rich promise. The verses in *Queen Mab* and the closing scenes of *Prometheus Unbound* fairly teem with aspiration, with a pleasing view of the future of man. This is the final statement of human perfectibility, "attainable through reason and experience," a formulation which derives directly from Godwin's *Political Justice*. But, before Shelley, there was a long succession of men whose writing contributed to the development of the theory. William Godwin, a mild-appearing Nonconformist clergyman of radical views, and Thomas Holcroft, stable-boy, dramatist, novelist and revolutionary radical, occupied the stage in the progression immediately before Shelley.

But let us see whence the reasoning came. Tracing back through Godwin, as we must, we come to Helvetius, Holbach and Rousseau and to the French Rationalists before them. By turning the mind in upon herself, by rejecting all the heritage the past had left, by clinging to necessarianism and to a downright materialism, the Revolutionary thinkers hoped to attain perfection. They rejected belief in need for external spiritual aid. Shelley expressed their highest hopes, carried far beyond the premises of the Rationalists.

This idea of self-perfectibility resulted from the combination of two other ideas—that of the progress of the race and that of the improvement of the single individual. The first of these two grew with a new conception of history, which recognized causes and results as such, so different from the point of view of the older historians—of Bossuet, for example, who attributed most events to the grace of God. In turn, Voltaire, Montesquieu and Turgot brought forward more and more the feeling of causal connection in historical phenomena. At times the philosophers made mistakes and ran off the beaten road into barren bypaths, as when Montesquieu tried to show the effect of Spanish and Italian climatic conditions on the respective nations; but, in the main, the tendency was a true one. Gradually men came to think of the present as the product of the past, as unavoidably linked with it. Turgot it was who finally said in a much-quoted phrase, "All the ages are linked together in a chain of causes and effects." Once arrived at the realization of a definite trend through the ages, the next and most obvious step was the recognition of the progress of human society from epoch to epoch and the probability of future advancement.

At about this time, or, in fact, almost contemporaneously with these discoveries, basing their studies to some extent on the revelations of Locke, certain other writers presented the problem of advancement from a psychological point of view. The general spirit of an age and the intellectual achievement of that age can

never exceed the individual ability. Helvetius, the author of *"De l'Esprit;"* Baron d'Holbach, author of *"Systéme de la Nature,"* and the well-known Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose *Emile* showed how a mind might, of itself, attain the whole of necessary knowledge, were idealists and dreamers and looked beyond the present to describe the future levels of humanity, and yet they founded their theories upon a rigid examination of human abilities and capabilities; they were essentially students of the nature of thought and intelligence. According to them, psychologically speaking, the elimination of existing deteriatory associations and impressions—essentially a step of revolt, involving the obliteration of long-established, though harmful, institutions—would result in the proper education and training of future generations. Thus is progress made.

We have called them egoists—and such they were. Theirs was a materialistic universe. They studied the human mind as mechanism only—as something receiving impressions merely and emitting expressions. They neglected to inquire into the deep and fundamental matters of the spirit, deeming that the brain and the senses of man were the sum total of his strength, and that by these he was ruled. They thought that man, if he acted properly, could improve himself—and, if the opportunities of all were equal and if all were similarly educated, all could rise to the high level. Social condition, politics and morals were alike to be regulated on a *natural* basis. Different methods were advanced to attain this purpose, but each of these writers refused to admit the efficacy of the spiritual element. Their theory traced back to the value of natural inclinations and the ability of the individual properly to decide for the good of himself and society—and so to act at all times. To Rousseau and Holbach the senses, to Godwin and Shelley reason were all that were necessary to human welfare—and it is because of their refusal to admit the divine control that we call them egoists. They deemed the stored-up experience of eighteen centuries inferior to the judgment of any single man. The totality of their teaching was a reaction and revolt toward nature and away from all mechanisms, traditions and ordered institutions, and so from the venerable religious heritage of their age.

Now, was not this the extremest form of egoism? They believed that by exercising love for humanity and by means of reason man might attain perfection. "Benefits were weighed in Reason's scales." This was the whole of their morality and their religion. In each individual case the decision of one materialist in the interpretation of "natural law" availed more than the accumulated wisdom of ages. They sought the truth with a great and pure zeal; but they seemed to forget that when Jesus of Nazareth stood before

Pontius Pilate and the Roman governor asked, "What is truth?" the Christ had replied, "I am the Truth." These materialists did not hesitate to assail traditional truth which had been verified by the experience of eighteen centuries. They remained not only indifferent, but hostile to it; they preferred rather to trust themselves to the workings of "natural law," to believe that years of reasoning might bring them to the truth.

In the last analysis that arrangement and labeling of the facts of nature which are not really understood, which men have called Science, is but an idea in a man's mind. If a mathematician, if a physicist, if these rationalists push a beautiful and true synthesis into the darkness of undiscovered mysteries, the outlines, the truths were there—they but discovered them, they but labeled them to their own purposes, in accordance with their own ideas. To Frank M. Colby we are indebted for a happy definition: "A 'new thinker,' when studied closely, seems to be merely a man who does not know what other people have already thought." The scientist is merely making his discovery of what God has done. The fact—if it is a fact—was there before it became a "scientific" fact. The truth was there—if it is a truth—before the rationalist discovered it for his philosophy.

> Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride has built
> Some uncouth superstition of his own.[2]

These men deemed the Christian religion one of the harmful impediments of the past and desired to sweep it aside to improve the environment of the growing man. They did not stop at this; they condemned it as outworn and, in much the same fashion as Emerson would have done had he lived a half century or so earlier, wished to substitute for the old Faith, as Wordsworth has phrased it, "some uncouth superstition" of their own. Perhaps they dared not say so directly, but such was their intent. They offered an explanation of the problems of life and furnished motives for human action. And is not that the part of a religion?

It was but natural that there should immediately come into the field a sturdy champion of the old Faith.

"You express the wish that God speak to men only through their reason. Thus it was that He did speak to them all, from the beginning of the world to the time of Jesus Christ. You know how submissive they have been to that voice, and to what state religion had been reduced even among the most enlightened and intelligent peoples. Is it surprising that, since men had not profited by this means, God, in a new turn of graciousness, had chosen to use another for that purpose. . . .

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[2] Wordsworth: The Borderers.

"You protest, without doubt, that you have a religion and, I add, faith. You believe in a God, in His Providence, in spirituality and immortality of the soul and in the life to come. You pay homage to the righteousness of the Gospel *morale,* because your reason shows you the truth of it all; you even prove those essential truths with all the force and energy of your style.[3] In this you render glory to God, and we praise your zeal.

"But this creed includes nothing other than natural religion. Jews, Mohammedans and pagans willingly agree with you, since you present the Gospel to them only as a moral system, as the manual of Epictetus, although more perfect. Tutored in the principles of Calvinism, you have retained what coincides with your ideas and some religious terms to which you have given a sense of your own. You call your belief, which is only a system of philosophy, divine and revealed religion, true faith, pure Christianity, true cult of God. But, *monsieur,* you misuse terms in calling faith and revelation what reason demonstrates to you."

There are many reasons why M. Nicholas Sylvestre Bergier, he who wrote the lines above quoted, makes a very interesting study as a reactionary at war with the new ideas.[4] He was distinctly a theologian with the accepted ideas of the Church and, holding offices and honors of distinction, seemed to speak with true authority. He wrote at an opportune time. Public interest in the decade from 1760-1770 had not yet turned from intellectual and theoretical observations to political and economic and more practical discussions. He hurled forth his answers while the *Système de la Nature* and the writings of Rousseau were still fresh from the press. Of prime importance, however, is the fact that the development of the ideal of perfectibility had not yet transcended reasonable bounds. Shelley was an idealist and dreamer, and none can ever hope to question a fantastic dream which is frankly admitted to be such. Holbach and Rousseau, on the contrary, claimed to base their arguments on scientific facts of human behavior and to have developed them properly and logically. As Lowell has said, "Never before in France had materialism, necessarianism and atheism been so clearly and forcibly expounded. The very philosophers were alarmed."[5] Theirs was a downright materialistic system, and it was to them that Bergier replied. It would have been interesting had there been attempted an adequate reply to Godwin, he whose remorseless "egoism" Sir Leslie Stephen declared to be so relentless and bold, he who really completed the theory of perfectibility

[3] Examen du Materialisme, vol. I., pp. 348, 361.
[4] Vide Catholic Encyclopedia for note on life and bibliography.
[5] Eve of the French Revolution, p. 270.

and then, in his second edition, became frightened and retreated from the stand he had taken. But he wrote so very much, at a time when people were so excited over the actual events of the Revolution, that they seemed to have little time for details and formal reasoning; and for our purposes Bergier offers many possibilities.

Three titles, "Le Déisme refuté par lui-même, ou Examen des principes d'incredulité repondus dans les divers ouvrages de M. Rousseau, Paris, 1765;"[6] "L'Origine des Dieux du Paganisme, Paris, 1767;"[7] "Examen du Materialisme on Réfutation du Systéme de la Nature, Paris, 1771," constitute the chief part of his polemical writings which concern us.

"We maintain the cause of God and humanity. This philosopher bids us inquire into nature, reason and experience. We take it upon ourselves to follow this advice more faithfully than he himself."

Thus does Bergier take up the challenge and reply to the materialists. He never minces his words when he believes himself to be speaking truth, and, though long stretches of his books are filled with dry logic, many "purple patches" lend excitement and variety. Once he speaks his mind very frankly to Rousseau: "The atheist Spinoza, the impious Epicurus, were more virtuous than you. . . . Jean Jacques, you are an impostor; you believe neither in Jesus Christ nor in His doctrine; you fear neither God nor man; you are neither Christian nor fit member of society. The strongest motive which keeps me from atheism is the fear of resembling you."

Bergier has no hesitation in his attacks on Holbach, either. The Baron is charged "with assuming always what is in question," with speaking language less that of philosophical reasoning than that of delirious dreams, and with intentional use of obscure and inexact terms. The system of Holbach, which was to have driven away shadows, calm all doubts and, show the unobstructed truth, he stigmatizes as a collection of "vain promises, insidious talk and philosophical fraud."[8]

He quotes the *Contrat Social,* where Rousseau attempts to ridicule the idea of identity in gods of different nations, and then the old churchman replies:

"Such is the philosophical tone which certain writers have foisted on the world; all the knowledge which they do not possess, all the studies to which they have not applied themselves, are ridiculous; that is decided. It is much easier to criticize erudition than to

[6] Edition used by present writer was 1766, second edition.
[7] Edition used bp present writer was nouvelle edition of 1774.
[8] Déisme Réfuté per lui-même.

acquire it; but if voluntary ignorance gives the privilege of contemning all that is unknown, where shall we stand?"

The book called *La Systéme de la Nature* of the Baron d'Holbach was the last of a series which led logically and directly to formal atheism and pure materialism. There was nothing new in the volume; it was but a restatement and a contemporary application of the hypotheses of the Epicurians and of Spinoza and other previous assailants of Christianity—a single book to which all the so-called *philosophes* had contributed. A new volume, it stood for nothing new, but simply for the dangerous ideas of the materialists of other years. "And what," asks Bergier, "has materialism availed in the past?" Were the Epicurians, who looked at nature with the same eyes as the atheists—were they better moralists than Socrates, who believed in another life? Were they better versed in philosophy than Aristotle and Plato, who respected divinity? In science and art alone have the materialists achieved success, not in the moral sphere. The marvelous *morale* which the French materialists have endeavored to establish has, in experience, failed. It was the reign of Epicurianism in Rome which signalized the fall of the Republic and the destruction of decency. "When Epicurianism spread through Greece it destroyed public spirit; dissensions and seditions multiplied; it furnished the Romans with a means of weakening the different Republics separately and of subjecting them. The same system produced the same effect in Rome; its appearance was immediately followed by the ruin of the Republic and the horrors of the Triumvirate. . . . Atheism does not set up amid civil wars and domestic misfortunes of a nation; minds are then occupied otherwise than with assailing metaphysical systems; it is the fruit of idleness, luxury, voluptuousness, corruption of customs, ordinary accompaniments of the peace and prosperity of an Empire; but it never fails to augment the corruption, to loosen the reins of government and to pave the way to decadence. . . . The temper of disciples is not always as peaceful as that of their masters. Epicurus, Lucretius, Bodin, Spinoza did not cause civil war themselves; they were simple persons without authority; but the "opinions adopted by those who ruled would have been the scourge of the human race." But what shall we say of those men who, in the eighteenth century, wished to carry their principle into widespread and practical application at once? Epicurus venerated the Athenian gods; Holbach had nothing but hatred for religion. If these men of old time worked a harm—simple closet philosophers, whose chiefest quarrel was with the logicians of other "schools"—what a harm would it be possible for such an aggressive man as the Baron d'Holbach to do!

The next objection of our churchman is against the principle that the general fixed and determined laws of movement—continually altering and destroying, in order to form and reform—are necessarily from the very essence and properties of matter itself. Matter and movement make up the whole of Nature, says Holbach, and movement is a property of matter and nothing more. Bergier quickly marshals argument after argument, raises objection concerning inertia, uses Holbach's own words that all movement results from impulsion and is not spontaneous, and declares that movement is thus acquired by matter. His final statement is that matter is neither eternal nor necessary; that movement is not necessary to it, and that it has received movement from the initial Mover, Who is God.

A pause to contemplate a thoroughly materialistic world is interesting. There is no such thing as spirit; all runs on in an ordered course like a huge mechanical contrivance. "Ne-suis-je qu'um automate?" objects Bergier almost at the outset; even sentiment, happiness and thought result from the arrangement of matter. "Whatever we do or think, whatever we are and shall be, is only a consequence of what universal nature has done for us; our actions are the necessary results of the essence and qualities which this nature has put into us." To which M. Bergier replies, turning the argument back, "Such is the enlightened doctrine to which they wish to lead us. If, then, man has misunderstood nature [as Holbach declares], it is nature which has misunderstood itself." The greatest service which philosophy can do man would be to give him a noble idea of himself, of his nature, of his work and of his destiny; and this materialist has taken away hopes of a bright future. He has reduced man "not only to the level of the brute, but to the state of a simple machine." "And am I only an automaton?" we can hear generations of outraged humans asking. If man is a machine, Holbach has not said whence he came or whither he goes, or why he is upon this earth, or how he shall act.

The objection which will immediately be raised to a materialism is, "What is morality?" In a mechanistic universe, where man is but the instrument of the laws which govern him, how can there be a morality? Bergier has protested that Holbach's promises to speak of the moral man are unfulfilled; that the Baron has dealt entirely with the physical man; everything in the human being has been made the direct result of natural laws and forces. *"All is matter"* is the symbol; *"follow the desires of your heart!"* is the totality of the work. Thus, ignoring the spiritual heredity and the need for spiritual correction, the passions are allowed to hold sway. Why? That is the law of Nature and "everything is necessarily

as it is." Man does not even possess his own being: he is made, rather than makes himself what he is!

Bergier's reply to this line of argument is the reply that thus to take away the fear of a God and the prospect of a future life is to give free play to the passions and to render them more ardent and impetuous. And so belief in a God makes the wicked to tremble and does not frighten, but rather sustains and consoles the good. In the past, "if a man has forgotten his duties and interests, it is not the fault of knowing them; it was because stronger passions have taken hold of him. . . . The man who falls under their yoke, in spite of the double motive which ought to sustain him. . . . would he be in a position better to conquer then if the stronger of the two supports were denied him? Has materialism the virtue of recasting nature and of annihilating passions? On the contrary, where materialism binds, religion gives freedom. Wish and not circumstances cause the movement."

The principle of the freedom of man is the basis of religion; a wise and just God could only require from us a free and voluntary worship; He could neither reward nor punish us for actions to which we were impelled by necessity, for an intelligent being could not be worthy or unworthy if he were not master of his own actions." Thus the materialists must abandon all idea of crime where there is only necessity, and all idea of expiation where there is no crime, and all idea of God where there is no necessity for expiation. And so the picture must be all drab—a monotonous and inevitable succession. Centuries have seen philosophers attempting to bridge the chasm between man and his God, between Life and Death. They may have failed; but is that a reason why we should refuse to enjoy the bounty given to us and overlook the revelation that is granted?

All of which concerns the relation of this mechanistic universe to the individual. Let us consider the position of God in this universe. Holbach designated, by Nature, all the laws of all the world; he makes Nature an intelligent ruling cause, yet refuses to personify it. He puts it in the place of God, and then declares no such thing to exist. There is in the universe an admirable order without which it could not exist, and the belief in a God is the necessary and inevitable effect which the phenomena of Nature have made upon man. As for the nature of God, must we have a perfect knowledge of what is unnecessary? Must we have an intimate knowledge of the essence of matter or of electricity to be convinced of their existence? If we knew of God only as *the Author of our Being*, that should be enough to make us adore and love Him!

"Had Descartes and Newton been materialists, would they have been better able to divine the secrets of Nature? Would the laborer,

who is convinced that all is matter, be more attentive to the cultivation of his field or have more courage to bathe the earth with sweat? I maintain, on the contrary, that this opinion would stifle all activity and industry. A man occupied with the present alone, destined as beasts to satisfy the needs of a machine, would live only for himself and lead the brutal existence of a savage. And that is the sum of the benefit which this doctrine will bring to the human race!" On the contrary, life is more than it seems, more than a mere assemblage of movements of an organized being. It is as well a succession of thoughts and wishes as an assemblage of movements. *Spirituality* and *immortality* of the soul are not vague words or attributes of an unknown substance. We know our soul by its workings. . . . The distinction of soul or mind from body or matter, of physical and corporal functions from spiritual and intellectual, of the physical man from the moral man, is not founded on wild suppositions, but on the personal feeling and knowledge of our works and on the clear light of good sense."

The study of mythology is no longer simply an object of curiosity. . . . It is necessary in order to make it known that the true religion has come from a different source, from a revelation and a primitive tradition, since, among all peoples, worship of a single God has preceded worship of many. Whence it results that this revelation has existed and has been necessary since the beginning of the world.[9] Passions are of the material, physical side; and our will to resist them is of the spiritual part of our endowment. Our opportunity lies in our spiritual development.

If man had never suffered, he would never have thought of God. He looks to God for consolation and aid. Misfortune is necessary in that it brings him to a realization of himself; it teaches him what to avoid. It teaches him to look behind the surfaces and at the meanings. Thus does he, and thus do we, come to realize that there is "an eternal weight of glory to be wrought in us who look not to the things which are visible, but to the things which are unseen."[10]

Bergier is naturally a firm believer in the spirituality and in the strength and truth of the Catholic faith. He tires of the petty attempts of the jugglers of words and says to Rousseau: "You are not a follower of the priests, but whosoever does not follow them does not follow Jesus Christ; it was the priests whom Jesus Christ commissioned to teach His doctrine, and never shall you attain it truly elsewhere."[11] In another passage, Bergier declares frankly:

[9] L'Origine des Dieux du Paganisme, p. 10.
[10] Robert Southwell.
[11] Deisme Réfuté par lui-même.

"A child of twelve, moderately well instructed in the Catholic religion, has a better knowledge of the perfections of God, of His own destinies and duties, than the most renowned of the philosophers of antiquity."[12]

The realization of spirituality in man, and of man's debt to God, and his dependence on Him, is the keynote of Bergier's work. It is in direct opposition to the attitude of the materialists whom he answered. According to them, man might arrive at perfection of himself through the power of his own mighty reason and as the result of the workings of natural psychological laws. Over against the high hopes and large boasts of the philosophers, in all their egoism, Bergier bespoke an humble and reverent subjection to the divine authority as represented by the living Church of the living God. By "confining" oneself, as the *philosophes* would have said it, man is enabled to reach higher and more sublime company. Thus does Bergier address the wavering:

"This majestic forehead which you bear beneath the heavens, the variety of your thoughts, the rapidity of your desires, the extent of your projects, the immensity of your hopes, attest the dignity of your being, the nobility of your origin, the greatness of your destiny. The control which you exercise over matter, the movement which you impress upon it, the forms which you give it, the qualities which you discover in it and use, the docility with which it bows to your will—these things make you realize that you are superior to it and that it was made to do your will. In the vast extent of the heavens that seem beyond your comprehension you progress as the Creator has prescribed, you calculate the moments, you foresee the revolution, you formulate the laws concerning it; under the eyes of the Master, Who is Author and Arbitrator of it, you are witness and admirer. Learn in what records you must seek your titles, philosophy of religion. One says you are the freak of nature destined to be suffocated almost at the moment of your birth; the other teaches that you are the child of the Creator, heir to heaven, citizen of eternity.[13]

In opposition to the true faith of M Bergier, let us see what sort of structure the other men have raised. It is, in all its essence, a system of egoism. It says that man, though a machine, is sufficient unto himself; that he, if he follow the dictates of his natural inclinations, has no need for assistance from without, from the experience of the past, or directly from a Divinity. By the use of reason, and by following the sentimental influences of Nature—received through the senses—he may attain perfection. The "voice

[12] *Ibid.*

[13] Examen du Materialisme, vol. I., p. 150.

of Nature" speaks to him and he obeys. This is the sum and substance of their social morality, politics and religion; and every interference is held inimical to the best interests of man—alike all venerable conventions, governmental institutions and traditional Christianity. In each individual case the decision of a single materialist in the interpretation of a "natural law" avails more than the accumulated wisdom of the ages. As one has expressed their viewpoint, "Whoever admits the existence of a God is mad; he who believes in a future life is a blind enthusiast, and he who wishes to have a religion is a fanatic." Now this is a bit extreme, and we wish that Francis Thompson could have written his *Hound of Heaven* a century and a half earlier, so that these men might have realized the futility of seeking in love of nature and of man the satisfaction and exaltation to be found only in the love of God.

They were moved with a great and pure zeal for the Truth. "The Truth is made for man; his spirit yearns for it incessantly; his heart desires it; his happiness demands it," they say. And yet, in spite of this pressing need, they were content to act indifferent; to sit still and let natural law work its course, or to hope that years of reasoning would bring it to them. Had they only realized, as they in their egoism could not, that their fellow-citizen of Paris, M. Bergier, offered it to them, how quickly would they have answered the call and enrolled themselves among the followers of the Vicar of Christ!

Their creed, for such they called it, was for the few—practically admittedly so. Perfection of education, opportunity and enlightenment was so far in the future as to be but a dream. The elect, who by their superior reason seemed best able to order their lives for themselves, did not realize that universal equality could be but a myth and a vision, if attained by their own path. Equality in spiritual matters was open to all in the Catholic faith, which stood then, as it stands to-day, as the most democratic of institutions. But they, deeming themselves incapable of deceit, still groped darkly toward their illusion of the infinite, and, in a mechanistic conception, lost sight of the distinction between good and evil, when all the while their God was offering them the revelation whereby they might see face to face—if they had only believed.

So it is to-day; from blindness and prejudice persons refuse to accept Truth when it is offered them. In many Protestant churches emphasis is placed on the individual, and so placed on the assumption that he has a great pride concerning his own ability to decide all religious questions unaided and would resent dictation or explicit direction as an interference with his own high liberties of thinking as he pleases. And therein lies their weakness.

We feel continually that there is something beyond us—something of the infinity of things which we finite beings cannot comprehend. We read the recent utterance of Sir Oliver Lodge: "It is my function to remind you and myself that our studies do not exhaust the universe, and that if we dogmatize in a negative direction and say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants and fall far short of the richness and fullness of our human birthright." Science is but a classification according to our own ideas. When the rationalist builds his system, he asks the whole world to conform to his ideas. That which we derive from God is universal. How lasting is the satisfaction derived from these eternal convictions which are founded upon a rock! And opposite to them we see the frail, human structures of an "intellectual radicalism," a scoffing and cynical misunderstanding, or false and perverted conceptions, which are lifted against the blue by fantastic workings of metaphysics, and which, since they are founded upon ever-shifting and mutable sands of "scientific hypothesis" and "public opinion" and individual mortal reason, must inevitably be threatened and destroyed with each turn of the tides which come with unrelenting strength, as month succeeds to month, to wipe out these childish castles of a limited and finite intelligence.

Let us see what is this religion which we are asked to accept. A professor of history[14] has recently told us that religion in its origins traces back, through accompanying awe and reverence, to mystery, and that science has been, and probably ever will be, baffled by the eternal mysteries of life and matter. Scientifically, speaking from the psychological standpoint, as Professor Shotwell says, there is legitimate place in human nature for this awe and reverence concerning these eternal mysteries. Then, on this purely scientific basis for religion, a basis admitted by an historian with downright materialism—on this we shall superimpose a fine idealism, a great spiritual religion, divinely established, which offers a solution for these mysteries.

With the advance of civilization and the progress of science the power of the Church has seemed to grow less. In the Middle Ages, when the monasteries were the only great centres of learning and education, the learned men in the Church assumed prominent position in secular matters. As with the march of time science and education increased, the power of the Church grew less in these things. But in matters of faith and morals it still stood supreme. The Catholic Church teaches a great lesson. Times change, opinions vary to their opposites, "modern thought" may come and go; but there are

[14] James T. Showell: Religious Revolution of To-day.

certain fundamental things in the human spirit which do not change from age to age. "Semper idem."

We should be less willing to cater to "advanced thought" and the "spirit of the age." We should remember that, however materialistic a man's conception of life may be, there is still room for the two great mysteries—What is life? What is matter?—for the consequent awe and reverence, for belief in a great divine spirit. We should remember that the Christian religion should stand before the world, as it has stood for twenty centuries, and declare with confidence, "I am the Truth." We should remember the high dignity of this position and admit of no compromise. We should not let each man to build "some uncouth superstition of his own."

"I am the Truth." There is something great and inspiring in the full import of this assumption by Christianity. We are all earnest seekers after truth; we all feel a definite need of spiritual assistance. We suppose that, since humans may know things only as they come through psychical impressions from without, a Church is in the last analysis but an ideal in a man's mind, that every religious conception is necessarily subjective. Yet, in the very face of this, we see no reason why the egoist should elevate his individual subjectivity to the rank of divinity. If there is an absolute Truth—that Justice, for example, toward which Maeterlinck gropes in the pages of "The Buried Temple"—we must recognize that our variant individual conceptions of it are not and cannot be that Truth itself. It is for our own good that we admit the existence and the worth of this Truth, and try to bring our conceptions as nearly in conformity with it as possible, that we may have something secure and objective with which to square ourselves.

If the Scripture says the Kingdom of God is within us, it thereby grants no egotistical self-sufficiency, no conception of "benefits weighed in Reason's scales." The true interpretation of Scripture is that the Kingdom within us is the Key of Belief which opens the gates to the great Spiritual Kingdom of the God that is above us.

Religion should seek to bend the will of man to the will of God; those men seek to bend the will of man—well, to what else than to suit the will of man himself? An eighteenth century theologian, Bergier, roundly berated Rousseau and Holbach for assuming that perfectible man was capable of rising unaided; and to-day we need a great militant churchman who shall stir the millions from their egoism and scourge them to a realization of the futility and the sacrilege of deeming the judgment of each individual superior to the great revelation of God.

I shall close with a four-line quotation from the English poet, Pope:

> Go, wondrous creature, mount where Science guides;
> Go, measure earth, weigh air and state the tides;
> Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
> Then drop into thyself, and be a fool.

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THE BURIED CITIES OF THE EAST—EXCAVATIONS AROUND NINEVEH AND BABYLON.

A VISIT to the Assyrian department of the British Museum in London will amply repay the student of archæology or even the professor in our academies or high schools. It was my good fortune, on one of my several visits to London, to wander into the British Museum; I was on a hunt for observation lessons, and I found them. I drifted into the Assyrian department, and here I discovered what I had long been wanting to see—a collection of unbaked clay tablets, covered with cuneiform characters, and taken from the ruins of palaces in Babylon and Nineveh. I copied some twenty-five or thirty. Among others was one containing "astronomical calculations for the thirty-fourth and twenty-first years of the Silaku (Seleucus) and the ninety-fourth year of Antihukso (Antiochus) Babylon."

Another contained a "Syllabary" in four columns, "the first containing the *pronunciation* of *groups* of signs; the second, the *groups themselves;* the third, the *name* of *each character,* and the fourth, the Assyrian renderings."

Another tablet contained the "Genealogy of Cyrus—an account of the taking of Babylon, etc. B. C. 539-528—Babylon."

A terra-cotta tablet dealt with "Portents from the flight of Locusts;" another with "Incantations against Evil Spirits."

A portion of a fine terra-cotta "cylinder of Assur-banipal" contained a "list of standard works of the royal library at Nineveh," reference to which will be made more fully further on.

Still another contained a "record of a sale of plantations, slaves, etc.; letting of fields, contracts for grapes and wine; exchanging of slaves; loans of grain (at 50 per cent. interest, if not paid back on time)," and still another tablet contained a "judicial decision concerning the ownership of a female slave."

Having made these copies, the pedagogue began to ask himself what kind of people these Assyrians were. From the tablets before

him he began to reason (by deduction, more or *less* accurate) in this way:

The Assyrians must have been a civilized people; they had a knowledge of astronomy and, naturally, of other sciences. They had certain forms of education at their command, since they taught their children by means of a "syllabary." They had a written history. But, with all their knowledge, they were not free from certain superstitions, as indicated in their faith in "portents" and in the practice of "incantations." They had a royal library at Nineveh for the use of the *literati* of their time. The middle classes must have engaged in commerce and agriculture, some of their farms or fields being worked on shares; they cultivated the vine and "manufactured" wine. Usury was not uncommon among them, since they could charge interest at the rate of 50 per cent. Slavery, too, seems to have been one of their institutions, and human flesh was bought and sold like any ordinary chattels. They had courts of justice and went to law very much like the people of our own day to recover property, as evinced in the "judicial decision" referred to above "concerning the ownership of a female slave."

If all this could be learned, approximately, by deduction, what a mine of interesting and instructive information could we not obtain by consulting Sir Austen Layard, Herr Julius Mohl, P. E. Botta, M. Vigneront and others. This the writer of this article hastened to do, and he feels that he has been amply repaid for his research.

Nineveh and Babylon will always be fraught with the deepest interest to the novelist, the historian, the archæologist and the artist, because these two names are inseparably connected with their earliest recollections of ancient history.

Sacred history, it is true, gives us some succinct information concerning the early times of these mighty cities, and describes more in detail the struggles in which they engaged from the eighth century before the Christian era against the Jewish people, now divided as they were by internal discord and by their constitution into two independent States. The Assyrians, to whom proud Babylon was then subject, are the first to come upon the scene. They imposed their sovereignty upon the kingdoms of Israel and Judea, laid waste to Jerusalem, destroyed Samaria and transported the ten dissenting tribes to the banks of the Tigris. Nineveh disappeared. Babylon now became the aggressor. Jerusalem was taken; the second part of the people of God shared the fate of the first and was carried away into captivity. It was upon Babylon that the prophets now directed their maledictions, and Babylon fell.

Apart from the few scattered fragments left us by profane writers, the pages of the Sacred Scriptures comprise all that was

known, down to our times, of Assyria and Chaldea. Valuable as they are, their pages contain only detached chapters of the history of the two Eastern Empires, and they afford us a glimpse of just enough to excite our curiosity. Who is there that does not yearn to know more?

It may be proper in the outset to make a few remarks that will render this article more readily understood and permit the writer to dispose very briefly of many points.

Babylon, the capital of Chaldea, and Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, situated some 300 miles north, in the Tigris, may be considered, in a general way, as integral parts of the same Empire. Nineveh was founded shortly after Babylon by a people from Chaldea. For many centuries the two States disputed the supremacy with each other, and one often became the vassal of the other.

"The traditions of Nineveh," says M. Vigneront, "are essentially Chaldean. Everywhere along the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates we find the same religion, the same forms of worship, the same language, the same writing, the same civilization, the same customs."

It follows, then, that in many respects what is said of Nineveh will apply to Babylon and *vice versa.*

When we consider the vast results obtained by the explorers of Nineveh, we cannot wonder at the enthusiasm of Dr. Kaulen when he exclaims, "Nineveh is risen again!" Yes, the mighty city of Assyria looms up again before our eyes—not merely before the mind's eye, by means of books and documents, but in reality. After a disappearance of 2,500 years it once more reveals its existence and its splendors to the astonished eyes of the explorer. Nineveh stands before us! True, no proud dynasty and no highly civilized people now animate its buildings and its streets, but the ruins it displays and the eternal silence in which it is buried neither prevent us from contemplating the magnificence of its ancient rulers nor from wandering through their apartments, nor even from hearing their voices, for they speak to us in the very stones. Their palaces, in which are still preserved a host of plastic statues and objects destined for daily use, tell us of the mode of life of the Assyrians, their manners, their religious practices, the development of their minds and their civilization.

Innumerable parchments, discovered in these palaces and finally deciphered by the unwearying patience of the *savants* of the West, throw a flood of light upon the history of that country and its rulers. The knowledge now acquired concerning Nineveh removes more than one cloud that hung over the early history of mankind; it helps to solve many interesting questions upon the moral and intel-

lectual progress of the nations of the ancient West, and finally it not only clears up, but confirms many passages of sacred history.

Babylon, or, to give it the name it bore, Babel, was the holy city, teeming with gods and priests, with temples and schools; it was the centre of astronomical science and of judicial astrology—the land of the magi. As such, it exercised over its rulers a powerful prestige. The Assyrians, the born enemies of the Chaldeans, did not dare to lay their hands upon this sanctuary. Cyrus selected Babel as the centre of his military exploits; his successors overwhelmed it with indignities, despoiled it, but left it an existence. Death alone prevented Alexander the Great from making it the capital of his Empire.

The material decay of Babylon advanced with rapid strides, especially after the period when Seleucia was erected in its vicinity, with stones carried away from its buildings, as in later times palaces were built in Rome with stones taken from the ruins of the Coliseum. Nevertheless Babylon preserved for centuries longer certain indications of a great city.

The fate of Nineveh was far different. Nineveh possessed a certain political importance. The centre of a purely material power that crushed the other nations; divested of that religious prestige that might have inspired them with superstitious terror, it beheld, at the very moment when its cup of bitterness was full, subjugated motives uniting against it in a common feeling of revenge. These nations despoiled it not only of its splendor and power, but even of the very air it breathed. With the year 625 it vanished from history as if swallowed up by an abyss.

Buried beneath its own ruins, it did not retain even a place in the recollection of men. Xenophon, Alexander the Great and the Roman armies passed over the scenes it once occupied without ever dreaming of their historical significance. But this oblivion protected it, as it would seem, against an irremediable death and preserved it in a condition that made its resurrection possible. Its conquerors vainly thought that its annihilation could be effected by the destruction of the upper portion of its edifices, but in reality the only thing they accomplished was the piling up, at essential points, the ruins, which, in preserving the buildings, at the same time protected the works of art and other valuable objects they contained against the weather and the depredations of neighboring peoples. Thus it is that our age can hail the return of Nineveh to life and that the slow designs of God come to pass.

With regard to Babylon, doubt was not even possible in the face of a constant tradition that went down even into details. Thus a mass of ruined masonry near the banks of the Euphrates was pointed

out, from time immemorial, as the ruins of the Great Tower. Further on the Hanging Gardens and other wonders were thought to be recognized. The interest in these ruins, so often described, was increased by the discovery made by the Englishman, Claudius J. Rich, some fifty or more years ago, of fragments of bricks bearing inscriptions in cuneiform characters, a sort of peculiar writing then in vogue, in the palace of Persepolis and in the tombs of the Kings of Persia, and which learned men had been trying to decipher for more than 200 years. The discovery at this time of the same writing along the banks of the Euphrates produced quite a sensation among Orientalists and attracted increased attention upon the city watered by this river on the sides of the hills that hem in the valley of the Tigris in the vinicity of Mosul. Indeed, few travelers, in wandering over these mounds, called by the Arabs "the tomb of Jonah," ever dreamed that they were walking over the ground where Nineveh once stood; but the hurried visits they made to this unhealthy region were attended only by vague results. Nineveh was still buried in oblivion.

The *savant* who first interested himself in real earnest in this city was Mr. Rich, whose labors are well known. After studying the ruins of Babylon and making a correct plan of their location, he left Hillah for a short sojourn at Mosul, during which he visited some of the mounds in the vicinity of this city—the so-called tomb of Jonah, the hill called by the Turks Kouyoundjik, and the one called Nimrud by the Arabs. Here, as at Hillah, he discovered fragments of bricks bearing cuneiform characters. He collected them together, made a chart of the mounds and sent all his discoveries to the British Museum. They were for many years the only collection of antiquities from Western Asia in existence. A case a few feet square contained all that was known of great Nineveh and mighty Babylon!

These simple relics, especially those from Nineveh, were enough, however, to inspire the mind of the explorer with hopes of greater success. The examination made of them by Herr Julius Mohl, a German professor of the Persian language and secretary of the Asiatic Society of Paris, suggested to him the idea that these were only the forerunners of further remarkable discoveries. When, in 1842. P. E. Botta was appointed by the French Government Consul at Moscow, Herr Mohl immediately put himself in communication with this learned and energetic man. He earnestly urged upon him to examine the mounds in the vicinity of this city and to pick up as many relics as possible; he predicted that M. Botta would have the glory of discovering Nineveh, and he succeeded in firing him with the ardor of his conviction. In this man-

ner he gave an impetus to works of exploration which the latter commenced as soon as he reached his post.

M. Botta soon became convinced that the Khorsabad hillock consisted of a platform made by the hands of man and covering the ruins of an immense building. He later on learned the name of its founder, King Sargon (Sar-Kin). Everything about this building was highly interesting. The walls were covered all along with an ornamentation of alabaster leaves, enriched with sculptures of a high order and with cuneiform inscriptions. Many objects that once belonged to the inhabitants of the place were picked out from the rubbish that covered them.

Thus it came to pass that in the nineteenth century M. Botta found himself transported, as if by the wave of a magic wand, into apartments where over 2,500 years ago the destinies of so many nations were decided. He beheld the terrible King of Assyria upon his throne, or mounted on his battle-chariot, surrounded by his vassals; he contemplated his warlike exploits, his adventures in the chase, his journeyings, his festivities; he wandered among the Assyrian gods and their priests; and everything that met his gaze was so real, so striking, so eloquent, that the most persevering and extensive studies could never have given him half the insight into the mode of life of this ancient nation that a mere glance around him now afforded.

[The student of archæology can well understand the emotions that filled the bosom of M. Botta as he gazed upon these ruins. They are perfectly natural. The writer of this article experienced similar emotions when contemplating the ruins of the Roman Forum or when wandering through the sepulchral galleries of the Roman Catacombs. What had long been pictures in the imagination now became realities.]

Nineveh was restored! Botta lost no time in acquainting Mohl with his success and in sending him designs, diagrams and copies of inscriptions. His friend published the whole affair in the *Asiatic Journal*, and in this manner made it known to Christian and enlightened Europe. The French Government immediately placed large sums of money at the disposal of the explorer and supplied him with a draughtsman, which enabled him to continue his undertaking on a much larger scale. After purchasing all the houses in Khorsabad and settling its inhabitants at the foot of the hill, he was enabled to study in detail all the parts of this mighty edifice (Sargon Palace). When, three years later, he was recalled to his own country, he carried away with him a rich collection of sculptures and inscriptions, much of which may be seen in the Assyrian department in the Louvre, Paris, where I have seen them.

The appointment of M. Botta, in 1845, to another field of duty removed him from the scene where he had displayed so much fruitful activity. His mind, however, lingered around it still. Study, the deciphering and explanation of these inscriptions and other objects discovered occupied all his spare time and added greatly to the celebrity of his name. The French Government assisted him munificently in his new labors.

There was no more extensive exploring at Khorsabad until 1851, when the architect, M. Place, was commissioned by the French Government to continue the researches in the Palace of Sargon. M. Place proved a worthy successor to M. Botta. He brought to light all manner of objects that gave an insight into the mode of living of the Assyrians. He discovered a whole store full of iron utensils in a good state of preservation, as well as other objects wrought in ivory and in different kinds of metals, which denote the refined care the ancient possessors displayed for their own comfort, their practical ideas and their tastes.

In a vault, hermetically sealed, M. Place found a large quantity of clay urns, about two feet high, some broken and some intact. They were situated in compartments hewn out by blocks of stone, arranged in double rows along the walls. The coating of brownish-red on the inside of these urns was at first supposed to be varnish; but the rain having fallen on and tarnished these colors, there was such an odor of wine dregs as to immediately dispel all doubt—they had discovered King Sargon's wine cellar.

After a period of four years the researches made in the name of the French Government were again interrupted, to be resumed later on in another part of the East. In the meantime England had been making researches on Assyrian soil with the most satisfactory results. They were conducted by Sir Austin Henry Layard, Western Ambassador to Constantinople—a gentleman gifted with a discerning mind, a strong will, an iron constitution, and who in his diplomatic positions, as well as in his scientific expeditions, familiarized himself completely with the languages and manners of Western Asia. As unyielding before dangers and difficulties as he was obliging in every legitimate demand, Mr. Layard possessed the secret of making himself loved and feared at the same time by the Orientals.

Sir Stratford Canning, who had already enriched his country with a valuable collection of Greek antiquities, was, in 1845, Ambassador to Constantinople. Anxious to gratify the strong desire manifested by Mr. Layard, at that time his subordinate, to make researches in Assyrian soil, he generously offered to bear the expenses for a given time, knowing full well that if the undertaking proved

a success there would be no difficulty in procuring the means to continue it. On his arrival at Mosul Mr. Layard, warned by the experience of M. Botta, was presented to the Pacha, but did not give him the remotest idea as to the object of his coming. With the design of arousing his suspicion as little as possible, he selected the Nimrod Mount, some fifteen miles from Mosul, as the object of his exploration. He secretly procured all the tools necessary and, under the pretext of going hunting, he set out, accompanied by a friend and a servant. He sought the acquaintance of the Arabs of the country and soon engaged six stalwart laborers.

With all these precautions his labors were attended with still greater drawbacks than M. Botta had encountered. Always guarding, as his predecessor had done, against the propensity for stealing that characterizes the Arab tribes; against the fanaticism of the Mahometans of Mosul; against the hostility of the Pacha, who was ever ready to pounce upon him, and against the fatal rigors of the climate, he had, besides these, other obstacles to contend against. The miserable dwelling he occupied disappeared one day without leaving a vestige after it—swept away by a sudden monsoon. He replaced it by a clay hut, but during its erection the materials became so thoroughly soaked by heavy rains that they never dried and the interior of the habitation was continually covered with mold.

In spite of his strong constitution Mr. Layard was more than once compelled to seek the fresh air of the mountains, being overcome by the intensity of the heat. To make up for all this, however, during the two years he was engaged in his labors (1845-1847) his cheerful and pleasant manners always brought him hosts of laborers, and from the very first he met with the most gratifying success. This is how he describes one of his discoveries:

"One morning as I was returning from a visit to a friendly chief the Sheik Abd-er-Raman, two Arabs belonging to his tribe rode toward me at full speed. 'Hasten, Bey,' cried one of them, 'hasten to the ruins; they have just discovered Nimrod himself! Allah! All this is beyond comprehension, yet it is true; we saw him with our own eyes! There is no other God but Allah!' They had scarcely uttered this pious exclamation when they disappeared in the direction of their tents.

"On reaching the ruin I went down into the trench that had just been dug and found the Arabs, who had seen me coming, gathered around a heap of baskets and cloaks. As Awad, who was superintending the work, came forward and asked me for a present with which to celebrate the great event, the Arabs raised the covering they had hastily improvised and revealed a gigantic human head,

cut out of the alabaster of the country. It belonged to a statue the greater portion of which was still buried under the earth. I saw in an instant that it was the head of one of those winged lions or bulls that had already been discovered at Kohrsabad and at Persepolis. It was in a marvelous state of preservation. The expression was calm, but majestic, and the features of the face denoted a delicacy and skill of touch that would never have been suspected in works of such a remote period.

"The emotion and fright of the Arabs did not at all surprise me. It required no great amount of imagination to awaken the most fantastic ideas in their minds. That colossal head, bleached by time, and rising up, all at once, from the bowels of the earth, might readily pass for one of those terrible beings that frequently, according to their legends, come up from the lower regions and appear to mortals.

"At the very first glance one of the laborers gave this strange object he overturned his basket and ran at full speed toward Mosul. I heard of this circumstance with regret, because I foresaw the disastrous consequences it would entail.

"While I was having the rubbish removed from around the statue and was giving orders for the general resumption of work the sound of galloping horses broke upon our ears. It was Abd-er-Raman, followed by half his tribe; for, as soon as the two Arabs I had met on the road reached their tents and spoke of the wonderful discovery, their comrades who were present immediately mounted their horses and came to be convinced by their own eyes. On seeing the head they all exclaimed in one voice, 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet!'

"Some time elapsed before the Sheik could make up his mind to go down into the trench to convince himself that it was nothing but stone.

" 'This is not,' he declared, 'the work of men, but of those great giants of whom the Prophet—peace be with him!—said that their height exceeded that of the tallest date-trees; it is one of those idols that Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the deluge.'

"This opinion, after mature consideration, was shared by all his companions. I soon directed the men to dig to the south of the head, hoping to find its body, and before night we found it, some twelve feet further on. After ordering two or three men to keep watch over the sculptures I repaired to the village to celebrate the event by killing a few sheep, and invited the Arabs of the vicinity to the feast. I sent for some wandering musicians from Selamijch and the greater part of the night was spent in dancing."

Sir Austin evidently knew the value of graft in its various forms,

and the East is the land of graft. Our explorer saw trouble ahead and he planned to avert it. The account carried to Mosul by the workmen was not without its effect, as he announced, out of breath, that "Nimrod had reappeared." The Kadi, who was not at all friendly to Sir Austin, lost no time in summoning the Mufti and the Ulema to deliberate on so grave a matter. They went with great solemnity before the ruler of the city and presented a protest on the part of the Mussulman people against an enterprise so directly in opposition to the Koran.

Like all Orientals under similar conditions, the Kadi resorted to delays, perhaps with "an eye to the main chance." He was undecided as to whether the object unearthed was "the skeleton of Nimrod or merely a statue of him." Ismail Pacha was greatly troubled in his mind as to whether that mighty hunter "had been an orthodox prophet or not." As the result of these brilliant lucubrations, Sir Austin received a significant message from His Excellency, hinting that the relics were to be treated "with respect" and not to be disturbed any further.

While discharging his laborers Sir Austin retained two trusted men, who were ordered to continue the excavations already commenced along the wall quietly and without attracting attention. This work, slow as it was, later on revealed the existence of another pair of man-lions, which were found to be intact and twelve feet long, the body and limbs admirably wrought, and, though the muscles and bones were very much exaggerated in their development to show strength, they nevertheless displayed a wonderful knowledge of anatomy. Sir Austin says that the sculptures in one of the excavated halls are executed half in bold relief and half in bas-relief. Lost in admiration of the great work before him, he says: "I have spent whole hours in musing over these mysterious figures and in studying out their object and their history. What nobler symbols could have been used to introduce men into the temples of their divinities? What more sublime figures could a people deprived of the light of revealed religion have borrowed from nature to convey its ideas of the wisdom, power and omnipotence of a Superior Being? To express the ideal of intelligence and knowledge they took a man's head; as a type of strength, the body of a lion; as a symbol of the gift of ubiquity, the wings of an eagle. The winged lions with human heads were not creations devoid of ideas, the products of a fantastic mind; they carried their meaning with them. They contributed toward the education of races that existed 3,000 years ago. The thresholds they guarded were once crossed by Kings and Princes and warriors, leaving their offerings to the altars, long before the philosophy of the East had penetrated into Greece, and

introduced into that country, with its mythology, the antique symbols of Assyria. Perhaps they were already buried in ruins and their very existence forgotten long before the foundation of the Eternal City upon the banks of the Tiber. Hidden from the eye of man for a period of 2,000 years, they now appear once more in all their pristine grandeur. But how changed is everything around them! The pride and civilization of a great nation have been succeeded by the misery and ignorance of a semi-barbarous people. Now the eye rests on ruins and rubbish where magnificent temples once stood. The ploughshare passes over these mighty structures and the grain ripens on the soil that hides the last traces of them from mortal eyes."

Sir Stratford Canning having sent Mr. Layard full powers from the Grand Vizier, the indefatigable explorer resumed his work and the vision of old Assyria gradually broke upon his eyes in all its splendor. The monuments and works of art at Nineveh had been far better preserved than those at Khorsabad. The sculptures represented everything remarkable in Assyrian life—war and hunting scenes, offerings and processions, traveling by land and water, and domestic habits. Sir Austin Layard also discovered arms, helmets, bronzes, objects made of ivory and vases. Far more important than all these were the countless inscriptions he found on every hand, from the foot to the very top of the walls. He sent some of the most interesting sculptures to England and kept his friend Canning informed of the progress of his researches. Sir Canning, having in the meantime declared that he surrendered to England all the discoveries made and to be made in Assyria, the British Museum voted an appropriation for the furtherance of the work. Mr. Layard, being now in a position to increase the number of his workmen, entirely unearthed all the buildings in the large Nimrod hillock and extended his excavations to those of Kalah-Schergat and of Kouyoundjik. He was everywhere rewarded with the most wonderful results. At Kalah-Schergat he discovered, among other things, the documents concerning the origin of a palace which, according to Assyrian and Chaldaic usage, were walled in near the four principal corners of the edifice. They consisted of octagonal clay prisms, forty-five centimetres long, and on each side there were 100 lines of cuneiform writing. These documents, reproduced four times, told that the palace had been built by King Tugat-Phalasar I. about the year B. C. 1130.

When Mr. Layard had exhausted his means he began to think of returning to England; but before doing so he had two important things to do—fill up the trenches to save the ruins from utter annihilation and pack up all antiquities that were transportable. It was

indeed an unrivaled collection. The explorer never rested until he knew it safe on its way to England, and it was only then that he consented to follow it. Some time after, in 1848, he was sent back to his old post on the British Embassy at Constantinople.

His report, published and embellished with numerous designs, was eagerly read in England. Under the pressure of public opinion the British Museum supplied Mr. Layard with ample means, and he once more abandoned Constantinople to return to the banks of the Tigris. A physician and a draughtsman accompanied him.

This time his labors were carried on near the Kouyoundjik mounds, the scene of M. Botta's first efforts. He here discovered the gigantic palace of Sennacherib, and which had been inhabited by him and by his successor, Assur-Haddon.

In the meantime he was continuing or undertaking researches at Nimrod, Nebbi Junus, Kalah-Schergat, Khorsabad, in the desert as far as Armenia, and even in Babylon and among the ruins south of it. These vast researches resulted in the discovery of an enormous quantity of sculptures and inscriptions; of implements of labor, vases, furniture, bronzes, fancy pieces, arms, precious stones, earrings, a mould in which the jeweler had moulded them, harness, bridles, etc.

A discovery, the great importance of which Mr. Layard could scarcely have realized at that time, was the one he made in the halls of the palace of Kouyoundjik, and which consisted of written tablets that were so numerous that they covered the floor to the depth of one foot. They are of fine clay, of all sizes, from a square inch up to a square foot and about half an inch in thickness. They wrote on these tablets with a fine dagger while they were damp; they were then hardened with fire. The cuneiform writing they bear is so remarkably small as to require the use of a magnifying glass to decipher the greater part of them.

Most of these tablets had been broken by the falling in of the upper floors, and to crown the mishaps the fragments were shipped to London, packed pell-mell without any regard to their places in the halls. It is easy to understand how much this circumstance contributed to the difficulty of deciphering them. Learned men, however, have partially succeeded, and no one has regretted the labor. It was the *library* founded by King Assurbanipal, the successor of Assar Huddon, and it consists of historical narratives, letters, authentic documents, chronological tables, astronomical observations, poems and songs and text-books in which many ideographic signs of the Assyrians are explained. It was a part of this collection that the writer of this article had the good fortune to come across and to which he referred at the opening of this account.

In 1852 Mr. Layard, after acquiring a vast knowledge and an illustrious name, returned to his native land to publish an account of his discoveries and to work at deciphering inscriptions.

Up to the year 1854, when excavations ceased, the most valuable treasures flowed into the British Museum. The directors of this institution lost no opportunity of giving all the publicity possible to their work and to the treasures poured in upon it, in the hope of stimulating scientific men and of obtaining, through their assistance, the key to many things still shrouded in obscurity.

Europe now entered with more energy than ever upon the study of cuneiforms. The rich accumulation of twenty years of these curious writings was found to be inadequate, and for them researches were set on foot. George Smith, a oung engraver on brass, employed by set on foot. George Smith, a young engraver on brass, was seized with a perfect mania for deciphering them. His first step was to acquire the necessary preparatory knowledge, and his rapid progress earned for him his admission into the British Museum as an assistant.

Constantly engaged in reading and classifying these tablets, he discovered the fragment of an ancient Babylonian *narrative concerning* the *Deluge,* and which is wonderfully in harmony with the Bible account. He made it the subject of a lecture before the "Biblical Archæological Association" on December 3, 1872. It created quite a sensation, and Mr. Smith became the hero of the day.

During a vacation of six months granted to Mr. Smith he visited Kouyoundjik, and among a number of tablets he found were many the contents of which intimately related to the Holy Scriptures. He was given every facility for making other voyages in the hope of finding King Assurbanipal's library, but, unfortunately, in 1876, just as he was about to return to his native land, Mr. Smith died, a victim to his indefatigable zeal and leaving a great void in the scientific world.

Dr. Kaulen gives us a description of the only palace that has been entirely uncovered and explored to its utmost recesses, a palace that may be considered a specimen of the large buildings in Nineveh, and a knowledge of which is the surest guide of every explorer of Assyrian soil, and of every man who desires to familiarize himself with the civilization and architecture of this country. It is the palace of King Sargon, at Khorsabad, discovered by M. Botta and studied attentively by him and M. Place. These distinguished archæologists have fully described it in works beautifully illustrated and in every way worthy of the interest and importance of the subject.*

* See Botta's "Monuments de Ninive" and "Ninive et l'Assyrie," Place et Thomas.

It is to be regretted that so few American tourists find time, when in London or Paris, to do more than *look* into the Assyrian departments of the British Museum and of the Louvre. They will not see Venuses or Apollos, but they will find works of art of equal, if not greater, historical value, and they will acquire a living knowledge of many things described in Sacred History.

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A NOTABLE CONVERT.

AMONG the numerous files of "Rome's recruits" who, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, joined the lay ranks of the Church Militant, was Aubrey de Vere. The family, whose original name was Hunt, subsequently altered to De Vere, is of aristocratic lineage, being descended from the Earls of Oxford, a title now extinct. Aubrey Vere, second son of the sixteenth Earl of Oxford (born *Circa,* 1555), was the poet's direct ancestor. This Aubrey Vere's daughter Jane married Mr. Henry Hunt, of Gosfield, Essex, from whom was descended Sir Vere Hunt, of Curragh—now known as Curragh Chase, Adare, County Limerick—a Cromwellian officer who settled in Ireland during the troublous years of the short-lived Commonwealth. The convert's grandfather, Mr. Vere Hunt, created a baronet in 1784, was a member of the Irish Parliament in 1797 and died in 1818. His only son, maternally related to the Spring-Rice family, the head of which is Lord Monteagle, changed the patronymic, Hunt, at the date of the first Reform Act, and assumed the name of De Vere. He was the father of the poet-convert, Aubrey de Vere, and was himself a poet as well, being the author of the dramatic poems, "Julian, the Apostate," "The Duke of Mercia" and "Mary Tudor," published respectively in 1822, 1823 and 1847. Gladstone and Manning agreed in considering the last named as "the finest drama since Shakespeare's time."

Aubrey de Vere may be said to have lived his whole long life at Curragh Chase, where he was born on January 10, 1814, and where he died on January 21, 1902. "This beautiful place," says Mr. Wilfrid Ward,[1] "successively during his own long lifetime the property of his grandfather, his father and his two brothers, was practically his home for eighty-eight years. He lived in his ninth

[1] "Aubrey de Vere: a Memoir." By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, 1904.

decade in the little room he had occupied as a child in the first decade of his life—looking out on the same spacious deer-park, watching its pleasure grounds develop year by year under his father's loving care, seeing from his window in later days the large stone cross beyond the lake, erected in memory of his dead father, mother and sisters. He read and wrote to the end in the library in which his father had read and written before him." Though he belonged to a literary family and inherited in large measure the poetic gift—"the great poetic heart," which, as Tennyson said, "is more than all poetic fame"—he did not impress his tutor, who, when his pupil, a boy of ten, was stumbling through the Latin grammar, pronounced him "an idiot." This teacher, with the shortsightedness and lack of sympathetic insight common to too many schoolmasters, was self-deceived, like the Dublin dominie who looked upon young Brinsley Sheridan as a "dunce." When the boy grew into youth, even before he reached his early manhood, he reversed the erroneous verdict of his tutor, whose successor, one Edward Johnstone, Mr. Ward notes, "was the first to tap the vein of the remarkable mental qualities of his pupil" by teaching him to appreciate Wordsworth, whose elevating influence exorcised the "Byronic sulk" which a month's eager reading of Byron had wrought in him. Shelley, Keats, Landor and Coleridge helped to develop his latent poetic talents, while his letters at seventeen, his biographer avers, "exhibit a power and habit of analysis very unusual at so early an age." When, in his eighteenth year, he began to write poetry himself, without any thought of publication and only with a wish to preserve a record of reflections on occurrences that interested him, his earliest effusions were odes on Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose muse "pursued him as the murmur of the sea pursues a man for hours after he has walked inland," and whose chief merits his father impressed upon him were his "majesty and pathos;" instancing his "Laodamia," which the son read "standing, to the last line, and was converted," seeming "to have got upon a new and larger planet, with

> An ampler ether, a diviner air,
> And fields invested with purpureal gleams."

His mind fed on poetry, which became its intellectual nutriment. He used to read Keats, Landor and Coleridge driving about in his pony carriage or at night to the sound of an Æolian harp, or reclining on summer evenings in a little boat on the lake at Curragh Chase. Gerald Griffin, who then lived at the village of Pallas, about four miles from the De Veres' place—a kindred spirit in whom, as in Aubrey de Vere, religious thought was blended with literary culture—was among the friends of the future convert's youth.

The De Veres were among the best of the Anglo-Irish who, if they did not become more Irish than the Irish themselves, like the Geraldines, were sympathetic towards the native race, although at times prone to view things Irish, as it were, through English spectacles, with certain critical deductions. Young Aubrey joined heartily in the national jubilation over O'Connell's bloodless victory when, in 1829, Catholic Emancipation was won, climbing to the top of a pillar on which he stood waving his hat, while bonfires blazed. Of the Relief Bill he says truly: "It was like the concession of Grattan's Parliament in 1782; it had been a concession to fear, not to principle; it included, in deference to unworthy prejudices, several provisions of a petty and offensive character,[2] and for forty years it continued to be unaccompaniel by that which thirty years previously Pitt had perceived to be its necessary supplement, namely, religious equality. The ancient religious patrimony of Ireland continued to be the endowment of a small minority, and Protestant ascendency continued to maintain in Ireland a war of religion, where otherwise the old war of races would soon have been forgotten." Even when a Protestant, he was free from that hatred and distrust of Catholicism, those blind prejudices, in which so many Protestants are still hidebound. "These I did not share," he says, "being already an ardent disciple of Edmund Burke, who asserted that there was no religious body in Europe which represented, or at least resembled, the early Christian Church so much as the Irish Catholic Church of his own day. I looked upon her as deeply wronged in the past, and as placed by the consequent political agitations of recent times under circumstances unfavorable to a right estimate of her religious character."

The faculty of reverence, it is noted, was his most characteristic trait. It was this faculty, so beautifully expressed in the Greek word anthropos, which more than any other differentiates men of mind from men of a lower range of thought and feeling, that drew his thoughts upward and made him look up to men of genius, such as Wordsworth, whom he almost worshiped; Coleridge, the English philosopher, the "rapt one of the godlike forehead"'—then regarded as the great teacher of wisdom among young men of a religious temperament; and his distinguished fellow-Irishman, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, whom the great Lake poet said "was singularly like Coleridge," and who struck De Vere as "a great embodied intellect rather than a human being." A lifelong friendship was formed at first sight between De Vere and the eminent Irish

[2] Some of these still disfigure the Statute Book of Great Britain, and the Irish party in the Imperial Parliament are endeavoring to have them wiped out, eighty years after Catholic Emancipation.

Astronomer Royal, whose discourse, often prolonged until near sunrise at Adare and Curragh Chase, was to the former the best compensation he could have had for never hearing that of Coleridge. When, in October, 1832, he went to Trinity College, Dublin, he came more frequently under the influence of Hamilton, who directed his metaphysical studies. He confesses to a particular dislike to almost all the university course; he hated Juvenal, never oculd understand Persius, and thought very little of Latin poetry. In one of his letters to Hamilton, written previous to this, he gives his idea of the mission of the poet in language which foreshadowed one who, as Mr. Ward says, came in the end to be in England—that is, among English-speaking peoples—the Catholic poet of that Romantic movement which gave to Germany so many great thinkers and writers, from Stolberg and the Schlegels to La Motte Fougué, the writer of romance, and Möhler, the theologian; which gave to France Châteaubriand, De Maistre and their successors; to Italy Manzoni; to Spain Balmes and Donoso Cortes. "It is surely the duty of the poet," he wrote when a lad of eighteen, "to turn our thoughts and feelings from the difference of degree to the difference of kind; from the splendors of rank to the splendors of mind; from the voluptuousness of wealth to the emotions of the heart; in a word, from circumstances to that which is ideal; from that which is without us to that which is within; from that which is visionary to that which is true—and thus poetry is philosophy; from that which is transitory to that which is permanent—and thus poetry is religious."

Being of a religious bent of mind, he was destined by his father for the Anglican ministry and, with filial deference, acquiesced in the parental decision, though many years were to elapse before he relinquished the idea. However, before he left Trinity in 1837 he won the prize for a theological discourse.

Although literature continued to absorb most of his time and thought, he was deeply interested in the religious revival which succeeded to the indifferentism of the eighteenth century and to the religious philosophy which the pioneers of the French Revolution had made popular and its issue had discredited.[3] His father had imbued him with Conservative and High Church views. Sectarianism, the outcome of self-confident private judgment, the attempt of the average individual man to construct a religion by means of his own defective dialectic, appeared to him in the highest degree unphilosophical. The Oxford Patristic school, which was striving to link the English Church of the present with the old Ecclesia Anglicana, to bring back to the England of William IV.

[3] Ward, *op. cit.*, p. 18.

and Victoria a Catholic Church as Theodosius had known it, captured and captivated him.

In 1838-39 he paid three successive visits to Oxford, to Cambridge and to Rome. "These three historic centres of thought and religion," observes Mr. Ward, "seem to represent and group the various ideas which had been forming themselves within him. Oxford, which he visited in December, 1838, represented English Churchmanship with its roots in the past; Cambridge typified breadth of sympathy, love of science and energy of thought—issuing in the variety of opinion which Maurice hoped to weld into a new Church Catholic; and Rome, amid all the corruptions with which De Vere credited her, brought before his imagination the worldwide religious polity which should voice the collective religious consciousness of man."[4] Newman and his coterie greatly impressed him by their earnestness and sincerity, and, intellectually, as grasping the idea of a Church polity—the great remedy for the anarchy of individualism—but the Puseyites seemed to him *doctrinaires* and deficient in a sense of the practicable. Of the latter he wrote: "They want that wonderful combination of firmness and plasticity which distinguished Romanism—*she* never forgot that her foot was on earth, though her head was in heaven." He draws the following graphic pen-portrait of Newman as he then appeared: "Early in the evening a singularly graceful figure in cap and gown glided into the room. The slight form and gracious address might have belonged to a youthful ascetic of the middle ages, or to a graceful high-bred lady of our own days. He was pale and thin almost to emaciation, swift of pace, and when not walking, intensely still, with a voice sweet and pathetic, and so distinct that you could count each vowel and consonant in every word. When touching on subjects which interested him much, he used gestures rapid and decisive, though not vehemtnt." At a morning service at St. Mary's, the parish church to wnich Newman was attached, and where he read beautifully in a "sort of melodious, plaintive and rather quick half chant," he looked to De Vere "like a very young man made old by intense study."

The religious ideals typified in his mind by the three cities—Oxford, Cambridge and Rome—appear frequently in his correspondence; and each, Mr. Ward notes, contributed something to the conclusions he ultimately reached. But as yet he was "far from home," to which the "kindly light" that led Newman was leading him, unknown to himself. He still regarded the Catholic Church as "a giant sect;" and in a letter to his sister, summing up his impressions of Rome, declared that the principles of the Church of

[4] *Op. cit.*, p. 27.

Rome are as invariably the same as the principles of pagan Rome, the ultimate object of each being a Universal Empire, and the methods the substitution of universality for nationality, the worship of the beautiful—which he calls "the artistic or Grecian element of Romanism"—and "priestcraft." He fancied he saw in "this priestly power the most complete and complicated *imperium in imperio* that ever was invented." "On the other hand," comments Mr. Ward, "underlying the whole correspondence[5] on De Vere's side is the conception, newly impressed on him by his visit to the Eternal City, of the 'Catholic Church' as a real world-wide polity, to which the Christian Revolution had been from the first entrusted. The subsequent story of his mind was the history of this latent presupposition becoming more and more apparent, and of the growing conviction that only the Church which had preserved its union with the Apostolic See realized this indispensable condition. The *imperium* of Rome which had so greatly impressed him in 1837 was ultimately held by him to be coördinate with the only ecclesiastical polity which was at once historically the successor of the early Christian Church and at the same time still world-wide and one. Thus the Church of Rome, from being in the intellectual sphere hardly worthy of notice, became in the end the indispensable foundation of the very line of thought to which she had at first seemed to be external."[6] When twitted by Hamilton in the fifties with there having been some love romance in his friend's life, he replied that his one romance had consisted in his religious history, which had culminated in his joining the Catholic Church.

The diary he kept during the years 1841-46 gives us some interesting sidelights on the Oxford movement, which then reached its crisis in the conversion of Newman, a blow under which, as Disraeli said, the Church of England reeled. Every phase of it was discussed in the social circles in which De Vere moved, which included the Gladstones, Macaulay, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Tennyson, Monckton, Milnes, Dean Milman, Dr. Pusey, Manning, whom he describes as "the most ecclesiastical man I have seen," and the Coleridges. His cousins, the Calverts, were among those whom the movement led Romewards, although his own attitude towards Rome, Mr. Ward says, "was evidently at this time very hostile." The suspicion and distrust which the trend of religious events awakened made themselves apparent in many ways. Wordsworth, whom Miss Fenwick desired to see "become a Catholic-minded man and pass the evening of his life under the shadow of some cathedral," and whose daughter had just been married to a Mr. Quillinan,

[5] His letters to Stephen Spring Rice.
[6] *Op. cit.*, pp. 46-47.

De Vere says "was much vexed because the lover was very poor and a holy Roman." The Bard of Rydal said to him that Frederick William Faber—the famous Oxford convert who became superior of the London Oratory in King William street, Strand, and whose poem, "Sir Launcelot," elicited his high praise—ought not to be a clergyman, as poetry should claim the whole man—an arbitrary dictum which Father Ryan, the American priest-poet; Father Mathew Russell, S. J., and others have disproved. De Vere, who, Sara Coleridge already predicted, would "end by becoming a Romanist," was at this time deluded by Maurice's ideal "Church Catholic"—a phantom Church which only existed in his own imagination—and was endeavoring in his own mind to differentiate between Catholicity and what he called "Romanism." A conversation with Pusey, who said that Newman's then approaching conversion" would be a great crisis and by far the greatest blow the cause had received" and yet "hoped the exertions of the Roman Catholics in England might be of use in gaining back dissenters and infidels," left upon De Vere the impression that he was "speaking with much conscientious reserve, and that he himself had drawn much nearer to Rome than of old." Alas! it was a case of "thou art so near, but yet so far."

In 1842, when he was the guest of Wordsworth at Rydal—"the greatest honor," he often declared, of his life—he brought out his first volume, "The Waldenses and Other Poems," followed the next year by the "Search After Proserpine and Other Poems," which elicited enthusiastic praise from Walter Savage Landor. Poetry, however, did not divert his attention from the religious movement. The reading of Newman's "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine" drew from him the remark: "His argument does not seem to me to shake the true Catholic doctrine at all—hardly to touch it. That unlucky phrase, *via media,* only politically applicable to our Church, is working against us, and prevents us from seeing that Catholicism occupies the whole ground both of Protestantism and Romanism, and reconciles whatever each holds of *positive* doctrine."

But politics, not poetry or polemics, were soon to engage most of his attention, the occasion being the great Irish famine, which brought to the surface all of the Irishman that there was in De Vere and stirred to their deepest depths his sympathies for suffering humanity, being eyewitness of many of the harrowing scenes of that dismal epoch, and devoting himself heart and soul to the work of the relief committees. Writing on October 6, 1846, to his friend Mrs. Villiers, he says: "I was out from after breakfast till nine o'clock at night, a few days ago, making a census of the people in

want of food, and many a strange spectacle I saw while engaged in this occupation. In this part of the country there is little *except want* to contend with; but some of the scenes which I have witnessed in wilder parts of the country are desolate indeed. In one day I have sat within nearly eighty mud hovels, without windows or chimneys—the roof so low that you could not (in some cases) stand upright, and within and around a mass of squalidness and filth. Many a trait of native goodness, or even refinement, I have noticed in such an abode; many a countenance I have marked traced with the character of goodness, long endurance and piety, though seen dimly through a veil not only of pallor and smoke, but one worn by the blasts and rain of many an adverse year. And in the midst of these horrors I have seen such strange gleams of humor, and heard many a sad tale told with a gay indifference. I have never been half so deeply impressed with the duty of doing what in us lies to lighten life's load to the thousands who surround us, and whom, directly or indirectly, we may benefit, if only we take the trouble of going among them, sympathizing with them and understanding them. I am sure that the poor are on, the whole, the best. In all those homes of misery I never heard an impatient murmur." The deaths from cold and starvation which overtook the famished peasants in the dead of night during the terrible winter of 1846 inspired his poem, "A Year of Sorrow," in which are the following pathetic verses:

Fall snow! in stillness fall like dew,
On church's roof and cedar's fan:
And mould thyself on pine and yew,
And on the awful face of man.

On quaking moor and mountain moss,
With eyes upstaring at the sky;
And arms extended like a cross,
The long-expectant sufferers lie.

Bend o'er them, white-robed acolyte!
Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist;
And minister the last sad Rite,
Where altar there is none, nor priest.

These appalling events he witnessed and others called forth sterner and stronger language in his "English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds," published at the beginning of 1848, which Lord John Manners pronounced "the most valuable contribution to our Irish political literature since the days of Burke." John Stuart Mill wrote to the author: "No one can sympathize more than I do in the feeling which pervades your book, that England is not entitled to throw the first stone at Ireland, being, so far as that expression can be used of a nation, guilty of all the guilt as well as of all the suffering and folly of Ireland," while Sir James Stephen thus gave vigorous

utterance to his views in language which, if it met the eyes, would have rejoiced and gladdened the heart of Michael Davitt: "You are not a Celt, but a naturalized Norman or Saxon; and therefore to you I hazard the confession of my faith, that the real cause of the calamities of Ireland is the want, not the excess, of the belligerent character and qualities among the Celtic race. Every people on the face of the earth have been oppressed by their stronger neighbors; and all people have sunk under that oppression into a degraded and servile state; those only excepted who have had the heart to fight it out, trusting to God and trusting to each other. If the Irish had resisted your ancestors half as gallantly as my ancestors, the Scotch, wrestled against Plantagenets, Tudors and Stuarts, England would have become just, humane and liberal in the only way in which nations ever acquire those virtues; that is, by being well beaten into them."[7] Montalembert never remembered ever having met with such a masterly picture of Ireland's rights and of her unparalleled wrongs. It raised high hopes in Smith O'Brien of the author becoming at least a Repealer, convinced that Ireland's welfare and fame can never be protected except by her own sons, armed with power to manage their own affairs. In a long letter to De Vere he laments the aloofness of the gentry from the national movement, shrinking from being leaders of the Irish people—some from abject fear, some from sybarite selfishness, some from habitual subserviency to the power, for whom during centuries they acted as a garrison in the island. "Where and what," he asks, "are the nobles of Ireland?—a class despised abroad and hated at home; and this occurs amongst a people of all others the most easily won to the support of aristocratic influence." De Vere's book had convinced him that a mission had been appointed to the author, and he earnestly urges him to gird himself boldly and nobly to the accomplishment of that task and begin by exchanging for a tutored sentiment of dependence upon England a noble reliance upon his own countrymen. William Monsell, afterwards the first Lord Emly, wrote in a similar strain: "Tell the truth, they say, and shame the devil; but you can't shame the English—they despise us so heartily. I must except English Roman Catholics from this charge. They do sympathize with us very much. I believe there is only one remedy. Let it be your theme. Let the Irish Protestants move into England, and the English Roman Catholics into Ireland, only don't put Lord Shrewsbury into MacHale's diocese."

The solemn spectacle of death, first the death of his beloved and revered father, who died in 1846, and then the agonizing death throes of a nation decimated by famine and bleeding at every pore,

[7] *E. g.*, by the Boers.

brought De Vere face to face with the supernatural and deepened his sense of the supreme importance of the religious question and the momentous issues dependent on it. He records how his brothers were already feeling dissatisfied with the form of religion in which they had been brought up—how his brother Stephen[8] refrained from taking the sacrament with the others when his father was at the point of death; how his brother Vere, deploring the disuse of extreme unction for the dying, had said bitterly, "Our Church forsakes her children on their deathbeds."

A study of mediæval religious art, reflecting the lively faith of the epoch "when art was still religion," revealed to him that in the minds of the early masters of the ascetic school, such as Fra Angelico, there existed an ideal of holiness, of moral beauty and of that divine or divinized humanity which constitutes the Christian character, which has never revealed itself in northern regions of modern times to the spectacled muse of Biblical criticism, who forsakes the temple and the wilderness alike for the synagogue and the market place. He was beginning to realize the large share which faith has in the growth and development of the human intellect, that the theology of the middle ages had some sustaining and sublime qualities which Protestant theology did not possess, that the glory of the old pictures, as he expresses it, did not come from superior skill of hand, but from a better head and heart: the ideal of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries transcending ours, and the saints of Perugino, Pinturicchio and a host of almost nameless painters exceeding in dignity, sweetness, purity, strength, pathos, elevation, sublimity, in all that belongs to the human and all that belongs to the divine type of character, which we can now conceive, almost as much as human beings exceed the brute creation. He was justifying the acute observation of his friend Hamilton, who

[8] He became a Catholic not long after his father's death. "The change," says Mr. Ward, "was not due primarily to intellectual causes. He was dissatisfied with the Church of his birth. He was deeply impressed with the goodness of the Irish Catholic peasantry, to whom he devoted his life. He came after some years of indecision to share their creed." Of his elder brother, Aubrey de Vere wrote later: "From his early youth Stephen's life has been one of labor for Ireland. He has saved sons of hers from the gallows—labored in their schools—abstained from wine for twenty years, that he might encourage temperance among the poor; brought dying men into his house, that they might have more comfort in death; pleaded their cause in public and private life, and during thirty years he has reduced the rental of the property by about a fourth below what would have been considered the fair value. You know of his going out to America as a steerage passenger (I think it was a six-weeks' voyage), that he might speak as a witness respecting the sufferings of emigrants. He has always been a Liberal, as he is now; and (unlike me) he approved of Gladstone's recent Land Act, having himself recommended nearly the same thing to the Government in 1870."

understood him better than he understood himself, that his deeper sympathies were, from the very first, those of a Catholic. He plunged deep into theology. The Gorham judgment and the "Papal aggression" craze consequent on the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy had pushed the religious question more and more to the front, while the flowing tide was with the converts, a second wave of conversions having followed five years after the movement of 1845. Several of his own friends had "gone over to Rome," as it was phrased. Mrs. Allies, Mrs. Henry Wilberforce and others actually joned the Church before their husbands, drawing them after them. "Never were conversions so frequent as now," he wrote in January, 1851. "Nearly every newspaper mentions the name of some Anglican clergyman who has just seceded, and the lawyers are keeping them in countenance. Mr. Bowyer, Sergeant Bellasis, James Hope and Mr. Baddeley (names among the most eminent at the bar) are gone or going. Dodsworth is gone. Manning is supposed to be just on the move." Of Manning he had written on August 14, 1850, to Lady De Vere: "I returned here on Monday evening, after passing three or four delightful days with Archdeacon Manning. How I wish you knew him, or could even see him! He is the most spiritual, and at the same time the most ecclesiastical looking man I ever met. You would think that a saint of old had stepped out of a picture by Raphael or Perugino. His manners are not less interesting, including a marvelous union of grace, decisiveness and sanctity." He met Manning again, in company with De Ravignan and Dr. Döllinger, when breakfasting with Monsell. "The mode in which the three countries were represented by these three minds," he wrote, "was extraordinary—the depth of the German, the scientific precision of the Frenchman and the grave vigor of the Englishman. Among other things they discussed the religious prospects of Europe; Döllinger took a sanguine view of them; De Ravignan rather a gloomy one; but all three agreed that the world would eventually be polarized into two great sections, the Roman and the infidel, and that all the intermediate theories were used up and worn out. How far this may be true I know not, but certainly I am every day more struck by the great difference which I observe between the Protestants and Roman Catholics with whom I converse. The former seem so vague in their faith and so shifting in their arguments; the latter always seem to me to hold all the great truths of the three creeds as in eagle-talons. Whatever may be the character of their *peculiar* tenets, the great *common* dogmas of the faith seem to me secure with them only. This circumstance, I own, increases my reverence for Rome daily." He was nearing the goal when he could write

like that. He daily saw more clearly the need of a more authoritative dogmatic standard and a surer guarantee for the "sacramental system" and for ecclesiastical freedom than the Establishment or the Anglo-Catholic school could offer. He was daily more disposed to regard the Roman system as the complete type and permanent form of Christianity, that form in which it will be able to do battle at once with the world and with heresy, and, above all, with that vast inroad of infidelity which he regarded as certain and not distant. Writing from the house of his old friend, Dr. Jebb, Canon of Hereford and nephew of Bishop Jebb, of Limerick, who had a choice collection of ten thousand folios and quartos, he says: "The Church must be a living voice, not a library." Alluding to the way in which High Church, Low Church and Broad Church were being shuttlecocked by British statesmen, he asks: "Who does not see what this means? Was ever a 'no Popery' nation so bent on serving the Pope? They (the High Church) *must* go on—their fate is driving them. In the meantime I 'lift up mine eyes to the hills,' and see something based on earth, but irradiated from heaven, which changes not in a world of change, and on whose impassive brow are written strength and peace." He saw this "something," at first dimly adumbrated to the inner vision of a soul groping its way to the light, more clearly as time went on. The effect of a year's meditation and reading, as well as the reflections of fifteen or twenty years, he told his cousin, Stephen Spring Rice, had been that "he saw 'a great ship lifting her shining sides' near our crazy little bark." His old objections to the Church of Rome were gradually dispelled like mountain mist as his dawning faith progressed towards its meridian and became more luminous. The cultus of the saints appealed to him strongly. He rejoiced to find Leibnitz arguing that transubstantiation was consistent with sound philosophy, and he found underlying Catholic theology and practice a profound philosophical system. He saw how Rome realized the idea of one Church, having its roots in the earliest Christian tradition, which had ever jealously guarded and taught, with an unfaltering utterance that gave edge to belief, the primary Christian truths; how the faith of the individual enables him to participate in the wisdom of the whole Church; how the reproach of Christianity, its opposition to the natural man, was preserved by Rome and lost elsewhere, and how Protestantism, in making a concordat with the world, had lost so much of authentic Christianity that it had lost its reproach. "The separated religious bodies," he wrote in a letter to Hamilton, "are always regarded with comparative indulgence by mere men of the world and by infidels. The latter will often tell you (as they have told me) that, assuming the truth

of the Bible and the reality of a supernatural order, the Roman Catholic Church is the only logical result of it, the only form of Revelation which can even be conceived as being authentic." The most clearsighted minds, he told another of his correspondents,[9] were beginning to see more and more that Protestantism means Rationalism; adding: "Every day, too, I see more reason to think, on independent grounds, that, deceived by a few traditional misconceptions, and inheriting a position originally unsound and daily developing in unsoundness (in which our ancestors, after a few convulsive movements, found themselves caught as in a trap), we are utterly *out* in our estimate of Rome, seeing everything through a false medium, looking at the wrong side of the tapestry, catching therefore at the ends of threads and taking in nothing as a whole." To another[10] he wrote: "I feel more plainly every day what I have long felt, viz., that conversion to Rome can never, so far as the converts go, produce the least estrangement. They simply feel enriched; and hold more fully all that they had ever held in common with their friends, except a few negative points. I have very little doubt now as to the end of all my meditations; but no one is quite certain till he has fixed a day. The one great thing which I look to is the advance in the spiritual life."

Early in November, 1851, in company with Manning, he left for Rome. When bidding good-bye to his friends he said: "I am going to Rome"—and then, after a pause, added, smiling, and with some hesitation, "I mean geographically." It was more than a geographical transition. From Paris the two travelers proceeded to Avignon. In that city, where the Popes sojourned for the best part of a century in what has been called the Babylonish captivity, the final resolve was taken. On that morning of November 15, in the Archbishop's chapel, Aubrey de Vere was received into the Catholic Church.

He hastened to communicate the glad tidings of what he called "the great crisis of my life" to his friends, Mrs. Coleridge and Miss Fenwick, writing to the former on the very day of his reception: "I was this morning received into what I believe to be that one Catholic and Apostolic Church confessed in the Creed and commissioned from on high by God Himself. . . . Such submission I regard as an act of obedience; and yet hardly of self-sacrifice. I firmly believe that in submitting to that authority on which Christ has set His seal, I but exchange a lawless freedom for a 'glorious liberty.' Reason also tells me, after many deliberations and a life, in the main, of thought, that though personal action and personal

[9] Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, letter dated September 29, 1850.
[10] Mrs. R. O'Brien.

responsibility must ever be ours, it is yet our very highest reason to merge what is merely individually ours in the universal Reason of the regenerate race, and such I believe the mind of the Church to be, guided as it is 'into all truth' by the Spirit bestowed on it at Pentecost. Reason, in itself, is a 'light that shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." But Reason Incarnate is come into the world; and this Wisdom, I believe, speaks to us through the Spirit and the Church. To contemplate Reason in this personal way and allow Him to speak to us as little children, seems to me the highest act of reason." To the latter he expresses the "deep and tranquil satisfaction" he felt in the course which he had adopted, "though comparatively little of that more enthusiastic and rapturous delight" which he had heard many converts speak of. Nearly a month afterwards, when he had made his general confession and received his first Holy Communion, in a letter from Rome to his sister, he says: "I feel as if I had at last been permitted to grasp the *reality* of those things, the mere projected shadows of which had beckoned me forward all my life to a better land. . . . I seem to myself to have exchanged what, by comparison, was but a religious *philosophy* and sacred *literature* for a Religion." To Mrs. Coleridge he wrote again: "From what Catholicism has taught me of Christianity and from what confession (that most misapprehended of all things) has taught me of my own heart, and especially of the power of pride in its *latent* forms, I do not think that I could have continued a Christian had I not become a Roman Catholic. . . . It is not old affection only that makes me wish that others could know but for one week what Catholicism really *is,* but also a belief that in many cases they would so realize it in *life* as well as in *mind,* as to glorify God truly, and benefit His family upon earth. If, for instance, Carlyle[11] were a Catholic, to what a height would not spiritual elevation rise, built upon a basis so strong as his moral sincerity and probity, pierced through and rendered adamantine by faith divine, and enriched with those charities and aspirations which can no more find adequate nourishment in a Protestant soil than cedars can grow upon coral reefs. How soon would all who know him shake off at least the prejudice that Roman Catholicism is in some way connected with weakness or want of integrity. . . . And you, if you were a Catholic, how soon you would convince people that Catholicism casts no fetter on the mind, though it furnishes the laws as well as the ideas through which mental energies reach results and arduous thought attains an exceeding great

[11] Of Carlyle, who discarded Revelation, and tried to dissuade De Vere from becoming a Catholic, he later formed and expressed a keener and more just critical judgment.

reward. One of the things which I saw most clearly even before I was a Catholic was that as a Protestant I could never, though I meditated for a lifetime, rise above the very first problem of Revelation, and that after years of labor the question would be still one respecting the foundation of an edifice which might have been half-built, and the answer would probably be a doubt. Could you but know, my dear friend, the complete freedom of thought which a Catholic attached to speculative matters possesses and the utterly *negative* character of that freedom which alone he has abandoned!"

Experiencing a difficulty in finding suitable apartments in Rome, where he sojourned for some months, some one suggested that a young English ecclesiastic, who resided near the Piazza della Minerva, might share his sitting-room with him. He called and, struck by the handsome features of the youth of twenty-two who received him, said to himself, "Good heavens! If you are like that, what must your sister be!" The youth was Herbert Vaughan, the future Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. They became fellow-lodgers and fast friends. Cardinal Vaughan once told Mr. Ward that the affectionate Irishman, who wrote constantly to his mother and sister, and talked daily with lingering love of his Irish home, could not understand—could scarcely believe in—the ascetic detachment of the Englishman making him oblivious of family ties, which had ceased to have any interest for him. "I really believe," said the poet in exasperation "that if some one told you that your father, mother and brothers had been burnt to death in the next room, you would simply ring for the servant to clear away the ashes." Though it is said "like begets liking," still, men often come to like their opposites. It was so with Herbert Vaughan and Aubrey de Vere. "I like my companion in my lodgings better every day," he writes. . . . "He is a Mr. Vaughan, the eldest son of one of the great old Catholic families of England. He renounces prospects as brilliant as almost any man in England can command to be a priest in some out-of-the-way village in Wales, and seems as happy as the day is long at his studies and devotions. He is very handsome and refined and as innocent as a child. He sits up half the night reading Thomas Aquinas, and tells me the next morning that he has been dreaming that people had been burning him alive and that it had given him no pain."

He was presented to Pius IX., who recommended him to write hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and made the acquaintance of Monsignor De Merode, one of the Papal Chamberlains, who showed him a little chapel at the Vatican, where he said Mass, the walls and groined roof of which were covered all over with paintings by Fra Angelico, whose works always seemed

to him "the summer moonlight of painting." He could not help thinking that the man who said Mass there every morning at six o'clock had caught from the faces which surrounded him a portion of their luminous stillness. "It is not very uncommon in Italy," he observes, "to see that peculiar expression, utterly unknown in the North; in monasteries especially one remarks it, and so learns that the old painters painted what they saw, not merely what they imagined. If you should chance to meet Mr. Anderdon (Manning's nephew),[12] who has just left this for England, you will observe something of it, especially in an eye which has at once an unsleeping and a never-troubled expression."

His second visit to Rome had the effect of a new revelation. He now saw it with different eyes and it made a different impression on him. He looked upon it, not with the eyes of an antiquarian, a student of history, a litterateur or an art-lover, intent on merely adding to his stock of knowledge, of book-lore or of art-lore, of gratifying his literary or æsthetic tastes; not as a stranger or wayfarer, one of the numerous crowd of uninformed or half-informed sightseers, but as one who, received in the Household of the Faith, was a member of the great family of nations of every tribe and people and tongue who are at home in Rome—Mother and Mistress of all the Churches—who, from whatever clime they come or whatever language they speak, are "all of one accord," like the primitive Christians in Solomon's Porch, when they gather round the Common Father of the Faithful. He saw it as the centre of a great worldwide Church, as the Depository of an unique corpus of knowledge, the ever-vigilant conserver and custodian of Revealed Truth and of the vast accumulated wisdom of saints and scholars of all ages; still an Imperial City as of old, the Metropolis of Christendom, of an Empire far exceeding the limits of the old Roman Empire. The film of prejudice with which Protestantism, even the diluted Protestantism in which he had been brought up, had hitherto clouded his vision, had been removed, and with the unclouded eye of faith he saw Rome and all that it stood for in their true aspect. He saw it not as an accumulation of ruins of the dead past, but as "preëminently the city of the living." "What strikes one in Rome," he told his mother, "is that its whole structure is one stupendous living Reality, based on the Reality of spiritual things." It filled him with a sense of deep satisfaction, to which he found it difficult to give adequate expression. In a letter to Sara Coleridge he says: "I have had a grave and solid satisfaction from the first, moral, intellectual and spiritual, and that satisfaction has been progressively deepening the more I have seen, thought

[12] The late Rev. Dr. Anderdon.

and felt; the Roman Catholic Church is so very much more than I expected to find it, and that, while a Protestant, I ever imagined that a Church could be. It is so distinct from and so raised above the very highest of its precious possessions. Abounding, for instance, in books, it is so wholly distinct from a 'literature' that millions might pass their lives (even among the intelligent) with hardly a remembrance that it has more than a few devotional books, the Bible and the decrees of the Councils. It is equally independent of science. If all the schoolmen and the Fathers vanished in a moment, a Catholic feels that the sacred procession of the Church, her inner and outer life, would go on just as before, even as Nature would carry on her glorious works of mercy and power, though all the books of natural philosophy should be burned. It is so equally with art. The poorest village or mountain church in which there is an altar and the Blessed Sacrament makes a Catholic feel a diviner Presence than I, as a Protestant, ever felt in cathedrals. I feel daily, also, that Catholicism is *really* a service of *freedom,* compared with which every other system founded on Revelation must be either a narrow despotism or possess only the liberty of anarchy." The receptive mind of Aubrey de Vere had already completely assimilated Catholic thought; like the blind man of Jericho, his faith had made him whole and he saw what he had never seen before and glorified God for the great grace and gift.

R. F. O'Connor.

Dublin, Ireland.

R. L. S. THE ARTIST.

THE literary genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was fostered by an unflagging love for his art and by the labor of many a long day. Ability and practice are the two necessary ingredients of art; for without ability there would be no substratum upon which to work, and without practice there would be neither a correct nor a full portrayal of one's thoughts nor any of those pleasing turns of expression. Few men in England have given as much toil and time to the development of their literary genius as gave Stevenson to his. The ideal towards which he ever gazed and tended was set on a mountainside; and its acquirement involved all the labors of a perilous ascent. To give as perfect an expression to his thoughts and emotions and never to flag and remain in a passive state required for his art a devotion which only a restless enthusiasm and an indomitable will power could have kept alive. "The

standard is easily lowered," he wrote, "and the artist who says 'it will do' is on the downward path." "It will not do," is the expressive formula of Stevenson's ideal; it bade him be up and doing; it allowed no respite from work; it would not tolerate his becoming an advocate of slovenly workmanship. And one has only to pause and consider the sleepless days and nights, the careful selection and merciless elimination of materials, the harmonious marshaling of words, that this formula exacted, before one will realize the loftiness of Stevenson's ideal, the courage it required, the love that supported it and the mental and physical labors he expended in embodying it in living words. If long years of imitation, of conning the dictionary, of learning the illusiveness of a sentence, the immortality of a phrase and the treasure trove in a single word, bestow the title of artist, Stevenson's claim to that title will meet with no opposition. "He labored in a craft to which the whole material of his life was tributary and which opened the door to all his tastes, his loves, his hates and his convictions, so that what he wrote was only what he longed to utter."

The English language, with all its words, was something venerable to Stevenson; the respect that it required was something akin to that which we accord to old age. The literary men who had gone before him had helped to mould it, had coined new and necessary words, had fixed new meanings to exact thoughts and had established the vocabulary of the imagination and the intellect. Words of many significations had to be his hail-fellows in the realms of literature: words about whose presence the atmosphere of lofty minds and energetic imaginations was redolent; words of the great men of England; words of solemn import, spoken in the battlefield, from the throne, from the pulpit; words of successful authors and the famous characters of fiction. Stevenson well knew that many poems and many sentences packed with wisdom live, not so much by a mystic joining of hands of imagination, mind and emotion, but by the subtle charm of word collocation. Thus when Keats in his poem to the nightingale exclaims:

> "The same that ofttimes hath
> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn."

he has created mostly by his language and by the subtle relation existing between each word this thing of beauty to be a joy forever. A word has but one or two meanings, but when it is joined to other words it has as many possibilities as the notes of a song; if it is feeble and unexpressive in sharps and flats, it may be a "joy forever" in naturals. And Stevenson has not lowered our expectations of

him. He possessed the secret in such sentences as these, the first from "Olalla," the second from "A Chapter of Dreams."

"And in whose great eyes He had lighted up the torches of the soul," and "Once more she lifted up to him a face brimming with information."

His vocabulary was not merely acquired by a course of domestication amongst his favorite authors in "The Land of Story Book"; it was the yield of his travels in foreign climes and the result of a superficial and (in some cases) a genuine knowledge of the arts and sciences. The flowers that grew by the roadside or under the shadow of great forests, with all their paraphernalia of botanical names, were not despised by him. He must have been on speaking terms with the humble business of the stable, for he attires his drivers and postilions properly and sends them on long or short journeys through his tales, in vehicles proper to the age in which his plot conspires. The days which he whiled away at Barbizon and Gretz equipped him with at least a gentleman's knowledge of the art of painting: the broad rules; the management of colors; the instruments of the artist. Many a simile of sketch and brush which he calls into play, if they do not date back as far as the nursery, must have originated in these special days of leisure. The reader is not in the least annoyed by the Scotch dialect which comes to the surface in such works as "St. Ives," "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Weir of Hermiston," for its introduction is neither hurried nor inartistic, and its handling is neither foreign to nor unnatural in the author. With the apologizing quotation marks he launches into the slang of our own country.

"Literature drags with a wide net," he says in one of his letters. And he applied himself to the arts and the sciences for the sole purpose of making their materials marketable products in his tales and essays. In an essay called "The Education of an Engineer" this fact was stated by him:

"This was when I came as a young man to glean an engineering experience from the building of the breakwater. What I gleaned I am sure I do not know; but, indeed, I had already my own private determination to be an author; I loved the art of words and the appearances of life; and *travelers* and *headers* and *rubble* and *polished ashlar* and *pierres pardues* and even the thrilling question of the *string course* interested me (if they interested me at all) as properties for some possible romance or as words to add to my vocabulary."

His acquaintances amongst the professional folk, doctors and lawyers and merchants provided him with the properties of many a tale and essay. The Doctor in "The Treasure of Franchard"; that

double-livered creature, "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; that "entrancing villain" in "Treasure Island," view life from their own respective stations in life. Stevenson well knew that the tribe of stern, unbending scientific facts and theories is only to be admitted into literature under the promise that it will wear a less austere and less rigorous countenance and that it will accommodate itself with better grace to its surroundings.

This continual search for the proper word even amongst the dusty tomes of science has many advantages and drawbacks; it deepens the feel of life in his tales; it expels unnatural and turgid and euphemistic expressions, while at the same time it is liable to make him too technical, too analytic and to send him off to hunt the word with the second or even the third meaning. Yet when one of his buccaneers walks and talks he swaggers and swears like a true pirate, whose conduct all along the line shows that his life for some time previous to the opening of the story has been anything but homelike.

"I've been in places hot as pitch," says one of them, "and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack, and the blessed land a-heaving like the sea with earthquakes—what do the doctor know about that? —and I've lived on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink and man and wife to me; and, if I'm not to have my rum now, I'm a poor old hulk on a lee shore; my blood will be on you and on that doctor swab."

Or he can rise to higher characters and at the same time sustain the level he wishes to attain by language suitable to the occasion and the exaltedness of the speaker. Thus Olalla dismisses her lover with these words:

"I have laid my hand on the cross," she said. "The Padre says you are no Christian; but look up for a moment with my eyes and behold the Face of the Man of Sorrows. We are all such as He was—the inheritors of sin; we must all bear and expiate a past which was not ours; there is in all of us a sparkle of the divine. Like Him, we must endure for a little while, until morning returns bringing peace. Suffer me to pass on my way alone; it is thus that I will be least lonely, counting for my friend Him who is the friend of all the distressed; it is thus that I shall be the most happy, having taken my farewell of earthly happiness and willingly accepted sorrow for my portion."

Were the style of Stevenson analyzed in some such fashion as is an unknown in chemistry, the results would show that it was composed of the best from at least six masters in English literature. This fact he confides to us in one of his essays, in his "Virginibus Puerisque." His was a labored style, in which the elements, so diverse,

coalesce in a perfect unity. He was not a man who indulged in commonplaces, nor yet did he follow language for the mere sake of language, or "for the vague sense of emotion (about nothing) in the very letters of the alphabet, the romance of language." His words, when scrutinized, will not break down into hollow sounds; they have been tempered by thought, and they arrange themselves in sentences based on the subtle laws of emotional and lingual harmony. The substantial parts of his style, in fact, are not expressed in words; they take up their position somewhere between the lines. Even a literary expert who has read widely and deeply into English literature would have much difficulty in producing a writer with a superior or even an equal gift of suggestion. One of the great unwritten literary laws with Stevenson urged him to leave most of his thoughts unsaid; hidden, though, as they are, their whereabouts in his writings is suggested by the thoughts to which he has given utterance. The mass of his writings contains more thoughts than are really expressed in words. He believes that the pleasure derived from a suggested thought and, at the same time, gained by an active operation of the mind was more enjoyable than that which left the reader in a passive state. He was not an author who predigested his thought for his reader.

But the mere insinuation of thought and image was not the only method with Stevenson. For the different provinces in which he had dealings; in the fashioning of character, in setting a plot afoot, in preparing the stage and its scenic effects for the tragedy, he had means of expression peculiar to his art. He neither was dogmatic nor symbolistic in his tendencies; his speech was not the yea, yea, nor the nay, nay of the syllogism; nor did he introduce, upbuild and color the actions of his characters by curved lines in the foreground, or by tossed hair, or by a voice on the winds, or by scattered rose petals. His thoughts were first clearly conceived, then treated from that standpoint by which they might be the most easily and clearly and interestingly viewed and grasped by the reader. Through one thought we see many thoughts. Few intellects can fail to see and grasp them. The fact that Stevenson suggests so much becomes at length easy and natural to the reader. It is only when a sentence is taken from its context that we notice its suggestiveness. A common enough example we have in "Will o' the Mill":

"Three such pairs as I now carry on my feet have I worn out on this pilgrimage, and now the fourth is growing slender under my steps." We know instinctively what he means when he says "three such pairs."

In suggesting his characters, their conversation and the scenes in which they move he uses an entirely different set of tools. His men

and women grow and expand in our minds out of the emotional, the parenthetical, the picturesque phrase. A short dialogue, a sparkle of humor, an offhand statement, a flash of color—and he has created a character that lives or a scene that we really see. Stevenson casts aside those passages whose sole fruit is a few sleepy moments for the reader. He deals with materials that have a first-rate bearing on his plot. And this with greater care in the short story, where the rules of unity are much more stringent, than in the novel, where a certain laxity and freedom of movement are tolerated. A retired English officer in the story of "Olalla" arrives before the residencia of the heroine at nightfall. The house is merely alluded to as a piece of superior darkness; there was no description beforehand. It is only when the tale is half told that he favors us with the dimensions and the style of architecture. It is clearly seen through the eyes of an officer:

"This was a long oblong, flanked at two opposite corners by bastionlike projections, one of which commanded the door, while both were loopholed for musketry. The lower story was, besides, naked of windows, so that the building, if garrisoned, could not be carried without artillery."

Or from many other examples in "St. Ives" there is a perfectly natural scene. The hero arrives, weary and footsore, at his uncle's palace; his page attends to him. When St. Ives is refreshed and attired according to his rank he then notices the features of his page.

"He was about sixteen, well set up, with a pleasant, merry, freckled face, and a pair of dancing eyes."

Some of our authors have attained to a high perfection in their art not so much by their portrayal of the general qualities of mankind, but by their observations on the salient, the distinctive, the manifestative traits. Stevenson never makes his women characters glide before us with an angelic tread, nor does he tint their eyes with every color, from a heavenly blue to that almost latest, elephant's breath; nor does he make their complexion rival the Persian rose, nor daub their lips with cherry bloom, all of which, for the most part, rings falsely in the works of any fiction writer with gifts of even the highest idealism. Even if she possessed all these qualities, he would rather suggest than describe so openly; he would make us feel by an emotional suggestion that this character was a being of a superior order. Thus when he describes Flora Gilchrist, perhaps the highest colored of all his women characters, he writes:

"You have seen a pool on a gusty day, how it suddenly sparkles and flashes like a thing alive? So this lady's face had become animated and colored; and as I saw her standing, somewhat inclined, her lips parted, a divine trouble in her eyes, I could have clapped my

hands in applause, and was ready to acclaim her a genuine daughter of the winds."

A few words touched with emotion, a simile and a metaphor give us a woman of great external and of high intellectual beauty.

The vivid stroke, that brings out one characteristic and suggests an hundred, was not unused by Stevenson. The picturesque idea, the striking detail, bordering very frequently on the gruesome, and the distinctive trait of a character, are all interwoven into an arras-work, heavy with pictured men and showy with stirring scenes. When he deals in humanity his pictures are concrete and tangible and natural and recognizable. The needless detail, the variegated description which Lessing scored so strongly in the "Laokoon" are not part and parcel of Stevenson's style. He acted on the belief that to grasp ten or more physical traits at once was a task too great for the human eye. He also believed that there were certain delicate relations existing between a physical quality and an intellectual and a spiritual quality. And these traits are grouped in a thousand striking attitudes. Thus Mr. Romaine, "who had a face of mulberry color, round black eyes, comical tufted eyebrows and a protuberant forehead, and who was dressed in clothes of a Quakerish cut"—truly an external picture—shadows definite intellectual qualities which are, as the story proceeds, eventually realized. Mr. Utterson, in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," who was "a man of rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable," is a mixture of externals and internals. A single word gives the character of Sim in "St. Ives."

"Ay, man, are ye stench?" inquired Sim, with a gleam of approval in his wooden countenance.

This feel for the proper and suggestive detail rid Stevenson of many errors and made him heir to a few peculiarities and virtues. A mere glance at his works suggests such names as "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "The Wrecker," "The Dynamiter," "The Body Snatcher," "The Bottle Imp." Apparently, all that they lack is the thrilling but cheap paper cover of the dime novel. True, there are pirates in "Treasure Island" and in "The Master of Ballantrae," Satan in "The Bottle Imp," an evil genius in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a murder done in cold clood in "Markheim," a terrible scene in "St. Ives," and, had his work not been cut off in "mid effort," there would have been an unnatural climax in "Weir of Hermiston." In fact, the material for most of his tales seems to be and in many cases is the legitimate offspring of "the raw-head-and-bloody-bones nightmare." But there is always a reverse which gives the value to the coin—the obverse is used for the decoration.

On turning over the pages of his tales the devotee of that disreputable branch of literature, the dime novel, would be naturally disappointed; something is wanting, or, rather, there is something present which he had not expected to find—a style which holds up everything to the level of respectability, of credibility, of probability. The gaudy, the blood-and-thunder scenes, the loud-mouthed hero or heroine, the nick of time, the necessary "deus ex machina" in the rich uncle of the impoverished family, or the long-lost brother, are nowhere to be found. And the secret of it all was this faculty of choosing the proper detail.

Many a dilemma must have stared Stevenson in the face while he was treating plots of such a tragic character. An open disgust on the part of the sensible public would be his, whether he fell below the level of the respectable novel or, rising too high in his search for the proper detail, made his plot weak or his meaning undecipherable. The drama and the sensational and the spectacular melodrama were his two problems: to attain the one, to disdain the other. Though in the drama we hear the angry word or the clash of swords, and see the bloody knife and the smoking pistol, our sensibilities are never shocked, for the element that causes pain is deadened; the gross and the cheap are neglected; all of which cannot be said for the melodrama. The style of Stevenson helped him over many a dangerous pitfall. Mr. Saintsbury in "The English Novel" writes as follows:

"In fact, 'Treasure Island' (1883), with which Stevenson at last made his mark, is today classed as a boy's book by some people who are miserable if they cannot classify. It certainly deals with pirates and pieces of eight and adventures by land and sea; but the manner of dealing—the style and narrative and the delineation of the chief character, the engaging villain John Silver—is about as little puerile as anything that can be imagined. With a few exceptions, this criticism can be extended to most of Stevenson's writings. In 'Markheim' we have an excellent example. A murder occurs in cold blood, yet all the disgusting details, the cry of the murdered, the blood, the fact that it was done with premeditation and all the other points that lend their special horror to a murder, are neither omitted or treated with a delicate hand.

" ' "This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to rearise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.' "

In a few cases, such as the funeral procession of a suicide, in "St. Ives," the style cannot uplift the matter; passages like these become

disagreeable reading to, at least, nervous temperaments. Some portions of the gruesome, which he seems to treat with a special delight, are irreconcilable to even the daintiest style. Suggestion is helpless in their presence.

The evils which this careful selection of details forestalled were many. His characters have the happy faculty of not being too talkative; his style, having about it in places the atmosphere of the Bible, especially in some of his letters and short stories, the atmosphere that suggests and very frequently openly carries a moral, bears no resemblance to a catechism; his views were not narrow; his religion was an universal sympathy with all men's views. He who could say in The Old Pacific Capital

"So ugly may our Anglo-Saxon Protestantism appear besides the doings of the Society of Jesus"

could sympathize, as he does in his "Vailma Letters," with the religion of the South Sea Islanders. Then he would allow the reader some leeway in grasping his meaning and in seeing and feeling his characters. In the following example from "Night and Morning," by Bulwer Lytton—and I have a sincere admiration for many points in his style—we would find Stevenson suggesting "the care that showed the speaker's decorum in trifles," than calling the reader's attention explicitly to that fact. "Whenever they address me in a proper manner, they shall not find me revengeful or hard hearted; but, since we are on this topic," continued the father, smoothing his shirt frill with a care that showed his decorum in trifles—"

He was not, however, a faultless writer or even free from peculiarities. His characters generally talk in a too polished style; they lack spontaneity; their manners of action have traces of the chisel about them. Perhaps for this reason they will not appeal as strongly or as deeply as the characters of Scott or Dickens. Even in Stevenson's works we find a tendency towards impressionism. The idea which impressionism conveys to the mind is so broad and includes so many notions that we must carefully distinguish the school, if we may call it such, which claims Stevenson from that which does not. Impressionism in its strictest acceptation belongs to the arts which produce some of their effects by an appeal to the senses. According to Prof. Babbitt in the New Laokoon, he who treats so deeply and so learnedly the confusion of the arts, impressionism is "a mysterious intercommunication of the senses in the depth of individual feeling." When the artist attempts to gain an effect by his art, which effect can only be gained by another art, he is treading in the ways of impressionism. Thus, painting should not seek to gain effects which can only be gained by music. This sense merging, this

predominance of matter over spirit, can scarcely have any claims over Stevenson; he was neither a follower of Rousseau nor of Edgar Allan Poe, nor of the school of symbolism. However, there are other less stringent meanings to the term of impressionism: he who strives to portray "local and national peculiarities"; he whose only aim is to convey a thrill; he who subordinates thought to musical expression, who works only for an emotion, is an impressionist. Henrik Ibsen in many of his plays; Grieg, who "was advised to make his next sonata less Norwegian," and who replied, "On the contrary, the next shall be more so"; Velasquez, the painter, according to Mrs. Meynell in "The Point of Honor," were impressionists of the latter type. In the style of Stevenson, which, being prose, is naturally less emotional than poetry, we have a diluted form of impressionism, not of the first type; the confusing of senses, but of one species of the latter type—the word-picture. At times he draws a picture of peace, of contentment, of fear. Thus in "Olalla" we feel that we are traveling through a mountain ravine in Spain:

"The waters thundered tumultuously in the bottom; and the ravine was filled full with the sound, the thin spray and the claps of wind that accompanied their descent." Or, again, that lonely scene at dawnbreak in "St. Ives":

"I had but one encounter—that of a farm cart which I heard from a great way ahead of me, creaking nearer in the night, and which passed me at the point of dawn like a thing seen in a dream, with the two silent figures in the inside nodding to the horse's steps."

His desire for novelty made him view everything from a standpoint entirely different from that seen by the hackneyed, everyday stylist. Unlike the compass, he does not remain stationary; very often he veers due south. Things are turned upside down; the opposite viewpoint is adopted. We do not look at the stars; they look at us. Again, in "Will o' the Mill," the hills soared upward until they soared out of the depth of the hardiest timber," or, in "Markheim," "and through a haggard of his upper lip his teeth looked out," or, in the "Merry Men": "At a stride the sunshine fell on Aros, and the shadows and colors leaped into being." This is the land of topsy-turvies and apparent inconsistencies. Everything has changed places; they are invested with life and action. Even paragraphs and entire short stories are opposite in view. "Will o' the Mill" is not like any other Will; his system of philosophy is at daggers' points with the world at large.

Prominent among his literary virtues was that which we shall call massiveness. This ceaseless scrutiny into the nature of things made him select only those images and thoughts which pertained to the subject matter in hand. Naturally enough, every word had its

special meaning and its speical position in the sentence. By the end of the paragraph he has managed to convey many important thoughts and messages. One of his favorite sayings was that if a man could express in one sentence what he actually does in two, that man is an amateur. He lived up to this statement in many a story where he manages to combine solid thought with his descriptions. Frequently the whole scene is cleverly summed up in an epigram, while many a thought is neatly pocketed in an adjective. Thus in "The Treasure of Franchard" we have an excellent example of direct thought in conversation. The Doctor is speaking:

"'Jean Marie,' he said, very gravely, 'this world is exceedingly vast, and even France, which is only a small corner of it, is a great place for a little lad like you. Unfortunately, it is filled with eager, shouldering people moving on; and there are very few baker shops for so many eaters.'"

Or, in "The Merry Men," where the uncle is speaking of the sea:

"'If ye had but used the een that God gave ye, ye would have learned the wickedness of that fause, saut, cauld, bullering creature, and a' that's in it, by the Lord's permission-labsters, an' partans, an' sic like, howking in the deid; muckle, gutsy, blawing whales; an' fish th' whole clan of them—cauld, warmed, bluid eed, uncanny ferlies. O sirs,' he cried, 'the horror, the horror of the sea.'"

Undoubtedly, this introduction of thought produces a certain heaviness, a massiveness, a conciseness, in the style of Stevenson. To the student it is the heaviness of gold; to the ordinary reader it is the heaviness of silver or of lead. It cools the emotions which have been aroused, because it has delayed and dulled the plot. In the story of character direct thought is more or less a "persona grata"; it is out of place in the story of incident.

Contrasted with this quality of massiveness, this fulness of detail and thought, is the strain of simplicity which is heard, now softly, now loudly, in his works. But there are so many ways by which a man might show simplicity of style. His diction may, like that of all sublime writers, be simple to a great degree; his characters may be elementary, unadorned; his description may outrival that of nature itself; his converse may be childlike; his conception of plot and of art may be uncompounded with pride and loftiness of view. To many of these qualities Stevenson has but little claim. His choice of words, as has been said, was too exacting, too philosophical. What little spontaneity his nature possessed was choked by its expression in language. Though he gains great effects by this labored diction, he leaves us under the impression that his was the simplicity of art, at times too little concealed; not that of a Demosthenes or of a writer of holy scripture. Neither is his simplicity

shown in his characters. Barring his portrayal of boys, in which he was so much at home, we see that his Markheim, his Master of Ballantrae, his Weir of Hermiston, his Jekyll, his Doctor in "The Treasure of Franchard" are men of complex temperaments. They may be natural; they are not simple in a literary sense, which requires less natural contradictions, less studied psychology, more universal sympathies, like the characters of Homer; more working along the same kinds of temperament. But there is a simplicity which is entirely Stevensonian, and which has greatly influenced our later-day writers. In description, in perceiving nature in its moods, in hitting off the externals of a character, he has a rare simplicity. It is inevitable; it is the "curiosa felicitas" of the ancients. It was his only in the palmiest days of his style—those days when he still possessed the master touch and when he had not lost or dulled the temper of his perception. In fact, this delicacy, this simplicity, forms the newel post of all his style. In "Treasure Island," one of his earliest works, there are but a few clues to it; in "Weir of Hermiston," his last work, left unfinished, he has lost much of his skill. It was only in the days when "Olalla" and "Markheim" and "The Treasure of Franchard" and "St. Ives" were forthcoming—the middle season of his style—that his powers were greatest. Thus, in "The Merry Men" we have an excellent example of this simplicity. The uncle of the heroine has gone mad; he has been absent from home for some time. While the uncle's friends, whom he in reality takes as his foes, are pursuing him he plunges into the sea and is lost. The black man is a survivor of a wreck; he is the fleetest of the pursuers; he, too, drowns. This is the concluding paragraph of the story:

"Rorie and I both stopped, for the thing now was beyond the hands of man; and these were the decrees of God that came to pass before our eyes. There was never a sharper ending. On that steep beach they were beyond their depth in a bound; neither could swim; the black rose once for a moment with a throttling cry; but the current had them, racing seawards; and if ever they came up again, which God alone can tell, it would be ten minutes later at the far end of Aros Roost, where the sea birds hover fishing."

A terrible climax to a story. The whole effect is gained by the utter nonchalance of the closing words, "where the sea birds hover fishing." The simplicity of it all is summed up in the closing words.

The language of abstraction and of philosophic truth is scarcely the speech of description. A host of eighteen-century personifications would make a sorry disorder with the reader of nowadays. The genius of hurry, for which our age will be famous, cannot brook the capital-lettered columns of Griefs and Joys and Sorrows.

These belong entirely to the intellect. The description of external and of many internal qualities claims the undivided attention of the senses. Fiction pre-eminently deals with the colors and sounds and touch and odors and tastes of things. The impressions of everyday life are furnished to the intellect by the senses; and what more intimately deals with everyday life but fiction? A scene here, an observation there, an accident to life or fame—these are the materials of fiction. Many a tale interests, sometimes to an extreme degree, because the scenes, the characters, the emotions, the crises, are reduced to terms of everyday life. Stevenson by a few choice details makes us tingle with the emotions of the graveyard; in his works we hear the language of the woods and of the earth and of the creatures which he conducts from sunrise to sunrise, amidst scenes of horror or joy. Thus, in "Will o' the Mill," towards the conclusion of the tale, the entire plot is carried on by this appeal to sense. We read:

"One night in his seventy-second year he awoke in bed, in such uneasiness of body and mind that he arose and dressed himself and went out to meditate in the arbor. It was pitch dark; without a star; the river was swollen, and the wet woods and meadows loaded the air with perfume. It had thundered during the day, and it promised more thunder for the morrow. A murky, stifling night for a man of seventy-two!"

In a short paragraph he has called into play the sense of sight by the words "without a star," the sense of touch by the "wet woods," the sense of smell by the perfume, and again the sense of hearing and touch. The shortness of this article forbids more examples.

The advantages that such an appeal carries with it are manifest. Thought is made more palatable; the attention of the mind is not allowed to stray abroad; the emotions are kept in an active state; the imagination is ever astir. It would be safe to state that the nearer one comes to the concrete, to the tangible, the greater skill will the author acquire in his art. Stevenson can even make us feel the emotions of man by an appeal to the senses. Thus, Will o' the Mill represents his intended wife Marjory to himself:

"To Will her presence recalled something of his childhood, and the thought of her took its place in his mind beside that of dawn, of running water and of the earliest violets and lilacs."

Again he realized the propriety of minute details. The handling of such materials needs a careful and a delicate hand. They are so unstable. Many a passage in an author is spoiled, and that irrevocably, by the introduction of trivial and unnecessary details. However, if they are used in the proper proportion, the effects that they produce are beyond the telling. The emotions are deepened; the

truth is driven home. Thus, in the dreadful scene in "The Merry Men" where the ship is swallowed alive we have an example of this minute coloring by detail:

"The strong ship with all its gear, and the lamp perhaps still burning in the cabin, the lives of so many men, precious surely to others, dear, at least, as heaven to themselves, had all, in that one moment, gone down into the surging waters."

But yet this appeal to sense can be of two kinds: realistic or idealistic. The realist achieves his effects by appealing to life and its accidents, often to its sordid side, with a vengeance. The idealist colors life with his own lofty views and emotions. Mr. Kipling is an undoubted realist; Owen Meredith, a true idealist. Stevenson, however, steers a middle course; in places he can paint life in its most gruesome colors, at other times he will be peering out of the clouds.

Between "Treasure Island" and "Weir of Hermiston" there is a wide call. And yet Stevenson possessed a faculty which acted the censor to all his works. After an extended reading the reader will agree that there are no lyric flights of emotion or daring flights of imagination. Everything may be bright and colored, yet brightness and color do not necessarily constitute poetry. In many cases our only criterion for judging what poetry is and what non-poetry is only by the amount and the quality of the imagination displayed. Description in a novel runs into poetry when the author chooses details of an exalted character. Stevenson must have been aware, at least by instinct, when he was encroaching on the grounds of poetry. From internal circumstances it can easily be shown that he, for the most part, sought the lower level of fact. According to the opinion of a noted critic, there is a glow to Stevenson's works; they never blaze with fancy. Thus, when he describes he confines his imagination to a certain round of images. He used his imagination as a critic. If the expression of thought or of image fell below the standard, or did not come up to it, the thought or image was either remodeled or abandoned. Thus, his similes, if taken alone, are ordinary facts, polished to the glow of, say, an amethyst. When we are judging a passage of Stevenson this should be our "point du repere," our touchstone: Is there a glow about this passage? Thus, in "Treasure of Franchard" we have an excellent example:

"The sound of his feet on the causeway began the business of the day; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight; a few birds that turned about it seemed to swim in an atmosphere of more than usual rarity; and the doctor, walking in long transparent shadows, filled his lungs amply and proclaimed himself well contented with the morning."

As we notice, there is no poetic expression, though the details might well have served the purpose of the poet. The treatment is different both with the poet and with the fiction writer. This glow which gives life and vigor to his descriptions can scarcely be called poetical.

First impressions are in this case confirmed by last impressions. He was a great writer. Though the subjects he chose were never inspiring and even in many cases threadbare, to all his material he has given a new lease on life. His works have the dainty touch and the lasting polish of a classic; and beneath it all is a man of high sensibilities, of broad views and of lofty principles. He was a man with a boy's heart; he was a moralist and an adventurer; he could swing from the ridiculous to the gruesome with apparent ease; in good health he would dream away whole days; when ill and troubled with homorrhages he could work with saintlike industry. Every man's view with him was worth considering; every man's feelings were inviolate. His personality was one that charmed without, at the same time, becoming familiar; and the style, through which we see the man, is a monument of his painstaking care and industry.

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THE ART OF WRITING.

A YOUNG PRIEST, lately ordained, has asked for advice concerning the art of writing. The following is the text of the reply:—

My dear young friend, I regret to hear that during the last few years you have been so busy with theology that you have been unable to devote your attention to the study of English. I have known priests, who, having passed brilliant examinations during their student-life, came forth from the College, and despite all their information, failed utterly as preachers. The best text-books, undoubtedly, on Theology and Philosophy are written in the Latin language, and moreover, Latin is the Church language; this is argument sufficient for the use of Latin as a school language for Church students. But it is hardly reasonable to relegate the English language to the background during the closing days of your student life—especially when, almost immediately after Ordination, you must begin your career as a preacher.

I am glad that you recognize your limitations, and are prepared

now to do your utmost to make up for the short-comings of a curriculum, which makes such a state of affairs possible.

You have asked me in what the art of writing consists, Briefly, it consists in the acquisition of a "style." I shall, therefore, enter into detail on this subject.

The Latin name for an iron pen "stylus" has, by some strange jugglery of fate, come to mean the facile art that handles, with every fresh and varying life, the hard elements of speech. The most unbending, and perhaps the simplest of instruments has given its name to the most flexible and the most complex of all the arts.

Style in literature means the manner in which words are grouped so as to express thought. But as thought and the modes of thought vary with the individual, and as words are the outward expression of inward thought, it follows that style must vary with the individual. The qualities of human mind and character differ widely, for the Author of creation, being infinite in His own variety, never makes two men alike. When, therefore, any writer has attained to that mastery over a language that he can set down his thoughts in writing on any subject, he must give expression to his inmost nature. "Speak," it has been said, "that I may know thee!" "Write that I may know thee!" is also true. *Vox emmissa nunquam revocabitur!* A word, hastily spoken, cannot be altogether withdrawn, but the word set down by the pen may be corrected, may be withdrawn, so that when it is ultimately parted with, it must be taken as the final expression of the writer's mind. "Style," says Schopenhauer, "is the physiognomy of the mind, and a safer index to character than the face." There is no vice, however subconscious it may be; there is no virtue, however coy; no trace of pettiness or generosity in the writer's character that will not find its way, in spite of him, into his writing.

How may a good literary style be acquired? This is one of those perennial questions, which the greatest minds of almost all the ages have set themselves to settle. Some maintain that a good literary style can only be acquired by the patient of nature—nature being taken to mean all that philosophers sum up under the title Non-Ego. Such a recipe naturally repels all who are not ultra-courageous, for few possess ability or patience enough for such an undertaking. Fortunately, however, literary style depends on something which is in the reach of most men. Speaking of the art of writing, Professor John Earle says: "We see in it an art from which no aspirant is excluded, to which rather all men in the degree of their intercourse with others are attracted and invited, an art that creates no profession apart, but identifies itself with every man's business, or taste, or pursuits; an art which admits every

gradation of culture, and in its highest grades excludes ostentation because (beyond all other arts) it verifies the crowning quality of Art, hiding its own perfection in the great simplicity of Nature." (English Prose: Its Elements, History and Usage.)

By way of useful digression, let me introduce a familiar figure, which may explain our position. Watch a bee in the garden and you will notice how it rapidly passes by flowers which are most pleasing to the sight, and rests for a long time on others which do not appeal to our sense of beauty. But the bee, possessed of an instinct not given to man, knows that from some flowers it can most readily extract the flower-nectar that it wants. The bee does not seek for honey in the flowers. Honey as such is not to be found there. What the bee seeks for is flower-nectar, which, when found, it joyfully bears off to the hive. Search in the hive later and you will find not flower-nectar, but a something which is indescribably a product of both bee-life and flower-life—and this something, so composed, men call honey. Without flower-nectar, honey could never exist, and yet flower-nectar might exist in large quantities, but lacking the work of the bee, could never become honey. Applying this figure, let me try to determine for you what literary style really is and how it may be acquired. Harking back to what I have already said, with reference to the inevitable expression of personality by means of writing, I may now define style to be the expression in words of that blending together in an inseparable manner the individuality of the writer with his peculiar gleanings from Nature. It is, then, the voicing of personality that is the Alpha and the Omega of style—the intimate personal quality of the writer, and not the subject-matter as such. Dean Swift once took for his subject-matter a Broomstick, and discoursed rapturously. Look in the newspapers, and you will quickly find what execrable banalities can be uttered on a subject so inspiring as, say, Immortality.

You may sometimes fancy when reading the poems of such Nature lovers as Tennyson or Wordsworth, that they bring to light some new charm of quality of Nature, that they disclose something hitherto hidden in hill or dale, or field or wood. Now the objective thing, Nature, is the same for all men, and what we admire in Tennyson or Wordsworth is not so much Nature herself as Nature interpreted in terms of Tennyson or Wordsworth. What we really admire in those writers, and what we regard as new and entirely their own, is their personal feeling with regard to the objects of Nature, visible to all men.

In ethics as in Nature-culture, in essays as in poetry, it is much the same. Let an essayist like Bacon or Addison state an idea, it is one thing, let an essayist like Macauley or Carlyle or (to come

nearer to our own time) Arthur C. Benson state the same idea, it has quite a different effect. The reason of this is that those writers differ as much in their mental as in their physical features. A writer may not be gifted with a great mind, his view of things may not be of permanent value, but when he can marshal words together so as to mirror forth his peculiar impression of things, such a writer has acquired a style, and his writing has in it the very desirable quality of originality. That which differentiates writers of greater and lesser fame is the greater or less importance of the subjectivity of the writers, and the expression of this is always determined by the individual's power over the language he employs. This consideration leads naturally to the subject of words,— an all-important subject in the discussion of "style."

Words, we are told, are crystallized thoughts, and as literature is but the harmonious expression of good thoughts (that is, thoughts of lasting worth), it follows that literature must concern itself, first, last and all the time, with words. Newman has said that it is the property of genius to dominate, and not to be dominated by, the language used. That writer who thoroughly understands the language he uses as the vehicle of his thoughts, has, in the best sense a "mastery" over it, and can twist it and turn it, at will, to suit his purpose. But such a mastery is not to be acquired by chance or at haphazard. It is something that entails many trials and earnest labor. Take up, for instance, any of the works of R. L. Stevenson, and if you have any critical taste, the smoothness of his phrases will at once attract you. Did he acquire this marvelous power over language merely by chance? By no means. He himself tells us that he heard within him a voice as it were calling him to write, that he heeded the voice and determined to write. Knowing, however, that there are no short cuts to Parnassus, he bent himself to the study of words by the studious imitation of the best writers. He tells us that he carefully read passages from Gibbon and others, and then set himself to imitate their special manner. We fancy we can hear some Philistines ejaculating: "Slavish imitation!" For the satisfaction of such I shall make a comparison. When a student, say of sculpture, wishes to perfect himself in his art, he will, after he has studied theory, set himself the task of reproducing the works of recognized masters. If he has the opportunity, he will travel far and wide to view and study original masterpieces. He may go to Paris to copy the Venus of Milo, or to Rome to copy the Apollo Belvedere. Is this regarded in him as slavish imitation? No, but rather as a legitimate means of perfecting himself as a sculptor. Now, the art of writing is undoubtedly a great art, and a difficult one. Has not the student of the art of writing just as much right to

study the technique of his art by the laborious study, and exact imitation of, the best models? When Stevenson read the works of Gibbon, and studied his use of words and the turn of his phrases, he did so for the ultimate end of giving expression, and accurate expression, to his own personality. No one knew better than Stevenson that the most careful imitation, which stops short merely at imitation, is fatal to the expression of individuality. But he knew also that no one becomes a master craftsman who does not begin by imitating. A fine performance on any musical instrument, a violin say, is rapid and in great part mechanical—at any rate, the consciousness of the player does not fix itself on mere technicalities. But such performance implies almost an infinity of previous careful and critical practice. In this parallel may be found the golden theory of good writing.

You may now ask: "What style is best?" Since style is such a subtle thing, and since obviously it must vary with each individual, the best answer that can be given to the question proposed is: "No particular style is absolutely the best, and yet every style that attains its own end is best in its own order." What style for instance can be better than Johnson's for his purpose in "Rasselas," flowing along like some great river majestically oceanwards, or than Macaulay's for his purpose in the "Essays," where the words move processionally, ranging themselves in an ascending order till the inevitable climax is reached; or than Addison's for his purpose in "Spectator Essays," in which the words polished and dignified tell their tale simply, and tell to the world also how gentle and truth-loving Addison was; or what can be better than the style of Goldsmith for his purpose in the "Vicar of Wakefield," where the words and the order of their setting are as naive as the amiable Vicar himself; or than Gibbon for his purpose in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," a style that, like the solid masonry of the Colosseum, is built to stand the shock of ages; or than De Quincey's for his purpose in the "Confessions of An Opium Eater," wherein he dignifies the humblest acts by his panoramic grouping of words, and by the glowing suggestiveness of his figures; or what can be better than Emerson's style for his purpose in the "Essays," where he registers his bold thought in epigrammatic and tense phrases; or than Carlyle's for his purpose in "Sartor Resartus," where the words come tumbling helter-skelter, indicative of the wrestling seething thoughts of his mind; or what can be better than Darwin's style for his purpose in the "Origin of Species," where the sentences lie as level as a lance, and as a lance go straight to the mark; or than Matthew Arnold's for his purpose in "Literature and Dogma," where his skepticism voices itself in phrases smooth-polished as a diamond's

facet; or than Newman's for his purpose in the "Apologia Pro Vitâ Suâ," where he lays bare his soul with candour and dignity; or—but instances might be multiplied indefinitely.

Though Meander-like I have wandered, I end where I began, and say with Buffon that the style is the man—or, to be more explicit, the style is the exact expression in words of a man's own personality. To be colourless like Walter Pater's "Marius, the Epicurean," is good; to be rich in colour like Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," is good; to be fervid and turbulent like Cobbett's "Reformation," is good; to be terse and word-sparing like Bacon's "Essays," is good; to be icy cold like M. Arnold's "Essays," is good; to glow with ornate word-pictures like Farrar's "Life of Christ," is good; to be chaste like Burrell's "Essays," is good; to be laden with ornament like Hazlitt's "Table Talk," is good.

And why do I declare the style, in all those works I have mentioned, to be good? Because in each one of them there is revealed to us a human mind. It is not the book, not the words themselves we admire, but the interesting personality that strives to express itself in words.

You may here object: "I do not wish to write essays for people to read. I wish to write sermons." Herein lies a common objection, and the ground of the objection is a mistaken notion about what an essay is. An essay may be defined as an attempt made in writing to prove or to make clear some particular point. A sermon may be defined as a discourse delivered in a church for the purpose of imparting religious instruction, or the inculcation of morality. A sermon that is a sermon, and not an *ollapodrida,* must contain one principal point—this is the point to be proved, or the point to be made clear. It follows then that the processes of thought necessary in the preparation are necessary also in the preparation of a sermon. If, when you are preparing a sermon you get into the habit of keeping your mental eye on the audience, you cannot fail to give to your written sermon all the energy and directness requisite. Many of the best English essayists wrote with such vigor that I might cull out for you hundreds of essays, regarded as gems of classic literature, that could, with very few alterations, be delivered as speeches or sermons. Do not think that whilst one must be careful about the literary polish and the logical order of an essay, one can afford to disregard those two things when preparing a sermon.

With Sydney Smith, every one dislikes "stale fervour." What all desiderate in public speakers, but most of all in preachers, is spontaneity, which is the true hall-mark of good speaking. But he who prepares carefully beforehand can give all the freshness and fervor of spontaneity to the discourse, which has already cost him much

labour. The real gift of public speaking consists in the lively delivery of carefully thought-out phrases—in the lively delivery, and not (mark!) in the mere recitation. And this can be done with all the air of one whose words are the sudden inspiration of the moment. Previous preparation, properly understood, does not destroy spontaneity, properly understood. Spontaneity, remember, is one thing; that which is called extempore-speaking is quite another. I doubt, indeed, if there be really such a thing as extempore-speaking. That which appears to be such is the reproduction, at short notice, of some thoughts already well turned over in the speaker's mind. Largely, this much bepraised thing is the result of a good memory, and not of heaven-sent inspiration.

Do not be led astray by those who tell you that they can never preach with fervour when they prepare carefully beforehand. It is altogether absurd to imagine that the man who neglects to prepare can, when he faces his audience, muster up his thoughts and give them exact expression. I confess I have little patience with this species of self-conceit. Lacordaire was accustomed to say that he dared not go into the pulpit without preparation, for in doing so he should be at once unjust to God, his neighbor and himself; to God, whose chosen minister he was, and to whom he owed his best service, to his neighbour, who rightly expected from him a clear exposition of the law of God; to himself, because he should thus expose himself to ridicule.

I am not unmindful of Newman's warning: "The art of composing, which is a chief accomplishment, has in it a tendency to make us artificial and insincere. For, even attending to the fitness and propriety of words is (or at least there is a risk of its being) a kind of acting." I hope I have already made it clear to you that the best style is that which best expresses the writer's personality. If one does so to the best of one's ability, must one be necessarily insincere? The art of composition may have the tendency to make one insincere, but though there may be a risk of its doing so, it will not of necessity do so—else Newman, past master of the art of composition, had been one of the most insincere of men. If the art of composition has in it a tendency to make us artificial and insincere, has not the habit of "skipping into the pulpit" without preparation the still worse tendency of fostering flippancy and smug self-satisfaction? The priest who does his utmost to prepare himself for the serious duty of preaching is using his talents in the best cause, but the priest who wilfully neglects previous preparation, and depends on the spur of the moment, is tempting God.

You cannot prepare too much for the pulpit, and in striving to acquire a good style in writing, you are making perhaps the best

preparation. I know there are many honest people in this world who turn away in disgust at the mention of literary style, fearful of fine-drawn rhapsodies about word-cadences. I have even heard of a Professor of Eloquence, who declared in an inaugural lecture that no logical order and no distinction of literary style should be adopted in the preparation of a discourse. What precisely he substituted for logical order and polish of style, I know not; but what the net result of such wholesale disregard of precedent must be, I can shrewdly guess. Good writing (and bear this well in mind!) does not consist in the use of curious words and high-sounding phrases, not in glitter and pomp of expression, but in a clear conception of the subject (obviously this clearness or conception will depend on the mental power of the writer), in the lucid arrangement of the parts (this will be determined by the writer's logical ability), and in clear expression, which can only be acquired by attending carefully to the force of every word used. The most exacting of stylists maintain that poverty of thought and conception can never be compensated for by the mere embellishments of language. If there be not worth in the thought, its expression can never be anything more than a "grammatical nothing"; if there be not distinction in the thought itself, no amount of word-polish can make it other than commonplace.

You have been all your life gathering ideas from various sources. All that you have seen, all that you have felt, all that you have heard and read has influenced your mind, moulded your mental character. All the ideas you stand possessed of are like sleeping companies, which you can rouse into action at the call of a word, and make use of in the pulpit. But your strictly professional studies have all been wisely designed for the distinct purpose of filling your mind with ideas, useful for the preacher. You have studied Theology, Dogmatic and Moral, to gain a clear knowledge of the great Christian truths and the moral law. You have read and re-read the Holy Scriptures, which must have given you numberless fresh ideas of the wonderful providence of God. Philosophy, but especially that part of it which treats of the workings of the human soul (to wit, psychology) has taught you what a creature of emotion man is, and how and in what measure his enthusiasm may be aroused. Church History has set before you the sad and glorious tale of Christ's followers even from the beginning. You have been in great part shaped by your studies and by your own experience into what you are. In your sermons, if you are to be a true preacher, and not a mere imitator, you must give back all that you have gleaned, not, indeed, as you originally received it, but formed as it were in the alembic of your own distinctive nature.

It must have been a cynical wag who once gave the advice: "Thump the pulpit hard and frequently, turn up the whites of your eyes occasionally, say nothing to the point, and you will preach well." Save us from such claptrap! And yet it would seem that too many of our later-day preachers take this cynical advice all too seriously, and indulge in a Billingsgate mode of preaching. Vice, indeed, is hideous and deserves to be hated of all men, it is rampant and must be strenuously combated. But when it is to be denounced from the pulpit it is difficult to understand why the preacher, in one generous outburst, must lose his temper and his common sense. Cultivate an accurate style in writing, prepare your sermons with care, and you will save yourself from the extravagant expressions in the pulpit—extravagant expressions, which, when analyzed, are silly amalgams of bad logic, bad Theology and bad English!

I am well convinced that if you attend to the full value of each word that you set down you will have done much towards acquiring a good style of writing; sentences and paragraphs will flow naturally, and your whole written discourse will have in it all the finish and perfection you aim at. Literature begins and ends with words, but the judicious selection makes all the difference between one piece of writing which may be regarded as a classic, and another piece of writing which may be a literary blasphemy. If you would wish to write correctly, you cannot afford to despise words. Let me, therefore, set down a few simple but useful rules for your guidance in the selection of words.

(1) No matter how trivial may be the book you are reading, attend to the use of the author's words. When you notice that his meaning is obscure, examine, and you will invariably find that the obscurity is the result of the careless or ignorant handling of words. There are no thoughts too deep for words, despite what the poet may say. If an author does not make his meaning clear, it is because his ideas are confused, or that he has not mastered his vocabulary. Walter Savage Landor has said: "Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem as clear as they are."

(2) When in the course of your reading you meet a word that is strange to you, search your dictionary, and make that word your own. This is what is called the "dictionary habit." Cultivate it sedulously!

(3) Let your words when writing be as simple as possible. Acquire a fondness for words of Anglo-Saxon origin. If such a word says all that you mean, use it in preference to a word of Latin or Greek extraction. The Anglo-Saxon word is more simple, more homely and generally more direct and forcible.

(4) Avoid technical terms as much as possible. In studying

Philosophy and Theology you become acquainted with an extensive scientific vocabulary. Do not imagine, however, that words and phrases that are for you full of meaning will be understood by those to whom you must preach. If you do introduce an occasional technical word, be at pains to explain it. You may otherwise gain the reputation of being a "learned preacher,"—a dangerous reputation.

(5) If you are diligent in observing the use of words in books, be likewise in observing the force of spoken words. In conversation be alert to notice the words of others, especially if they be good speakers. This you can do without being captious or pedantic. Think "shop" constantly, rarely talk it!

(6) Seek with all care for the right word. Practically speaking, there are no synonyms in a language. Each new word as it comes into a language spins a web of usage, as it were, around itself. The brilliant writer Flaubert once gave the following advice to Guy de Maupassant: "Whatever may be the thing one wishes to say, there is but one word for expressing it, only one verb to animate it, only one adjective to qualify it. It is essential to search for this word, for this verb, for this adjective, until they are discovered, and to be satisfied with nothing else." Do not be satisfied with the "just-as-good" expression, there is really no such thing. If your thoughts are definite (and surely that is what you aim at), your words must be equally definite. It is not always an easy thing to find the right word, but not on that account must you abandon the search. With J. M. Barrie's Sentimental Tommy, I may say: "It's not so easy to find the right word; it's as difficult as to hit a squirrel!" But squirrels may be hit if you aim straight enough!

In conclusion, let me urge you to be always natural, be simple, be yourself. Avoid tricks and mannerisms. Acquire, in your writing, the tone of plainness, straight-forwardness, self-respect. "To thine own self be true!" Speak out directly and without artifice the thoughts that fill your own mind. Say manfully what you have felt within your soul. *Vale!* A. M. D.

LEO XIII AND ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

AS AN ecclesiastical diplomat, as a man of superb intellectual attainments and moral character, Leo XIII. must take a high rank among the Popes of all ages. His moral and religious influence through all the world was remarkably great; he lifted the papacy and gave it a position of world-power such as it had not enjoyed among non-Catholic nations in long years. Yet his rank as a diplomat does not cause him to shine less conspicuously as an exponent of Christian doctrine. As a teacher of Catholic truth he was not content to recommend or encourage reforms and improvements in Catholic institutions of learning; he set the example and led the way himself, issuing learned, instructive and salutary letters on a marvelous variety of subjects and based on the soundest principles of reason and revelation. These all were read with deep interest by educated people the world over irrespective of creed.

But we have here to deal with the Encyclical "Aeterni Patris," issued August 4, 1879, counseling a return to the study of scholastic theology and philosophy,[1] pointing out St. Thomas Aquinas as the safest exponent of faith and morals among Catholic philosophers and pronouncing him the prince and master of the great scholastic doctors, the best guide in the battle between faith and reason; between Christianity, on the one side, and modern skepticism and rationalism, on the other. Just one year later, August 4, 1880, Leo conferred a further signal honor on the Angelic Doctor, as St. Thomas is often called, by issuing the "Ad Perpetuam Rei Memoriam," in which the great schoolman is declared the patron of Catholic schools the world over.

Science had never been more arrogant than at the time of Leo's elevation to the papal throne. Tyndall and Huxley were in the zenith of their glory, and scientists were everywhere boldly proclaiming the triumph of science over faith and religion, to the downfall of the latter. Leo XIII declared in his famed encyclical that there could be no victory where there was no conflict; that only half-fledged scientists, unaware of the true nature of both science and religion, could look on them as antagonistic.[2] The influence of the papal pronouncement was at once felt through all Christendom; a reaction was swift to follow. First Catholics, and then, through them, non-Catholics, were inspired to a more ardent, systematic and judicial study of Christian theology and philosophy,

[1] While the "Aeterni Patris" speaks expressly of scholastic philosophy, it is no less the mind of Leo XIII. to advocate a return to scholastic theology.

[2] Encyclical, "Aeterni Patris."

both in themselves and in their relations to science. The result, as might have been expected, was that today our most eminent scientists find no real conflict between science and religion; that the antagonism between them is only apparent and readily capable of reconciliation; that each forms a separate study and from a different point of view of the one great subject—the First Cause, Creator and God of the Universe and His relations to His creatures; that, as truth cannot be opposed to truth, the relations between them, when rightly interpreted, must be those of harmony and accord. To the influence of the "Aeterni Patris" was it largely due that a Brunetiére could, without eliciting contradiction, proclaim science bankrupt, or a Lord Kelvin declare that, when rightly understood, it positively affirms a Creative Power and forces us to believe in a Directive Agency; that, if we think strongly enough, we shall find ourselves coerced into a belief in God; that science is helpful, not opposed, to religion.

Thomas' scholastic philosophy and theology had long been too much neglected even in Catholic seminaries and universities, the Dominicans, possibly, forming the most notable exception to the rule. The "Aeterni Patris" kindled a new interest in the Angelic Doctor and the school he so brilliantly represents. The reaction, as has been said, was swift and strong. Not for long years was the Thomistic teaching so ardently and so generally studied as after the publication of Leo's Encyclical. The eagerness with which the principal works of the great Friar Preacher, the "Summa Theologica" and the "Contra Gentiles" were devoured was not unlike that with which students of the thirteenth century flocked to the universities, where he filled chairs, to hear his lectures. Never before were such numerous or such large editions of these works published; they were in the hands of every ecclesiastical student. New theologies and new philosophies were issued, all, or nearly all, bearing on their title pages words to the effect of "Ad Mentem Divi Thomae." The great moral theologian, Alfonso da Ligouri, was for the nonce in danger of being forgotten; everything was Thomistic. Nor was this all; in many of the flourishing State universities chairs of scholastic philosophy were established, and in not a few instances priests appointed lecturers.

After sketching the utility of philosophy as a means of smoothing and fortifying the road to faith, and reviewing the use made of it by the Fathers of the Church, Leo proceeds in his Encyclical to tell us: "Its solid foundations having been thus laid, a perpetual service is further required of philosophy, in order that sacred theology may receive and assume the nature, form and genius of a true science"; he declares that it is of the greatest

necessity for welding together the various parts of theology into a scientific whole; for religiously defending divinely revealed truth; for resisting the inroads which unbelievers are endeavoring to make into the domain of faith and religion. Appealing then to experience, history and the wisdom of the centuries for the confirmation of his thesis, the great Pontiff again recurs to the use the Fathers made of philosophy in their role of Apologists. Passing from the early ages to those of scholasticism, he says: "Later on the Doctors of the Middle Ages, who are called scholastics, addressed themselves to the grand work of diligently collecting, sifting and storing up, so to express it, in one common deposit, for the use and convenience of posterity, the rich and vast heritage of Christian learning scattered through the voluminous writings of the holy Fathers."

From the consideration of the excellence of scholastic philosophy in itself Leo passes on to its representative exponents, declaring Thomas Aquinas to be by far the prince and master, *facile princeps,* of the learned doctors who toiled so faithfully in its systematic elaboration. His pronouncement is confirmed, from among the many Pontiffs who have spoken in a similar strain, by the authority of Innocent VI and XII, Clement VI and XII, Nicholas V, Benedict XIII and XIV, Pius V and Urban V. The Encyclical then proceeds to tell us that "the oecumenical councils . . . . have always been careful to hold Thomas Aquinas in singular honor"; that in those of Lyons, Vienna, Florence and the Vatican "one might almost say Thomas took part and presided over the deliberations and decrees of the Fathers . . . . with invincible force and the happiest results"; that the Council of Trent—and this is declared the principle glory of the sage of southern Italy—"made it part of the order of the conclave to lay upon the Altar, alongside the Sacred Scriptures and the decrees of the Sovereign Pontiffs, the 'Summa Theologica' of Thomas Aquinas, from which to seek counsel and inspiration." And to be convinced of the truth of these assertions we have but to compare the decisions of the aforesaid councils with the parts of the "Summa" treating of the matters therein defined. Indeed, many of said decisions are couched in almost the very words of the Angelic Doctor.

Thomas is therefore declared the fittest leader of Christian philosophy in the battle of faith and right reason against the skepticism, the agnosticism and the revolutionary tendencies of the nineteenth century. Of profoundest penetration, of tenacious memory, most pure of life, a rare lover of truth for truth's sake, equipped beyond all others with human knowledge, he is the most brilliant luminary in the Church's firmament of great men. Deservedly is

he esteemed the special bulwark and glory of the Catholic faith. From his placid and limpid mind, whether his wisdom be taken from Scripture, tradition, or purely human thought, light shines out upon us in pure radiance. No part of philosophy was left untouched by his master hand; and whether he wrote of God or man, of things spiritual or things corporeal, of the laws of reason or of human actions, or touched on the principles which make them right or wrong, he performed his task in such a manner as to leave nothing to be desired in method, in vigor, in exhaustive treatment, in soundness of argumentation or in lucidity of exposition. Not only has he combated the errors of the preceeding ages, but the principles he has enunciated contain the seed of infinite truth to be unfolded by future generations, supplying them with effective arms wherewith to combat such errors as may arise in time to come.

Two worlds there are of truth; the one of philosophy or science; the other of faith. The first is accessible to man through his own unaided efforts; the second only through the aid of divine revelation. These two worlds are not at war; the two orders must not be confounded. The first is completed and rounded out by the second. By drawing a clear distinction between these two worlds; by associating them in friendly alliance; by exalting the dignity of each; by assigning to each its rightful sphere, Thomas has set at rest the discord between faith and science. In this age of eager study of the natural sciences, the teaching of the Angelic Doctor should be encouraged as a guide and directive, steering minds clear of the dangerous errors that have become so common. For the enlightenment and recall of those alienated from the Catholic faith, apart from divine aid, nothing could be more effective than a proper presentations of the doctrinal teaching of the great schoolman; nothing a better remedy for the evils that affect or threaten the modern home and society. For the spread of the Catholic faith, therefore, for the advancement of civic virtue, for the increase of solid science, all schools are exhorted to restore Thomas Aquinas the place of honor he once occupied in the scholastic curriculum—a place that so justly belongs to him.

Early in his Encyclical Leo aptly and justly remarks that the evils from which our public and private life is suffering, as well as others with which we are threatened, are but the logical sequence of the false principles of our modern philosophy. In the law of premise and sequence only error can follow from error. The human mind will instinctively reason, and eventually will reason logically. Men's minds, therefore, nourished on baneful premises will surely come sometime to baneful conclusions, and apply them to life. The

false principles of modern philosophy have crept into all orders of the State and society; they have become all too commonly accepted among the masses; their conclusions are being reduced to practice with a rapidity that is truly alarming. No less truly, therefore, and no less wisely, does the late Pope deduce from this the necessity of a return to sound Christian philosophy. He does not, of course, maintain that philosophy can ever attain to the sublime heights of faith; yet it is a powerful weapon in the hands of those who believe in defending the rights and principles of faith. A right use of it prepares the way for the acceptance of religion. To be a good speculative theologian, one must first be a good philosopher. And, after all, the *obsequium* which we are to give to the teachings of the Christ, is, in the words of the Apostle, pre-eminently an *obsequium rationabile*.

A careful survey of the strictly regulated uniformity, the rigidly scientific method of procedure, the relentlessly logical sequence of scholastic philosophy and theology, in their most perfect form, must instil in the mind of the impartial and impassionate student a deep respect for them—a fact that is borne out by the attitude of those who, after the fashion of the age, have given much time to the study of the history of scholasticism. And granting the wisdom of a return to scholasticism, the wisdom of the choice Leo made in the person of the Angelic Doctor, as an exemplar of the system, cannot be called into question. He is its most glorious exponent, easily the prince of the schoolmen, and, along with Augustine, the most eminent divine of the Church. A man of rare genius, of rarely profound philosophical acumen, and endowed with marvelous powers of orderly, clear, forcible statement, it was though his master-mind and untiring industry that scholastic teachings were rounded into an admirably developed system, receiving from his sure, scientific hand its finishing touches, its crown of perfection. He expounded Catholic doctrine with lucid, cogent arguments drawn from Scripture, tradition, reason. Those who may imagine the scholastics read little or nothing of the Sacred Text or the writings of the Fathers, will, on looking over some of Thomas' treatises, find how wrong an impression they had entertained of the scholars of the Middle Ages.

The Angelic Doctor lived in the second or great period of scholasticism, the period in which it reached the zenith of its perfection and glory. It was an age of extraordinary intellectual activity, of great universities, of great men. Possibly, in some respects, the world has not seen its equal. His Dominican preceptor, Albertus Magnus, and his Franciscan friend, Bonaventure, Vincent of Beauvais and Alexander of Hales,—the former a

Dominican, the latter a Franciscan—were some years his seniors. Ambrose of Sienna, his confrere in religion and almost a rival, who destroyed his own writings on reading those of Thomas, was nearly of his own age, while Duns Scotus, who by his futile subtleties and hair-splitting distinctions possibly hastened the decadence of scholasticism, and who made it a point to antagonize Thomistic teaching in almost every question of theology and philosophy, belonged to the next generation.

Thomas was born, according to the most probable opinion, in 1226, either in the quaint old town of Aquino, or the family's ancestral castle of Rocca Sicca, not far from Naples, Italy. Of noble parentage, and related to many of the ruling families of continental Europe, possibly the strong Teutonic strain in his blood partially explains the tireless study in which his life was spent. At the early age of five years he was placed in charge of the Benedictine Monks of Monte Cassino, hard by his home, there to begin his education. His lot was cast in the days when the newly established mendicant orders of the Dominicans and Franciscans were attracting the attention of the world. (St. Dominic had died five years before Thomas' birth.) The former had a great church in the city of Naples, to whose university the youthful nobleman was sent from Monte Cassino. It was there he made their acquaintance; there, determining to consecrate himself to the ecclesiastical state among them, he donned the white habit and the black cappa of their order when in the seventeenth year of his age. The family, through motives of ambition, opposing the step, Thomas was seized by his two brothers on his road to Rome, and thrown into prison. But the strong-minded, albeit mild-mannered, youth was not to be swerved from his chosen course; and by way of preparing himself for the cause to which he had resolved to dedicate his life, devoted the time of his imprisonment to ardent study of Scripture, the Sentences of Peter Lombard, and some of the works of Aristotle. At this time it was that he laid the foundation of that familiarity with the Sacred Text which made his citations therefrom so frequent, so easy and so happy through all his writings. A youth of his ready and retentive memory could master much of the Bible during the course of two years, the period he is thought to have been detained in prison.

His freedom finally obtained, the youthful novice was sent to Cologne, having there as his professor the world-famed Albertus Magnus, by all odds the greatest scholar of Germany in the Middle Ages. Members of the Franciscan and Dominican orders having come to the forefront in the university circles at Paris, Albert, whose renown had gone out to the learned world, was called to

that city to fill a chair in its university, not long after Aquinas had been placed in his charge. The silent, unobtrusive youth had already attracted the keen eye of the master, and Albert asked to take his promising pupil along with him to that intellectual center, that such splendid talents might continue to be developed under his fostering care. His student days completed, Thomas was sent to fill a professor's chair in his old alma mater at Cologne, but was returned to Paris after two years, there obtained his doctor's degree with the greatest distinction, and was attached to the university faculty. From this time his career was truly radiant.

Though a man of the highest principles, of practical good sense and of such singular modesty and humility—virtues all the more charming in one of his surpassing abilities—that he alone appeared to be unaware of his great powers, jealousy was soon to cross his path, at one time threatening to wreck his career. The faculty of the University of Paris, headed by one William of St. Amour, saw with envious regret and fear the Friars Preachers and Franciscans gaining the ascendancy in that institution of learning. William, in his capacity of leader of the opposition, began to write and to preach vitriolic things against the friars, maintaining they had no right to fill chairs in the university, and seeking to have them removed. The Dominicans ordered Thomas to write in their defense[3]; the Franciscans selected Bonaventure to defend them. The matter being carried before the Sovereign Pontiff by St. Amour and his partisans, Alexander IV summoned Thomas to Anagni to present the case of the friars in his presence. The trying ordeal served only to bring his rare genius into greater prominence, to give additional luster to his fame. The Angelic Doctor carried the day. Not only did the friars win their case, but William of St. Amour's book, "De Periculis Novissimorum Temporum," written against the mendicant religious, was condemned, and its author forbidden longer to teach.

After professing some ten or twelve years in Paris, Thomas was summoned by the Pope to Italy. There he taught in Rome, Bologna, Naples and other universities of his native land, spending the final years of his life in the last named city. Clement IV and Urban IV honored him with an intimate personal friendship. At the order of Urban it was that he wrote the beautiful, inspiring office and Mass of Corpus Christi. Summoned by the same Pontiff to attend the Council of Lyons, 1274, he was taken ill on

[3] Thomas wrote at this time "Contra Impugnantes Dei Cultum et Religionem," an apology of the religious orders against Willima of St. Amour. Some years later he wrote the same St. Amour, "Contra Retrahentes Homines a Religionis Ingressu."

the way, dying almost suddenly. When his life-long friend and former preceptor, Albertus Magnus, heard of the untimely death of his beloved pupil, he is said to have shed tears of bitter sorrow.

St. Thomas did not write so voluminously as did the great German scholar, Albertus Magnus, of whom Sighart says, he "was probably the most fruitful of the world's authors"[4]; yet, if we compare the difference in the lengths of their lives, his industry and the activity of his pen will appear no less marvelous than those of his friend Albert. Thomas died in his forty-ninth year,[5] while Albert attained the ripe old age of seven and eighty, retaining his mental vigor almost to the very last. The Ferreté edition of the Angelic Doctor's works, Paris 1874, comprises some thirty odd large quarto volumes, and other lesser fruits of his pen have been discovered since hidden away in the libraries of Europe. It is a distinct loss that the literary activities of these "two brilliant luminaries on the horizon of the thirteenth century" were lessened —of the one by his elevation to the episcopacy, of the other by his premature death.

The Angelic Doctor was a philosopher of the first order. But, after the manner of his age, his philosophical writings are largely commentaries on the works of Aristotle, the best known of which are those on the Stagirite's Metaphysics. It were a mistake, however, to suppose that these commentaries are but a blind, servile following of the Greek thinker. The charge of a fanatical adherence to the "ipse dixit" of Aristotle, all too common a characteristic of the writers belonging to the period of the decadence of scholasticism, cannot be laid at the door of the great doctors of the thirteenth century, much less at that of Thomas. There is a vast difference between his Aristotelianism and the slavish copying which writers not a few erroneously insist on attributing to the scholastic leaders. He says himself: "The weakest of all arguments is that from authority";[6] and we fancy he must have given fullest approbation to the sentiment of Albertus Mangus: "To believe that Aristotle never erred, were to deify him; but, if we look on him as a man, then, like the rest of us, he must have been subject to error."[7] He subjected Peripatetic philosophy

[4] Sighart, "Leben Albertes des Grossen," p. 301.

[5] His biographers are not one regarding his age at the time of his death; but the more probable opinion is that he had just completed his forty-eighth year.

[6] "Summa Theologica," P. Ia., q. la. 8, ad 2: "Locus ab auctoritate quae fundatur supra ratione humana, est infimus." He repeats the same principle, q. xlvi., ar. 1; 2 Sent., Dist. 14, ar. 2, ad 1; and elsewhere.

[7] Albertus Magnus, Phys., Lib. viii. Tract I., Cap. xiv.; Qui credidit Aristotelem fuisse Deum, ille debet credere quod nunquam erravit. Si autem credit ipsum esse hominem, tunc procul dubio errare potuit, sicut et nos."

to a rigid sifting process; a careful examination of his critical studies on the Greek philosopher proves beyond questioning that he refuted and rejected many of the Stagirite's theories, corrected rounded out and completed others. In almost every question, in fact, are revealed clearly defined divergences between the commentator and the commented. And what is true of these commentaries, is also true of Thomas' philosophy, as found in his other writings; for whether the borrowed theories are appropriated unchanged, or whether they are modified, perfected or freed from the confusion and doubts that obscured the Greek's mind, they are unfailingly put through a rigidly scientific process of verification. The result is a new philosophy, yet containing all that is best in the old.

Nor was the leading medieval scholastic content with mastering merely the Peripatetic philosophy; he made a study of the Grecian systems generally, as also the Jewish and Arabian. In many of his choicest productions, especially those of a theological character, there is discernible a strong leaven of Platonism, doubtless largely due to the influence of St. Augustine on his mind. Searching after truth for its own sake, wherever it could be found, Thomas borrowed from the ancients without giving himself up to a blind homage of any great historic personage. A man of his strong mind could hardly have done otherwise. Eager to secure truth, whether from Christian or pagan, like the leading scholars of his time generally, he mounted on the shoulders of the great ones of the past in search of clearer and broader intellectual horizons. Casting his materials, gathered from many sources, in so new a setting as to build up an independent and original scientific structure, his philosophy stands out a superb eclecticism that has drunk in light from many philosophers without becoming a slave of any.

There are those who hold Thomas Aquinas knew little or no Greek; yet the fact that he was so keenly alive to the imperfections of the existing translations of Aristotle as to induce William of Moerbeke, a good Greek, Arabic and Latin scholar, to give the world a better Latin rendition of the Stagirite's philosophy, would indicate that he had no mean knowledge of that language. As there is no convincing argument showing that he needed the translation for his own work, we may be allowed the supposition that, though he seems to have made use of it, once it had been made, his aim was to provide the many scholastics ignorant of Greek with the inestimable advantages of such a Latin version of Peripatetic philosophy. No more does the fact that but few Greek words are found in Thomas' writings prove this contention; for, had he been the first classical scholar of his age, he would have been just as

modestly bilingual. It was no part of his character to make a display of learning; his aim was always and ever to be simple, unpretentious. There are signs, too, despite the prevailing opinion, that he had a workable acquaintance with Hebrew. The exegetical discussions that abound in the works of both the Angelic Doctor and Albertus Magnus show that they must have gone to the sources. Prior to Thomas' entrance into the order, the Dominicans had actively taken up the study of Greek, Hebrew and Arabic;[8] and it can hardly be supposed that one of his talents and industry, even had his superiors not exacted it, would have failed to avail himself of these linguistic courses.

Besides the above commentaries, the great Friar Preacher wrote numerous other philosophical treatises, found in the complete editions of his works under the title of "Opuscula Varia." Again, like the scholastics of his century generally, he frequently discusses questions of a purely philosophical nature in tracts devoted to theology. To obtain an adequate knowledge of his philosophy, therefore, it is necessary to have recourse to his theological productions. An example very much to the point is found in the "Pars Prima" of the "Summa Theologica" (questions 75-94), where we have a group of eighteen questions devoted to an explanation of the nature and faculties of the human soul, forming, in the opinion of not a few, a complete treatise on psychology.

The twelve "Quodlibeta," or "Quaestiones Quodlibetales," that have survived the ravages of time, are on varied subjects, ranging from subtle points of theology and philosophy to matters positively frivolous, according to the nature of the questions put to him by different correspondents.

Strange to say, too, the "Contra Gentiles," which is justly looked upon as Thomas' masterpiece of philosophy, is really a polemical work, written expressly for the refutation of the Moors, Gentiles, Jews and Heretics. Because of the philosophical nature of a large portion of the "Contra Gentiles," some have given it the name of "Summa Philosophica," a title certainly not intended by its author.[9] Four other of his controversial writings deserving mention are the "Contra Errores Graecorum," designed to bring the Greeks back into the fold, the "Declaratio Quorumdam Articulorum Contra Graecos, Armenos et Saracenos," and his two apologies for the religious life, "Contra Impungnantes Dei Cultum et Religionem"

[8] Douais, "L'Organization des Etudes dans L'Ordre des Freres Precheurs," pp. 135-141.

[9] Thomas himself tells us his purpose in writing the "Contra Gentiles:" "Propositum nostrae intentionis est veritatem, quam fides catholica profitetur, pro modulo nostro manifestare, errores eliminando contrarios." Turin edition, Lib. I., Cap. I., p. 2.

and "Contra Retrahentes Homines a Religionis Ingressu." These all are crucial tests of the famous schoolman's familiarity with the Fathers, Scripture and Catholic dogma, as well as of his trenchant logic, penetrating mind and critical acumen.

The Angelic Doctor's exegetical works, embracing commentaries on Job, the first fifty-one Psalms, Isaiah, Jeremiah, the Canticle of Canticles, the four Gospels, the Epistles of St. Paul and other portions of Holy Scripture, fill a number of large quarto volumes. The most admirable of these expositions of the Sacred Text is the commentary of the Epistle to the Romans, while possibly the most striking is that on the Book of Job. In the former, as in all his writings on the Pauline epistles, Thomas' singular depth of thought, remarkable clearness of expression and marvelous knowledge of Catholic tradition, so necessary for the study and safe rendering of Scriptural theology, at once appeal to the student. While illustrations from almost every part of the Sacred Text serve to bring out the true meaning of the Apostle's words, and to clothe them with a fresh light, a new and vivid interest, and while the doctrinal and moral teaching of the epistle is illumined with a wealth of authority, it is the profoundly logical reasoning, the deft argument of the commentator that principally attracts one's attention.

The commentary on Job is not unlike a psychological study of that holy servant of God. Always aiming at the literal or historical as that on which the other senses of Scripture are based, Thomas has here given us possibly the first attempt at a literal interpretation of that edifying and fascinating portion of the Sacred Text.

Apart from a literal interpretation of Matthew and John, the saint wrote a "Catena Aurea," or "Golden Chain," of the four Gospels, at once the best known and the most popular of his Scriptural writings. It has gone through numerous editions, and has been translated into many languages. Posterity has given the work its present title, for the author himself, in dedicating the "Catena" on Mark to Pope Urban IV, at whose order it was written, entitled it a Running Commentary, "Expositio Continua." An exposition of the four Gospels formed of extracts taken from the writings of the Fathers, whose words are so ingeniously culled and so skillfully woven together as to leave intact the flow of the sense of the originals, and yet to form a smoothly running commentary, the "Catena Aurea" is beyond question one of the most remarkable productions of his pen. The only words of Thomas' own in all the two large quarto volumes which the "Catena" fills in the Feretté edition of his works, are "the few connecting particles which link one extract with the next." More than any other of his writings,

not excepting even the "Summa Theologica," it brings into bold light the saint's striking mastery of patrology—the early classics of theology. A better test of his wide and accurate acquaintance with the Fathers could scarcely be imagined. No less than eighty odd authors, ranging from the earliest Christian writers down to those of the twelfth century, are quoted in this really wonderful book.[10] And the marvel is enhanced by the difficulties under which he labored; for there were then no books of ready reference, such as we of today have at our disposal; no great libraries rich in sources, where he could labor in peace until his task was done. Up and down Europe, so we are told, had he to travel in search of his materials. His memory, which is said to have been ready and yet so retentive that he never forgot what he had once read, must have served him well in this stupendous undertaking.[11]

Among Thomas' "Opuscula" are also found numerous—perhaps as many as three hundred—schemata of sermons he had preached in his apostolic labors, representing an aspect of his many-sided character that is in danger of being forgotten. The story of his life, the influence of his preaching in his day, these sermon-plans show him to have been a prolific and effective preacher.

But the Angelic Doctor was, above all, a theologian; the greater number of his important works are in the domain of theology, dogmatic and moral. Following the example of the noted theologians of the thirteenth century, he wrote commentaries on the Sentences of Peter of Lombard, for long the text-book of medieval universities. Though these were his earliest efforts at writing on religion and were likely completed, or nearly completed, before he had attained the age of thirty, they surpass anything that has been written before or since on the historic Four Books of Sentences, contributing much towards perfecting the work of the Lombard. To the field of theology belong also many of his minor works, or "Opuscula," and the "Quaestiones Disputatae," in the latter of which especially are to be found some of the illustrious Dominican's deepest theological and philosophical thought. Had he written no other book than the "De Veritate," the longest and the greatest of the "Quaestiones Disputatae," it alone would have sufficed to give him a high rank among theologians and philosophers.

His earliest attempt at an independent systematic work embracing the whole realm of the "sacred science" was the "Compendium

[10] For an appreciation of the "Catena Aurea" see Pattison's preface to Oxford edition, pp. 4-5; Gibelli, "Vita di S. Tommaso d'Aquino," Capo xxi., pp. 83-4, Seconda Edizione; Bareille, "Histoire de Saint Thoma d'Aquin," Chap. xx., p. 234-5, Quatrième Edition.

[11] Tocco, a personal acquaintance of St. Thomas, "Vita S. Thomae de Aquino," in the Bollandists, Vol. VII., Cap. IV., n. 18, p. 663.

Theologiae," composed at the request of his intimate friend and confrere in religion,—Reginald. An orderly and comprehensive resume of Christian Doctrine, capable of rich unfolding by one versed in the principles of theology, the "Compendium" is one of his most useful productions; a work, however, which his busy life and premature death did not permit him to finish.

But the "Summa Theologica" is his monumental work. The accomplishment of a laborious life and a genius of the first order, conscientiously directed to the attainment of a noble purpose, it is his greatest legacy to the religious world, has placed him on the highest pedestal of his fame, and is destined to render his name blessed for all time.

To understand the place of the "Summa" in the theological world many facts must be borne in mind: The Fathers of the Church wrote no complete Christian doctrines, not even systematic treatises on theological topics. The earliest of them were no more than witnesses of the faith that had been preached by Christ and His Apostles, mainly contenting themselves with a simple exposition or apology for the plain historical and traditional Christianity. They appealed to what the apostolic churches had believed and taught before them, to the unity of their doctrine with that of said churches, to tradition, in short, as the criterion of orthodoxy; or pointed to the purity of the Christian tenets and the good moral lives of the Christians themselves, in contradistinction to those of the pagans, as an apology of the faith, rather than sought to cast it in a systematic setting. The great patristic theologians did not rise until in the fourth and fifth centuries. Verily, intellectual giants lived in those days; yet neither did these bequeath us any theologies in the strict sense of the term. Between the Fathers, it is true, nearly all the vast field of doctrinal truth was covered; under their fostering care the germ of Christian teaching planted by the Master and His disciples, and watered by the blood of the early faithful, grew into a tree, flowered and bore fruit. Yet their writings were on isolated topics and fashioned to meet the rising heresies or growing needs of their day. They wrote no scientific system of theology.

The line of Fathers may be said to close for the Western Church with Gregory the Great or Venerable Bede, and for the Eastern with John of Damascus. The church writers who came after these, until the Middle Ages, lived mostly in the glow of their forefathers; their writings were but the echoes of ages past, with here and there a light somewhat outshining the others. William of Champeaux, Abelard, Hugh of St. Victor and Bernard of Clairvaux were the inaugurators of a new era. By far the greater of these was Bernard. Abelard, through pride, love of novelty and

a temporary spell of immorality, shortened and obscured a career that promised greater things.

The great need of a systematized exposition of Catholic teaching had begun to be recognized by the theological world. The Church's mind and tradition were to be found scattered through the voluminous desultory writings of the Fathers, both of the East and the West; what the awakening age called for was a complete, but summary and scientific, statement of these. Others had labored with partial success to fill the deeply felt want, when Peter Lombard, whose work is known to scholars the world over as the Four Books of Sentences, set himself to the laborious task, accomplishing his aim in a creditable manner. Meeting the crying need of the day, the Sentences sprang into immediate prominence, and gave their author a reputation that shall not die. Despite their defects, that are many and serious, they filled a great void, and therefore became the text book of the universities. Commentaries innumerable, whose purpose was to continue the work so well inaugurated by the Lombard, were written on his theology, the more notable of which were those of Bonaventure, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus.

Alive to the shortcomings in the efforts of the Lombard and others to give a scientific setting to Catholic teaching, Thomas, it would seem, early determined to write a theology of his own, and for long years labored assiduously in gathering his materials. His numerous earlier writings were a splendid preparation for the greatest work of his life; and we may well believe they were intended by him as such a preparation. He studied and wrote theology; he learned thoroughly the Fathers that he might become imbued with their thoughts and spirit, familiar with the mind and tradition of the Church, with its representative men of all ages; he mastered the philosophy of the Arabs and the Greeks, giving a particular study to that of the Stagirite, correcting his errors, freeing him from the taint of paganism, broadening, purifying, uplifting his theories under the light of Christianity; he enlisted the best in Gentile thought in the service of the faith: all this he did in order to insure the success of a work he had determined one day to give to the world. The "Summa Theologica" tells us in no uncertain terms how well he accomplished his purpose. In it the Angelical Doctor has given us the world's masterpiece of Catholic theology, which will forever remain a classic of deep, logical reasoning, of scientific exposition of Christian doctrine; a model after which and upon which future theologians may build; a rich source of information from which they may draw.

We shall abstain from giving in outline the orderly, compre-

hensive divisions of the "Summa Theologica", for to do so were but to repeat what has already been done by writers in our American magazines of late years.[12] To give them in detail would require a lengthy article. Yet we may state that, like the "Catena Aurea," the "Summa" reveals the Angelic Doctor's wide and accurate knowledge of the channels of Christian doctrine—Scripture, tradition, the Fathers, the councils. One has not to spend much time in turning its pages to clearly see the error of a not uncommon supposition that the scholastics of Thomas' age had but a slight acquaintance with the Inspired Word, or were not much given to positive theology. They did not, it is true, feel called upon to make many new and original contributions to exegetical literature; the spiritual truths of Scripture, they were convinced, had been sufficiently drawn out and handed down by the Fathers. To throw these into scientific form, to support them by arguments from philosophy, to draw conclusions from them: this is the task to which the medieval theologian set himself. He used philosophy, not, of course, to demonstrate the supernatural truths of revelation or theology—for this is, in the nature of things, an impossibility[13]—but, as far as may be, to throw light upon them, to show that, though above reason, they are not unreasonable.[14] Thomas in particular was happy in drawing the distinction between science and religion, between philosophy and revelation. Assigning each its distinctive place, making each supreme in its own sphere, preserving each its rights,[15] he places theology above philosophy, as the higher knowledge, both because of the greater certainty of its data received on divine authority, and because of its nobler subject matter.[16] Appropriating the doctrinal and philosophical data of previous times, the scholastics wrought great theological and philosophical systems, did a colossal work, which will place future generations forever under a deep debt of gratitude to them.

[12] "Rosary Magazine," Sept., 1893; "University Bulletin," April, 1909. Thomas did not live to finish his "Summa." At the time of his death he had written ninety questions of the "Tertia Pars," containing the treatises, "De Incarnatione," "De Sacramentis In Genere," "De Baptismo," "De Eucharistia," and the first four questions of "De Poenitentia." The remaining parts, the completion of "De Poenitentia," "De Confirmatione," "De Ordine," "De Extrema Unctione," "De Matrimonio," and "De Novissimis," are extracts taken from his earlier writings, principally from his Commentaries on the Fourth Book of Sentences; in after years by his disciples for the purpose of perfecting the theology he had left incomplete. See Bernard de Rubeis, "Dissertationes Criticae et Apologeticae," Leonine Edition of St. Thomas' works, "Dissertatio XIII., pp. cxc-cxcviii.

[13] "Summa," P. Ia., q. Ia., ar. 1; q. xxxii., ar. 1.

[14] *Ibid.*, q. Ia., ar. 5, ad 2; ar. 8 and ad 2.

[15] *Ibid.*, q. Ia., ar. 1, and ad 1 and 2; ar. 2, and ad 2; q. IIa., ar. 1, 2 and 3; alibi passim.

[16] *Ibid.*, q. Ia., ar. 5.

Thomas is further, possibly, at once happier and more explicit than his brother scholastics in the distinction he draws between the authority of the Fathers and that of Scripture. The Church uses both in her search of truth divine; but while the Sacred Word is final and decisive, the testimony of the Fathers is only probable, and more or less probable according to the authority or number of those who subscribe to an opinion.[17]

His orderly mind, his gift of clear statement, his masterly method, his powers of systematizing summary, no less than his wide learning and profound thought, have given the Angelic Doctor his commanding position among philosophers and theologians. Of the many authorities brought into requisition in the "Summa Theologica" two there are whose names appear most frequently—Augustine and Aristotle; they are as two lights by which he is guided in his efforts to give theology a thoroughly scientific setting, a fixed form. Profound speculation, combined with a conscious conviction that in the depths of Christian Revelation there is much truth that appears not on the surface, caused the scholastics to engage liberally in mysticism; but Thomas' eminently practical mind and his aim to write a theology suited to "beginners" prevented him from over-indulgence in anything so intangible. A charm, however, of the "Summa" we must not omit to mention is the religious warmth that pervades it, for with him theological speculation was no mere intellectual gymnastics, but a work of love, earnest thought, sincere search after truth, intense desire to know God, how to serve and to worship Him. Without this religious warmth, without the evident noble purpose of the author, without his clear, precise statement and kindly temperament, the severely formal and uniform method of the "Videtur quod—Ced contra—Respondeo dicendum" might become insufferably monotonous. With these the study of the "Summa" becomes not only interesting, but intensely fascinating to the lover of theological science.

Thomas' earthly sojourn was not much more than half that of his great papal admirer. The former's fame was attained early in life; Leo, though long known as an eminent scholar, as an able churchman, did not come into the full measure of his renown until he had been elevated to the throne of Peter, when he was past threescore years. Leo was pre-eminently a leader of men; Thomas, as far as we may judge, was made for the study, the pen, the lecture hall. This he recognized himself, persistently refusing all offers of ecclesiastical preferment, never filling any office of superior in his order. As, on the one hand, the world must rejoice that Leo was

[17] *Ibid.*, q., Ia., ar. 8.

raised to the dignity of head of the Church, so, on the other, it must ever be deeply grateful that Thomas declined the Archbishopric of Naples.

Thomistic teaching was not slow in gaining a hold in the medieval universities. Naturally the Dominicans were the first to recognize the talents and worth of their great confrere, to follow his leadership, and to substitute his "Summa" for that of Peter Lombard, as the text-book in their schools. The beginnings of a Thomistic school may, in fact, be discerned in his order even during the lifetime of the saint; and so soon as 1278, less than five years after his death, an opposition to some of his doctrines having arisen among his own brethren at Oxford, a General Chapter, assembled at Milan, espoused the cause of the Angelic Doctor, and sent a commission to England to calm the disturbance.[18] Two Chapters, held in Paris, 1279 and 1286 (the latter ordained that all Dominican preceptors should labor faithfully for the defence and propagation of Thomistic teaching), following in the footsteps of that of Paris,[19] and those of Saragossa, 1309; Metz, 1313, and London, 1314,[20] giving definite instructions concerning the use of Thomas' works in the schools, there was started in his order a tradition of scrupulous adherence to Thomistic scholasticism that has remained unbroken through the course of six centuries.

Such, then, is the man championed by Leo XIII in the Encyclicals "Aeterni Patris" and "Ad Perpetuam Rei Memoriam"; such the philosophy he so eloquently sought to revive during the latter half of the nineteenth century—at least among scholars belonging to the Catholic fold.

We think that it can scarcely be denied that there were those who, if they did not hope, believed, at least, that after the pious, holy Patriarch of Venice, now reigning under the name of Pius X, had been placed in the chair of Peter, the influence Leo XIII had exerted in favor of Thomistic teaching and scholasticism would soon begin to wane. But the new Pope was not slow in throwing the weight of his influence with that of his great predecessor. That the desire of Leo XIII is also that of Pius X, that the present Pontiff will labor for the continued reign of scholasticism, is evidenced by the now historical Encyclical "De Modernistarum Doctrinis" ("Pascendi Dominici Gregis"). It is Pius' wish, no less than it was that of Leo, that "Thomas should again come into his own," and con-

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[18] Reichert, "Acta Capitulorum Generalium," Vol. I., p. 199; Douais, "L'Organization des Etudes dans L'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs," pp. 91-96.

[19] Riechert, "Opus Citatum," Vol. I., pp. 204 and 235; Douais, "Opus Citatum," pp. 91-96.

[20] Reichert, "Opus Citatum," Vol. II., pp. 38, 64-5, 72; Douais, "Opus Citatum," pp. 97-8.

tinue to be, as he was in a glorious past, the leader of Catholic thought.[21]

Possibly the reader may have asked himself: Can it be possible that Leo XIII wished to transport bodily into the twentieth century, with all its progress and achievements, the conceptions and methods of the thirteenth, unchanged and unmodified? Would not this be to turn back the wheels of progress some hundreds of years? Would it not be to attempt the impracticable and absurd, nay, that which cannot by any manner of means be accomplished? Is it not quite impossible to restore, to re-energize the social organism of the long bygone Middle Ages in the intellectual atmosphere of the twentieth century? And were it possible to do so, would it not be unwise?

These same questions, or their equivalents, were asked by not a few at the time of the promulgation of the "Aeterni Patris." But, dear reader, it is a mistake to look with a disdainful eye upon the thirteenth century; it is an error, and an egregious error, too, to fancy it an era of darkness, of ignorance, of intellectual impotency; a backward age of low mentality. Of the same piece is the error of looking upon scholasticism as a synonym for the out-of-date, the superstitious, the scientifically worthless. Careful, critical study of the so-called intellectually degenerate Middle Ages has proven to an astonished world that they are rich in treasures of the deepest and best philosophic thought; that they were an epoch of exceptional intellectuality. One who does not wish to have a low value set upon his own scholarship can no longer afford to sneer at scholasticism or the age in which it attained its zenith of perfection. There is much belonging to that maligned century which could be transplanted amidst our boasted twentieth-century civilization to the vast betterment of the latter. There is its correct thinking, its sane principles, its logical temperament, its superb philosophy, its candid search after truth for truth's own sake, its spirit of faith and religion; these all, resuscitated today, accommodated to present needs, serving as a splendid corrective to the appalling errors current in modern thought and the evils that afflict modern society, would be productive of infinite good. Leo's strong contention for the expediency, nay the necessity, of an infusion of the sane reasoning and sound philosophy of the past ages into present thought is splendidly borne out by the articles of Harold Bolce, running in the Cosmopolitan for for 1909 and 1910, and dealing with the education received by our young men and women in the leading universities and colleges of the land.

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[21] Encyclical, "Pascendi Dominici Gregis," Print of "Ecclesiastical Review," pp. 38-39.

A keen oberver of the times, Leo saw where lay both the evil and the remedy. A deep student, a critical judge of philosophy old and new, he saw that truth is eternal, changing not with the whims, fancies and ways of men; that real philosophy, the expression of truth, does not, cannot, wholly change from age to age; that all that was true in the systems of Plato and Aristotle is true still; that all that was true in scholasticism remains true today. Yet, while philosophy remains immutable in its essence, it is not so in its accidentals; in all the means and appliances or ways for getting at its content; or even in its expression. New truths may be discovered; new methods may be brought into requisition in aid of the old, or some of the latter may be discarded; new sciences may be born. Remaining the same in its ascertained truth, scholasticism has the elasticity to avail itself of new discoveries, to adapt itself to new sciences, to accommodate itself to the needs and ways of men that change from epoch to epoch. The great Pontiff, an enlightened scholastic himself, did not look to the restoration of a philosophy out of joint with the age of living men, removed from its actual influences, but to a vitalized scholasticism in touch with the times and in sympathy with present needs. It was from such an intimate union and collaboration of the old with the new that he hoped good and lasting results might be derived. Though scholasticism, with its vast wealth of Greek thought, assimilated, perfected and systematized, and purified and enriched by its touch with Christianity, was and is an admirable approach to absolute truth, in so far as this may be had in the present life, it still had its defects, its limitations; it did not possess all philosophic knowledge. Appliances, discoveries, inventions that are today familiar to all, have removed for us many difficulties under which its elaborators toiled; the natural sciences in particular have made marvelous strides; our methods for the study of these are infinitely superior to those of the schoolmen. Leo would not have us close our eyes and our arms to these rich fruits of modern culture. While, therefore, he would have us make Thomas our beacon, he would not have us make him our boundary. He would have the great schoolman brought down to the needs and exigencies of the present day, corrected, where correction is needed, supplemented, rounded out, by the aid of the new sciences, the new discoveries, the new methods, the new truths, that have come to light since his time—along the lines of that able and numerous group of scholastics who flourished during the latter half of the past century, and who contributed so largely to the now widespread efforts at a revival of medieval doctrines.

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PETER'S PENCE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE Mediæval law and custom of annual offerings to the Vicar of Christ from both king and people reveals to us one of the noblest proofs of filial love and chivalric devotion towards the Apostolic See which the practical Catholicism of those ages called into life. In this annual Papal collection the rulers of Christendom manifested their concern for the enforcement of an ecclesiastical law which had been more than once enunciated in Holy Writ. It clearly evidenced the modest, unobtrusive participation of Catholic nations in the myriad works of charity which the Pope inaugurated or promoted either in the very heart of Rome or in the most distant missions of the Orient. By it both princes and people gave a solemn and substantial pledge of their satisfaction and sympathy with the political policies of the King of Rome, whether they involved defence of the Papal territory and prerogatives against the encroachments of some proud Teuton or some grasping Lombard, or the recovery from unholy Saracen hands of the provinces and shrines made sacred by the life and death of the Master or His saints. It was again a proof of the popular conviction of the faithful, that the needs of the Pope were the needs of the entire Catholic world, and that the administration of his temporalities and the maintenance of his royal power and dignity were to be seconded and preserved as the most just, beneficent and civilizing agencies known to man. If the Pope was compelled at times to insist on the payment or transfer of this tithe, no noble or serf was so benighted as to imagine that the money would be uselessly squandered at Rome. Far better, after all, than avaricious king or modern critic, the august Pontiff knew what needs must be attended to in order to further the ascendency of his claims to economical sovereignty and the succor of his subjects.

It is necessary to keep well in mind that an essential difference existed, at least in the beginning, between Peter's Pence and the various Papal taxes or imposts of which we find mention in the "Polytypticum" of Pope Gelasius, in the Acts of subsequent Pontiffs and in the "Liber Censuum" of Cencio. These latter revenues were paid in consideration of some favor or service received by nations or individuals at the hands of the Pope who was, during the Middle Ages, the most powerful personality in Europe. Thus there were the rents which the proprietors of the Papal "praedia" and "patrimonia" paid for the use of the fertile estates in Sicily and throughout Italy. The settlers of the Papal

agrarian colonies called "domuscultae" paid in produce, which was frequently converted into cash for the support of the poor of Rome. During the social upheaval consequent on barbarian invasions, we find monastaries and petty states turning to Rome for protection from Visigoth or Lombard, who, lawless, blood-thirsty destroyers though they were, still dreaded the spiritual thunderbolts of the Just Man—the Great Ruler holding his court on the Vatican Hill, and sitting in universal judgment upon all wrong-doers and oppressors. Gratitude which prompted some token or acknowledgment of this protection extended, took the form of a ridiculously low annual tax. Later on bishoprics, monastic establishments, individuals and groups of individuals obtained exemption from secular interference or feudal service by directly placing themselves under the aegies and jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff. As a sign and perpetual reminder (canon) of this mutual agreement, the beneficiaries offered a yearly nominal tax to the Papal exchequer. Because the rule of Rome was the mildest and most beneficent known to the Middle Ages, we find incipient states and rising dynasties receiving political recognition under like conditions. These taxes were given "ad indicium libertatis" and "ad indicium perceptae protectionis et pensionis."

The tithe known as Peter's Pence, was essentially a free and spontaneous donation in money or kind for the personal needs of the Pope. No feudal obligations were attested thereby. Love alone prompted the offering which was, in the fullest sense of the word, an "eleemosyne," a "subsidium caritativum," or a "caritatis debitum," as the Popes often call it in their letters. In England, whence the first donation of this kind came, it was known by varying names at different periods. Thus, during the Anglo-Saxon period, it appears as Romfeoh or Heordpenny, whilst in the Anglo-Norman period it is referred to as a Romescot. Some chronicles borrow the name of Romepenny from Brompton, and others designate it as Petrespenny. The Roman collectors speak of it as the denarius beati (or sancti) Petri, or the census beati Petri. Historians see in these many names direct references to the Papal oboli collected throughout Christendom, either on the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, or on Lammas day.[1]

[1] Fabre, Recherches sur le Denier de St. Pierre en Angleterre au Moyen-age (Melanges J. B. de Rossi, Paris 1892), 159; Fabre, in Etude sur le Libercensuum. Paris 1892.—Garampi, I'danaro di s. Pietro, in, Uccelli, Il Papato, I., 484-518.—Jensen. Der englische Peterspfennig und de Lehensteuer aus England u. Irland an den Papststuhl in Mittel alter. Rostock, 1903—Woker, Das Kirchliche Finanz wesen der Pabste (Nordlingen 1878), Ch. 1—Daux, Le denier de Saint-Pierre.—Cabrol, L'Angleterre Chretienne avant les Normands. (Paris 1909), 329-335.—Rome, Feb. 13, 1909, sq.

We have said that Peter's Pence originated in England, and no one who is familiar with the early history of that people whose captive sons' angelic beauty bewitched the soul of the great Roman nobleman, Gregory the Great, would be surprised at this enviable distinction. Yet the origin of Romfeoh is accounted for by several traditions which are unspeakably naive and conflicting. It is asserted that Ini of Wessex,[2] on his return from Rome, where he had stopped at the Anglo-Saxon School in the Burgus Saxonum (to the right of the Tiber), ordered each householder in his realm to pay a tax of one penny for the support of this English College at Rome. Nothing, however, on this point is found in Bede, who is ever alert to record evidences of his people's affection for the Eternal City and its Pontiffs. The older chroniclers, too, are absolutely silent on this proposed tax. Hence, this tradition is generally rejected. Other[3] chroniclers relate that Offa II, King of Mercia, levied a tax of 365 marks or mancusi on his kingdom for the Pope. A letter of Leo III to Offa's successor, Knulf of Mercia,[4] would seem to confirm this act of generosity. But some historians are inclined to doubt the authenticity of this letter,[5] whilst many reject the facts related of Offa as mere probabilities of popular tradition.[6]

The facts related of Aethulwulf cannot be so easily and peremptorily explained away. It is generally admitted that this kindly monarch sent his youngest son, Aelfred (the Great), in 853, on a visit to Leo IV, who received the lad of eleven years with the most fatherly kindness. Not only did the Pope solemnly anoint the royal youth as future King of England, but he also adopted him to spiritual sonship.[7] Of course, this benign condescension on the part of Vicar of Christ greatly pleased the aged father in England. His heart was touched, and he cast about for some suitable means of manifesting his appreciation and thankfulness to the Pope.[8] Like many of his predecessors, he journeyed to Rome in Person, where he gave undoubted signs of his profound gratitude. Returning to England in the following year, Aethulwulf decreed that henceforth an annual sum of gold to the value of 300 marks

[2] Royer of Wendover, Flores Hist. (ed. Coee, 1841), I., 215-216; Matth. Paris, Chron. Maj. I., 330-331; Symeon Dur. Hist. Regum, III., 371.

[3] Gesta Abbatum Monast. S. Albani a Thoma Walsingham Compil. (ed. Riley), I., 5-6; Brompton, Chronicon (ed. Twysden), I., col. 754, 756; Spelman, Concilia, I., 290; Matt. Paris. 330, 331, 360.

[4] Jaffe 2511.

[5] Jensen, in, Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, XV., 1901, p. 179. Woker, op. cit. 34.

[6] Woker, op. cit. 35; Mon. Germ. (ed. Pertz).

[7] Jensen, Transactions, etc., XV., 179.

[8] Kemble, Saxons in England, II., 481; Jensen, *ibid.*

should be sent to the Eternal City,[9] one-third of which was for the basilica of St. Peter, another for that of St. Paul, whilst the third was destined for the immediate purposes of the Holy Father. This gift was no rival of a pre-existing custom, nor even a confirmation of a law fast falling into desuetude, else Aethulwulf would have suggested the fact. An appeal of this nature to the past would have lent great and persuasive weight to his ordinances. It was, it would seem, an entirely new and unprecedented course of action. Another tradition, however, assures us that, on his return from Rome, Aethulwulf levied a tax of one penny on each householder. This evidently was quite another tax than that of the gift of 300 marks. Did the King, therefore, send two separate and distinct offerings to the Pope? Many writers propose this solution of a dual tradition regarding Romfeoh under Aethulwulf. This gift, they argue, was the personal donation of the King, whilst the tithe of one penny was but the nation's exterior manifestation of gratitude toward the Pontiff. This theory is based chiefly on an Anglo-Saxon chronicle which says that during the reign of King Aelfred the Great and Edward the Elder, messengers were sent to Rome with the donation "of the Wessex People and the King."[10] William of Malmesbury, and Brompton, also record this seeming double donation. But we find in the chronicles conterminous with the events narrated that not so much as a single word is said explicitly of the double gift. Anser, who wrote during the lifetime of Aelfred, and Florence of Worchester, whose writings antedate the chronicles of William of Malmesburg and Brompton, record nothing of the tax of one penny said to have been contributed in those days by each householder. It may not be doing violence to tradition to suggest that Aethulwulf, during his lifetime, paid the 300 mancusi from his own purse or the national treasury, whilst Aelfred drew not only from the former source, but also from the people to make up the stipulated sum. But the simplest solution is proposed by Lingard,[11] who suggested that it was probably owing to the policy of Aethulwulf or his immediate successors that England adopted the custom of rendering Romfeoh. After all, it matters little whether the gift send to the Pope was the joint offering of king or people. The king was responsible for the collection of the tithe, and thus the words of the chronicler of 908,[12] "on behalf of the people but also the king," are true, and their

[9] Asser, Annales Aelfred; ann. 855, 472; Williams of Malmesbury, Gesta II., 109; Haddan and Stubbs, Councils III., 646; Florence Wigoriensis, Chronicon 552; Jaffe-Wattenbach 4757.

[10] Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (ed. Thorpe), II., 68.

[11] Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church (first Amer. ed.), 70-71.

[12] Jensen, Transactions, etc., XV., 183.

meaning patent. The important thing to remember is that in Aethulwulf's reign the first historical trace of Romfeoh is to be found.

It is certain that during the days of Aelfred[13] Romfeoh was regularly paid to the successor of St. Peter. But the first legal ordinances preserved for us are to be found in the laws of Edward the Elder. Therein it is stated that whoever refuses to contribute the obolo is to pay a fine to the crown. During the reign of Edmund excommunication was inflicted on the delinquents,[14] since it was a crime to withhold the payments of Romfeoh.[15] The secular arm frequently assisted in the observance of this common duty. The laws of Edward and Guthrun[16] punished the negligent with a fine for the king. The laws of Aethelred[17] prescribed a fine of 20 pence to the bishop and 120 shillings to the crown; the laws of Eadgar[18] ordained that for the first offence the delinquent must travel to Rome and there pay a fine of 30 pence to the Pope, and on his return to England pay 120 shillings to the king. For the second offence the same fine must be paid to the Pope, whilst the king's fine was increased by 80 shillings. For the third offence all the offender's goods were to be confiscated. Aethelred the Unready[19] was also solicitous about the observance of this law. He renewed the regulations of his predecessors with some mitigations regarding the amount of the fines.

With the witanagemot's acceptance of Cnute as King of England, peace returned again to that much distressed land; the country was satiated with blood and war, and with Byzantine intrigue, and loudly bemoaned its shattered financial conditions. Hence, Cnute wisely repealed the severe regulations of Eadgar regarding Peter's Pence. In 1018 the new king modified the penalties attached to the non-payment of Romfeoh. Every freeman possessing cattle to the value of 30 pence was required to make the usual offering of one silver penny to the Pope. By giving four pence he won exemption from taxation for his "bordarii" and "servientes." The burgher who possessed cattle to the value of one mark was bound to contribute the usual mite.[20] Not only the tunesman or farmers, but also the burghers and townspeople (merchants) were included in the law. The burgher who owned several houses paid the papal

[13] Liebermann, Die Gesetze der Angelsachen, II., 131 sq.
[14] Eadmund, 1. 2.
[15] Laws of Eadward and Guthrun, VI., 1.
[16] *Ibid.*
[17] Aethelred, VIII., 16.
[18] Eadgar, 11. 4; Smidt, Gesetze xlviii.; Jensen, op. cit. -96.
[19] Aethelred. Laws. LX. 10.
[20] Smidt, op. cit. 334, William I. Laws, 1. XVII., 2.

pence only for that house which he inhabited on the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul.

These laws had reference to the English. But Cnute did not forget his own people. They, too, were to have the happy privilege of contributing to the "gift of St. Peter" as he termed the Romfeoh. In his famous Danelayu, or law of the Danes, every man having a yearly profit of 80 pence was taxed one penny.[21] This law survived in the "Leis Willelmi" and the "Leges Edwardi Confessoris." Indeed, during this entire period little difficulty and no opposition was encountered in gathering in the Peter's Pence. The kings were too thoroughly impressed with a loyal reverence for the person of Christ's Vicar ever to become unmindful of the generous example of their forefathers. We detect in those golden ages of faith little of our modern scheming selfishness which was a subterfuge of release from a duty that fell heavily on none. The Papal gifts were then offered with cheerful good will, with smiling face, beaming eye and bounding heart. In return only one thing was asked by each sovereign from His Holiness "Who guarded the bones of the Apostles" (as Eadward the Confessor touchingly says in his letter to Pope Nicholas II), to wit: "that you pray for me and for the peace of my realm."[22]

That these laws and institutes did not remain a dead letter on the statute books is proved by the discovery of ancient coins in Rome in the years 1843 and 1883. When the Campanile of St. Paul's outside the walls was removed in 1843, more than 1,000 silver coins were discovered. More than 100 of these were of Anglo-Saxon origin.[23] Forty years later a hoard of 835 coins was unearthed on the site of the House of the Vestals near Mount Palatine. Their dates extend over a period ranging from 870 to 947. Since all are Anglo-Saxon pennies, it is quite probable, archeologist says, that we have here a good share of the pence collected for the Pope in Mediaeval times from each Christian householder.[24]

The laws which found so incontestable a guarantee in these two discoveries of Anglo-Saxon coins at Rome, in course of time lost much of their binding force. Monarchs of later days were not so

[21] Instituta Cnuti, I., 9.

[22] Thomassinus, Vetus et nova Ecclesiae disciplina, III., I. 32. IV.

[23] Giulio di San Quintino, Monete del X. e del XI. secolo scoperte nei dintormi di Roma nel 1843, in, Memorie della Acad. delle Scienze di Torino (2 series), IX-X., 1-116.

[24] De Rossi, D'un tesoro di monete Anglo Sassoni (Rome 1884); Lancian, the Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome, 232 sq. This discovery is very important, as the coins of that period are very scarce. The British Museum has a good collection. Hildebrand (Anglo Sachsiska Mynt svenska Rongliga Mynt Rabinette, funna i Sveriges Jord) in 1881 published a descriptive catalogue of 10,458 coins at Stockholm.

prompt or willing as their predecessors had been in manifesting a sense of filial loyalty to the Pope. The engrossing cares of an expanding state, the pride of empire and the scandal taken at a few instances of clerical unworthiness and worldliness, diverted the eyes of the English rulers from the brilliant examples of grateful devotedness and implicit obedience to the Pope left them by their most Christian ancestors. Hence, the annals of England during the closing years of the eleventh century are black with the records of the selfish stinginess and unworthy chichanery wherewith the British kings strove to free themselves from the blessed yoke of Roman obedience. However, there was not then, of course, the colossal insubordination of the sixteenth century. Such drastic action would have been, at that time, supremely impolitic, since the moral prestige of the Pope was still all-powerful. But there was, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, at least a desire to be at liberty from a foreign Papal tithe. The royal mind plagued itself, without ceasing, to find a way of ridding the state of Papal interference, whilst retaining the good repute of spiritual obedience to the Maker and Deposer of kings. The Pope was worth just as much to the English monarchs as his spiritual dominion over the state insured of stability to their own sovereignty. In the words of Alexander II, this race had become "membra mali capitis, Satanae."

When William of Normandy, therefore, proposed himself to the witan as a candidate for election to the throne, it was evident to Gregory VII that here was the only available man in Europe by whom England could be brought back to the ways of righteousness. The conqueror had shown himself a thorough Christian, administering justice to all, and eaten up with a zeal for the glory of the Lord's house. His accession to the throne would dislodge forever the sybaritic and impossible members of the house of Godwine, who were promoters of a married clergy, and sworn enemies of churches and monastaries. Hence, after the decisive victory of Senlac or Hastings on October 4, 1066, Gregory VII begged the trusted subdeacon, Hubert, to attend, among many other things, to the collection of the long interrupted Peter's Pence. The new king listened favorably to the works of the Papal delegate. He promised to pay, with exactitude, all the arrears of the Romescot. Whilst refusing to take the vassal's oath of allegiance to the Pope, William pledged his word for the future gathering of the pence.[25] Again and again his many cares of state seemed to eat away, like an acid, all remembrance of his promise. But the Pope found in Lanfranc

[25] Opera Lancfranci, 304, where the letter is given in full.

an intrepid and conscientious man whom no earthly power could intimidate into silence. Like another Baptist, he remonstrated with the king, and kept him faithful to the promises made to the Pope. Anselm of Canterbury spoke, somewhat later, with like courage in behalf of the Pope's cause. Urban II and Pascal II found in the holy Archbishop a zealous defender of the Papal tithes. Little short of downright neglect of his own immemorial custom of the English people was to be expected from such rulers as Henry and John Lackland. The history of the relations between the Pope and these rulers shows the latter wanting in the large mindedness and fidelity proverbial with the earlier monarchs of the English people. With the same breath these kings pledge the payment of the Romescot and deny its long established validity. Only when untoward circumstances had driven them to the verge of ruin did they bethink themselves of the Pope, whose good will they sought to regain by promising the obolo of affection,[26] and the Pope forgave them generously. Nevertheless, not the least induced, as if by bribe, to pardon the royal transgressors, the Pope insisted on the right he had to a claim on the Romescot. It was the nation's gift to St. Peter. It was expended for the spiritual good of the English church. Hence, no man had the power to hamper or defeat this work of God. And it took a man of superior courage and uncompromising devotion to the See of Peter, such as St. Anselm, to speak these unpalatable truths to kings like Henry I and John Lackland.

But while the Pope at Rome was frequently made the sport of kings regarding the payment of Peter's Pence, more serious trouble arose from the dishonesty of his agents which deprived papal charities of the financial support of Christendom. Not that all ecclesiastical officials proved untrue to the thankless task of collecting Romescot in their dioceses. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who generally represented the Pope's interest in England, fulfilled his obligations in this regard with scrupulous exactitude. But the method of collecting the tithes was arbitrary and loosely organized. Hence, unworthy sheriffs who had been appointed by the king's assistant collectors of the bishop, found it an easy matter to misappropriate the pence. Frequently, too, simoniacal methods were used by these men for their own ends. Then, too, a great part of the pence was retained by the English bishops. Gradually, only "300 marks less one" was forwarded to the Pope by the English prelates. By what authority this custom was sanctioned it is diffi-

[26] William of Malmesbury, Gesta regum, II., 109; Baluze, Miscellanea (ed. Mansi), I., 441; Polydor Vergilius, Angliae historiae libri XXVI., 89-96; Rymer, Foedera, I., 177.

cult to say. Some writers[27] think that the hierarchy of England by agreement among themselves agreed each to pay a stipulated sum of money, thus making up the aggregate. As a matter of fact, for long years the amount forwarded to Rome varied but little. Each diocese was assessed a certain fixed sum. We still have the listed accounts of the various diocesan contributions of England. Other writers suggest[28] that the custom of diocesan contribution resulted from no particular agreement on the part of the bishops, but that it gradually became accepted as the most certain means of assuring a respectable contribution to the Pope.

There is no doubt, however, that large sums of money gathered in England never reached Rome. The Popes frequently complained of this, and the English crown, which took to itself all the resources of vacant sees, often interferred in the appointment of bishops for the ostensible purpose of benefiting at the expense of the Church.

These and various other abuses and shortcomings in the matter of collecting the Peter's Pence during the thirteenth and subsequent centuries induced the Popes, especially Honorius III, to establish an office at London with the "superintendens decimarum." By this means the Pope was in closest contact with his agents. Work was carried on by well organized and systematic methods. As a result less difficulty arose in collecting and transferring the Peter's Pence to the Vicar of Christ. During the Crusades an embryonic regime of this kind had proved eminently satisfactory.

The representative of the Pope in the matter of Romescot was known by the prosaic name of "Collector Generalis." Frequently, he was a cool-headed, shrewd, alert and practical monsignor, canon or friar, of foreign birth, who was empowered to deprive delinquent prelates of their benefices in the event of non-payment of the tithes. He was immediately subject to the reigning Pope, taking an oath of fidelity to the latter. The Archbishop of Canterbury and all the bishops were subject to him in matters pertaining to the tithes. His daily salary was fixed by the Pope, and a bodyguard was detailed for his protection. He was required to keep a written account of all payments. Sub-collectors were also appointed to assist him in the task. The subaltern officials were appointed by the Pope for a determined time, and were generally chosen from the ranks of the Italian abbots and priors. The number of these sub-collectors varied. Thus, Gregory X ordered that there should

[27] Garampi, op. cit., 509; Woker, op. cit. 37; Fabre, Zeitschrift fur Socialgeschichte (1893), 149-153, (1896) 459-462.

[28] Jensen, Der englische Peterspfennig, etc., 87; Gottlob, Die Pabstlichen Kreuzzugsteuern des 13 Jahr, 184 sq.

be two for each diocese of England; Urban V appointed one for each diocese, whilst Julius II would not allow the number to exceed one for each diocese. These men enjoyed great ecclesiastical prerogatives, since they were empowered to excommunicate all who refused or impeded the payment of the tithes. A daily salary of three soldi was allowed them by Gregory X, of five soldi by John XXI, and Martin V rewarded their labors by the handsome sum of eight soldi. All the pence collected throughout the Country by these officials was forwarded to the General Collector at London. The "Mercatores Camerae Apostolicae," a line of Italian bankers of the same family long in the employ of the Holy See, frequently attended to the transfer and exchange of the Romescot.

Abuses, however, eventually crept in upon this system which during long years had operated satisfactorily. The Papal collectors were very frequently foreigners and for that reason disliked by the English. On this account we find countless petitions from crown and bishop for the appointment of native collectors. This was a tempting bait to worldly-minded eccesiastics. As a result, a mad chase for the office of collector and sub-collector, with all the civic and financial emoluments which the tithe conferred, provoked from the English people and prelates a long litany of complaints and denunciations. Frequently enough unworthy men were removed by the Pope. With few interruptions, however, on this account, the old Romfeoh continued to flow into Rome until the unfortunate days of Henry VIII.

The reign of that monarch brought, alas! bloody and terrible changes upon the happy realm of England. If churches and monasteries were not spared by him, we need not be surprised to find the annual payment of Peter's Pence forbidden. This new spiritual ruler, who had foisted himself on an unwilling people, had need of "Much monies." Hence, in the year 1534, Henry VIII ratified "the statute at large" of the Parliament of July 9th, 1534, which forbade the collection of the Papal tithes. Rome made not a single protest to this high-handed injustice—the spiritual losses in England outweighed all else. Better days seemed to await the Church at the accession of Mary Tudor. The three legates whom Paul IV sent to England received a formal retraction from the nation, and a promise from the Queen to continue the sacred custom of paying the Romfeoh. This gift, she argues, was an offering set aside to the Almighty, and its withdrawal or alienation was sacrilegious. Noble sentiments indeed! The last words of like purport heard for many a day in that now unhappy land. In 1559 Elizabeth came into power, and with her the sentiments of her father regarding the Church became dominant. Rome was persistently in her thoughts

and reckonings, for these ever meant sworn and deadliest emnity to the Roman question and pretensions. Romfeoh, therefore, ceased definitely during the days of Elizabeth. In 1559 was buried officially, amid shouts and imprecations, the English people's tribute of love and loyalty to the person of Christ's Vicar.

Ages before, England, by the apostasy of one man, had forfeited her birthright of affection for Rome, we find many nations of Northern Europe regularly sending an annual tithe to the Pope. Generosity during the Mediaeval times was contagious. Hence the good example of England was soon imitated by other peoples. There was an ardent rivalry, a spirited emulation, in regard to the Peter's Pence among the northern nations that deserve a passing mention. The data, however, for these nations are not as abundant as is the case with England.

Denmark, which enjoyed the greatest prosperity during the Middle Ages, very early adopted the custom of sending pence to the Papal exchequer. Indeed, the first beginnings of this custom go back so far that it is difficult to determine precisely when the first abolo was laid at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. Already in the days of Alexander II (1061-1073) it appears to have been a long-established custom, as can be inferred from the Pontiff's words in his letter to King Sweyne. In that document the Pope encourages the King to continue in this tribute of affection which, he says, had endured from the times of his forefathers. Some centuries later, Honorius III assured the Danes that this donation was a sign to all the world of the filial and habitual affection of their race for the See of Peter. During the days of Pascal II, the pence was collected from door to door. The Pontiff took pains to assure the people that even with this method of collecting the pence it still remained what it had always been—a "debitum caritatis." In the fifteenth century the custom ceased like many other manifestations of Catholic faith and devotion.[29]

The Scandinavian peoples were not behind their brethren of Denmark in regard to the Peter's Pence. About the middle of the twelfth century petitions poured into Rome from both kingdoms of Norway and Sweden, asking a settlement of the ecclesiastical difficulties, which caused no amount of trouble. Nicholas Breakspear, Cardinal-Bishop of Albano, arrived in Sweden in 1152 with full powers of a legate a latere. At the synod of Linköping, besides arranging for the appointment of an archbishop who was to be entirely dependent of the metropolitan of Lund in Denmark, the legate easily induced the bishops to imitate the custom of collecting Peter's Pence which obtained in his native land. He made clear that from

[29] Woker, op. cit., 42, 43.

this revenue, the spiritual needs of the Scandinavian church were to be provided for. Towards the end of the twelfth century, each householder in Sweden paid one penny as an annual gift to the Pope. In 1358 the Archbishop of Upsala declared as an ecclesiastical law "that every head of a family was required to pay the tithe."

Sweden does not present the same record of regularity in the collection and distribution of Peter's Pence which we found in England. The amounts forwarded to Rome varied each year. In the fourteenth century, the collection reached the high-water mark of 680 gold pieces. It must be remembered, however, that whole districts, like Helsingland, Jemptia and Anglomania, were entirely exempt from the tithes.[80]

It was probably at the same time that the legate Breakspear introduced the custom of rendering Peter's Pence in Norway, whose apostle he was styled on his return to Rome. As early as 1182 we read in the register of Albino "singulae lares in Norvegia dant unam monetam ejusdem terrae." Later on, this donation seems to have been imposed and collected from all who approached the Holy Table at Easter-tide. For we read in an episcopal letter of the year 1395, "Curate et omnes, ut tributum Romanum pendatis, unusquisque, qui eucharistiam accedit, numeratum nummum mimimum qui ex incude regia decidit. Hanc pecuniam sanctus Petrus, qui, Romescot, possidet, ireoque tributúm Romanum, (denarius S. Petri) vocatur." The bishops generally, collected the pence and forwarded it to the Archbishops of Drontheim, though the king at times appointed commissaries for the task.[81] Owing to the remoteness of the country, trusted merchants from Lucca and Florence frequently gathered in the pence and transferred it to Rome. The collection was announced in the churches six times each year, and a list of the penalties attached to the non-payment of this Papal tithe was displayed in a conspicuous place in the church. With such precaution to urge them to the common duty of assisting the Holy Father it is small wonder that the Norwegians remained faithful to this exhibition of love. Even the remotest outposts of the archiepiscopal see of Dronthein sent in their subsidies to the Pope. The Farbe Islands sent cloth as their mite. One yard was considered equivalent to the payment of ten persons. Iceland sent dried fish and other offerings in kind. So accustomed were the Icelanders to this duty that the Lutheran Bishop Skaholt, in 1540, levied the Peter's Pence—now, for his own benefit! The diocese of Gardar

[80] *Ibid.* 40-41.

[81] Johannaeus, Hist. Eccl. Island., I., 574, "Rex Hacon. Magni filius, Denarium Petri per quemdam suum emissarium 1305 conquiri curavit."

in Greenland—which comprised all the territory on the Western Hemisphere known before the discovery of Columbus—sent their quota of ivory and skins. These were forwarded to Norway and sold at auction. The money accruing therefrom was, thereupon, sent to the Pope.[32] In 1276, the Archbishop of Drontheion obtained faculties from the Pope to delegate some priests in Greenland as collectors of the pence which was there called the "cathed raticum Petri." In 1418 Gardar sent as much as 26,000 pounds of ivory as tribute to the Pope. Leo X, who was always in need of money and always divising new methods of filling up his depleted purse, received this pence in 1513 and 1515, and in 1514 Norway paid up all arrears. The Reformation, however, swept away, like a deluge, all the Roman customs in Scandinavia.

The data on Peter's Pence in many of the European states is barely sufficient to indicate the existence of the custom. Thus Gregory VII congratulated Duke Vladilaus II of Bohemia, in 1074, "on having sent the usual hundred marks to St. Peter."[33] When the Popes were in bondage at Avignon, King Charles went thither to come to an understanding regarding the pence furnished by the diocese of Breslau in Silesia. Poland began paying Peter's Pence in the eleventh century. The chroniclers tell us that this gift was prompted by gratitude for the dispensation from monastic vows by Benedict IX in favor of Casimer, son of Mieczislaus II, in order that this young prince might ascend the throne.

The Peter's Pence in Poland seems to have originally been a per capita tax. At least, it is only in the fourteenth century that the "censuum promissum" and the "numera," of which Gregory VII speaks, are termed Peter's Pence. Prussia, which belonged then to the crown of Poland, was asked by John XXII to give the pence. The request of the Archbishop of Gnesen and the Bishop of Breslau, in 1320, to this effect evoked many complaints and protestations.[34] The Teuton knights were unwilling to render the subsidy. In 1343, 1348 and 1445, the request was repeated—and granted.

Many of the European states and minor principalities paid Peter's Pence in consideration of services received from the Pope. The smaller nations, which were often exposed to invasion or dismemberment at the hands of powerful and jealous neighbors and conquerors who sought to strengthen their title to possession, were willing to put themselves in a state of vassalage to the Papacy, on

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[32] Potthast, 21858; also Jelic, L'Evangelisation de l'Amerique avant Christophe Columbus, in Compte Rendus du Congress Scientifique International des Catholiques tenu a Paris 1891 (Sciences Historiques), 170-184.

[33] Schroerh, Christliche Kirchengeschichte, XXI., 503.

[34] Voigt, Geschichte Preussens, IV., 344; V., 69; VIII., 86, 152.

condition of a promise of moral and material support by the latter. This holds true in a special way of the kingdom of the two Sicilies after the invasion of the Normans and Saracens. The Peter's Pence was a recognition of services received and rendered by the Popes. Ferrari paid 50 soldi and the interest of various taxes on the same score; as also Alessandria, which rewarded the Pope by the annual gift of three denarii. Thus, too, Gregory VII granted the sovereignty of Klew in Russia to Dmitri Isiaslaf, who agreed to acknowledge his dependence on St. Peter by annual tithes.

Likewise, in the same century, the Iberian peninsula offered the pence in gratitude for Papal protection against the Visigoths. The kingdom of Aragon, the City of Taragona and the County of Barcellona, placing themselves under the hand of the Pope, pledged "500 mangons of Jacca, a mangon for each soldier, an annual tribute of five silver librae," and some years later "a sum of 25 librae, also of silver, to be paid every five years." Subsequently the Spaniards added the gift of five pounds of gold. Other modifications are to be met with, but all the time the kings maintained their outward token of dependence on the Holy See. The conduct of Alfonso III is the exception. Portugal entered into the ranks of the Church's soldiers, assuring an honorable contribution. Count Alfonso, on erecting the kingdom, in 1179, asked Alexander III for his approval and promised to increase to four marks the four ounces hitherto paid.

Dioceses, too, paid the pence. The ordinary of Bamberg in Germany sent twelve marks to Rome each year. More than 25 convents and churches of the diocese of constance, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries paid the tithe. In 1290, a Papal legate to Germany and France received the promise from 47 churches and religious establishments of an annual payment of the subsidy. Even the Latin Orient gave signs of adhesion and attachment to Rome in this manner. Silks, incense, balsam, oils, perfumes, horses, with or without harness; gold, coined or in bars, abundantly testified that the East was loyally devoted to the Pontifical throne.

These and various other facts show clearly how Christendom ever came, financially, to the support of the Holy See. The Pope, after all, was the Father of all the Faithful. As dutiful sons, the Catholics throughout the world felt it a duty to contribute of their abundance to the successor of the Apostles, and to the maintenance and extension of all his spiritual and temporal projects. Kings frequently elevated the contributing of Peter's Pence to the dignity of a national law. And thus, whilst the custom in the beginning called for a spotaneous and free gift of one penny of the faithful, it gradually assumed, in some parts, the aspect of a tax, sanctioned

by the laws of the respective lands. Never, however, did the faithful of the world cease to consider the pence as a voluntary gift.

It remains for us to study the history of Peter's Pence in modern times. The offering made today to the Vicar of Christ, under that name—and God knows how sorely he needs it and depends upon it—has little in common with the Peter's Pence of the Middle Ages, save the name. At some future day we may, perhaps, make known at large the enviable honor which Montalambert won by resuscitating the practice of free pecuniary gifts to the Pope.

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BLESSED MARTINA, MARTYR.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ had for the first time in history established His empire throughout the world, and His enemy, the devil, grew envious. Therefore the Evil One prompted Alexander Caesar, in the fourth year of his reign, to condemn to death all Galilaeans who would not sacrifice to the gods. To ensure the execution of his decrees, the Emperor sent governors and judges into the provinces, charged to entrap the Christians in the snares of Satan; they were to enforce obedience by threats and were to annihilate our religion completely. The names of those that allowed themselves to be seduced were enrolled in a book, and, after adoring the image of the Emperor, they were required to sacrifice to the cruel and obscene gods. High honours were promised to such recusants; and the faithful who had the courage to stand firm were cruelly tortured and then killed.

In order to set the example in Rome, the Emperor himself offered sacrifices to Apollo and ordered the principal officers of his palace to seize all those who passed as Christians, whether men or women, and to oblige them by violence and torture to sacrifice to Apollo, also. These officers,—the Count Vidal; Bassus, the Emperor's major-domo, and Caius, his servant, ministers of Satan,—were savage of soul and whole-hearted executors of the sentences pronounced by any pagan judge.

Now it happened one day that passing a church they saw the Blessed Martina at her prayers, with eyes full of joy and confidence raised to Heaven. She had with her several menservants and maidservants, for she was the daughter of a most illustrious family; her father had been three times consul, and he spent his immense riches in helping the poor, for he faithfully kept the law of the

Lord. Martina herself was a deaconness and entirely given to good works; she desired only to preserve her soul in the grace of GOD, she bravely resisted all assaults of the devil; her life was resplendent in its purity and she bore the girdle of innocence and virginity.

The wicked ministers of the Emporer seized her now and said to her: "The master of the universe, Alexander, honouring your noble birth, looking upon you as the most illustrious of Roman ladies and knowing your virtuous life, begs that you will offer of your own freewill to the god Apollo a sacrifice worthy of you."

The gentle and holy maiden, beaming with joy, answered: "Let me again first enter the holy temple of the Lord and there commit myself to GOD, to Christ, His Son; to the Holy Spirit, to our holy and venerable bishop, to the priests who serve the Lord Christ with joy and bravely confess His faith, and to all the assembled flock of the Lord, and I will then gladly go with you. For I must defend the Christ against an impious enemy and impudent liar and against the malice of our master, Alexander, who is not worthy to reign."

She went with them, therefore, praying as she went—her face shining in incomparable beauty.

Arrived at the palace, these ministers of a wicked creed went to seek their emperor.

"See," said they, "the greatest and most illustrious among the Galileans. She is willing to obey your orders, to sacrifice to the gods and to induce all Christians to follow her example."

The Emperor rejoiced exceedingly at hearing this, and had her brought into his own apartments. Her beauty filled him with admiration and her illustrious name added to the interest he felt in her person.

"How great art thou, O god Apollo!" he cried. "Yea, all the gods praise thee, because thou hast bestowed such nobility, such glory and such beauty on this young girl, only that thou mayest rejoice at the sacrifice she is about to offer thee."

Then, addressing Martina, he commanded her attention, adding that as her reward he had resolved to share with her his empire and power and to make her Queen of his palace.

Martina said: "Command me to offer bloodless sacrifice to the GOD Who has drawn from nothingness all that exists and I will show you what this Apollo is, and will bear witness that he is not to be allowed to destroy souls that put their trust in the Saviour, my God and King of the Universe."

The Emperor did not understand these words; but caused the Saint to be led to Apollo's Temple, that she might offer sacrifice. She asked that he, too, as well as all the priests of Apollo and those

devoted to him should enter with her and "see with what kindness the God of Mercy and Holiness will accept the pure and spotless sacrifice I am about to offer Him."

The Emperor hastened to order that all should be as she wished, and recommended every one to watch carefully what she did.

The pure and gentle martyr stood erect and made the sign of the Cross; and at that, in the midst of all the spectators, an angel in all the brightness of his glory appeared beside her, and the purity of her heart was reflected in her face. She lifted her eyes to heaven, stretching forth her hands like a true servant of the Lord, and said: "Glory to Thee, O Father, God of Glory. Glory to Thee, O Jesus, to Whom all creatures give glory. Glory to Thee, O Holy Ghost!" And she prayed that the Blessed Trinity, One GOD, would destroy "this block of stone, this blind and cruel idol hiding death within itself and dragging to their ruin those that believed in its power," that He would hear the prayer of her, a humble sinner, and would show the Emperor that man is to adore no other God than Him Who has said: "It is I that kill and that make alive; I will destroy and I will cure, for My Name shall be glorified in all ages."

Hardly had she ended her prayer than a great earthquake shook the whole city. Apollo fell and was reduced to powder, and a part of the wall of the temple gave way and buried a multitude of spectators and idol priests whom the Emperor had brought in with Blessed Martina. This shock lasted several hours. The terrified Emperor was about to fly when Martina addressed him in these words: "Stay, O Emperor; come to the help of your god. Apollo is broken; pick up the pieces of your deity and show them to the priests who honour him and whom he has crushed in his fall. Let him arise, and raise them!"

At this moment the demon that had been concealed within the idol of Apollo and was now rolling in the dust and seen by all the people, men and women, began to howl and cry out: "O Martina, servant of the great GOD of Heaven and who faithfully keep His Law, you have overturned my dwelling place and revealed me in all my nakedness. Many saints have endured the torments of martyrdom, but up to now they have not exposed me. I have reigned here and have had under my control many other spirits more wicked than myself. But you have hunted me down and now you send me back to hell. You deliver me to Uriel, the Angel who drove us all to the lake of fire. O Alexander! persecutor of Christians, you have brought this holy one to put me to flight, but know that your own reign will end in ignominy and shame."

As he uttered these words in a loud and lamentable voice he

fled through the air, grinding his teeth, and his cries could be heard after he had disappeared. A dark cloud marked his passing; and the terrified spectators marveled at the power of the GOD who is in Heaven.

Apollo was reduced to powder; the breath of GOD had put to flight the army of impure spirits, the priests of the idol, as well as the spot in which took place the abominable ceremonies of pagan worship, were in great part destroyed. But the blinded Emperor would not recognize the finger of GOD and the work of His Power. As though it had been Martina herself that had thrown down and broken Apollo and destroyed the enchanters, the augurs and the priests of his god, he had her beaten and ordered her eyelids to be torn off. The executioners obeyed, but soon cried out: "Woe to us sinners! We suffer more horrible tortures than she; our failing hands refuse their task; cruel pains consume our vitals. While she stands firm as an anvil our blows are hurting us. Send us away, O Emperor, we pray; for we can see about her four men of shining beauty, and it is they who give us back the blows we inflict on her. He must, indeed, be the True GOD, Who thus protects her."

Then the Emperor fell into a great rage and looked upon them with fury. And he commanded them to bring broken pieces of pottery wherewith to tear the face of the Saint. But Blessed Martina, raising her eyes to Heaven, blessed and praised the Holy Trinity once more and prayed for "courage to support these torments," and for the conversion of her executioners.

Hardly had she ended her prayer than a light shone around her executioners—who were eight in number—and a Voice from Heaven was heard saying: "Unless My servant, Martina, had interceded for you I had slain you all. But, because I will overcome and will gain this people, I spare you. As for thee, daughter, be of good courage and fear not, for I am the GOD upon Whom thou callest. I will not leave thee, nor suffer thee to be defeated by this impious and shameless man."

On hearing these words, the Emperor Alexander became more angry still. The executioners, on the contrary, fell on their faces on the ground and implored Blessed Martina to ask GOD'S grace for them and His pardon for the outrages they had been forced to inflict upon her. The holy martyr replied by assuring them of the reward they would enjoy in Heaven if their repentance and conversion were sincere; but, if it were not, of the eternal torment that awaited them in Hell. Immediately with one voice they cried: "Martina, Lady, show us the Christ, that seeing Him we may believe in Him more firmly. But even if it be not permitted to us to see Him we are, nevertheless, His disciples and servants and

believe in Him only, and we will worship and serve Him alone. As for Alexander, who tramples underfoot the precepts of our Saviour, we fear him not; we renounce him in spite of his imperial power."

Then the blessed martyr, calling them her children, bade them believe in Christ with all sincerity of heart and they would see what rewards GOD had for them in the next life; while as to Alexander, so proud of his power in this world, what could he do against the happiness of the Elect? Then, inspired of GOD, they all said together: "We believe in Jesus Christ, our Saviour, the great GOD of the Christians, and in Him we trust." And turning to Alexander, they defied him and his false gods, and professed themselves from henceforth servants of Almighty GOD and of His Only Son Jesus Christ, our Lord.

The irate Emperor retorted that they were allowing themselves to be seduced by the enchantments of the Crucified—"in Whom you hope," he added. They answered that it was the devil in his heart that prevented him from recognizing the GOD that created him and gave him his power."

And the furious tyrant ordered them all to be tied to gibbets and to be hacked with swords, which torment they bore without complaint and with eyes raised to Heaven. Not satisfied with this, Alexander condemned them to have their heads struck off, lest their executioners, wearying of the task of torture, should imitate them and be converted, too. The illustrious martyrs of Christ were led forth to the place of execution, rejoicing to run the path that leads surely to perfection. With uplifted eyes and hands they prayed, confessing that in the past they had sat in the Shadow of Death and had offered shameful sacrifices to idols, "but Thy holy martyr has revealed to us Thy beauty, O Lord of Heaven and Earth, Creator of the world and all that is therein, at Whose terrible and glorious name the abysses are afraid and the mountains and hills tremble. Lord Jesus Christ, the hope of those that cry to Thee, Saviour of them that trust in Thee, from the height of Heaven look down on us, pity our misery, stretch forth the Arms of Thy Mercy and lay not to our charge the crimes we committed when we groaned in the darkness of ignorance and error."

Then they made the Sign of the Cross on their foreheads and all together offered their heads to the sword. They quitted this world with great joy, at the fifth hour of the 17th day of November, and they sleep in Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom be honour and glory through the ages. Amen.

The Emperor Alexander, having heard that the eight holy martyrs had died with great joy, was sorry, regretting that he had not

had them longer tortured. Next day, as he sat on the judgment seat, he said: "Let them bring in the wicked Martina, that witch; and we will see if she will persevere in her sorcery." And when she entered he asked her: "Wilt thou obey me now and sacrifice to the gods by whom the universe exists? Or dost thou still choose the magic of thy Christ?"

Martina answered by calling him "most savage of all wild beasts," and by asking if he did not blush to be conquered by a woman. "For, know," said she, "that you will never bring me to sacrifice to your idols. If you have prepared any new tortures, strike, I am ready. In GOD alone, in His Christ, in the love of the Holy Ghost I place all my confidence and I am sure that none of the torments you can inflict upon me can destroy me, for GOD will give me strength to bear them."

The enraged Emperor ordered her to be stript of her garments and her body to be cut with razors; and the executioners hastened to obey. Then the holy martyr appeared all shining white as snow, with a brilliance that dazzled the spectator's eyes. From her wounds flowed milk instead of blood, and her mouth became a vase of perfume, from whence issued sweetest odours. Throughout her horrible tortures she prayed: "I cried unto the Lord and He aided me in my struggles and my suffering. Hearken to my praises, O my GOD, let the voice of my groaning reach unto Thine ears; for Thy grace will save me. I have called upon Thee, O my GOD, in the midst of my tribulations and Thou wilt scatter my enemies." She asked that as the sacrifice of Abraham was accepted, so might her struggle be blessed, that those monsters of Satan surrounding her might know that it was GOD Himself Who, in answer to her prayers had reduced Apollo to powder, covered that enemy of the truth, Alexander, with confusion and surrounded her with the terrible shining of His own light.

The Emperor was beside himself with rage and showed open signs of uneasiness, as he asked if she supposed she could conquer and sorcery, and how was it to be supposed that he would brig them that it was his father, Satan, who was the prince of incantations and sorcery, and how was it to be supposed that he would bring them to her aid, who scorned and despised and never used them? Her GOD and Saviour, she said, had forbidden such impious tricks and condemned their authors to everlasting punishment. "As for thee, O Emperor," she added, "thou deservest still more terrible chastisements, for thou knowest well that it is not by incantations and sorcery that I triumph, as thou feignest, but by the might of the Name of Jesus Christ alone."

Then the Emperor made them tie her up and beat her; but the

Saint, with joyful countenance, made many signs of the Cross and behind their rampart she prayed: "I sigh but for Thee, O my GOD, and for the Glory of Thy Divinity, which maketh me strong. I have given my body to the scourgers and my flesh to the tormentors. Haste Thee, O Lord, to mine aid, yea, hasten in Thy mercy and send from Thy Holy dwelling place strength for her who suffers for Thee."

While thus she prayed seven centurions had taken turns in beating her. When the eighth was sent for the seven first fell faint upon the ground, crying out: "We implore thee, O Emperor, deliver us from this torment. For the angels of the Lord give us back with iron rods the blows we inflict upon Martina. Our nerves are torn, we suffer to the marrow of our bones, our flesh burns as in a furnace. Deliver us, we beseech thee, from this girl."

So far from relenting, the Emperor ordered them to beat her more violently still. But the Saint, making light of her long agony, addressed the Emperor, calling him, "Unjust and guilty tyrant, enemy of GOD and Heaven, a fool who had chosen his part with fools and given himself to Apollo." She declared to him that the GOD that created all things and was jealous of His Glory had come to her aid and that it was His angels that strengthened her. She conjured him to confess that GOD, for "behold," she said, "the twelve centurions you sent against me to kill me are wearied out, while I, by the power of Christ Who fights at my side and prolongs my existence, do not feel their blows, and it is impossible for any one to injure me. He is all my hope, for beyond the tomb He gives life to those that have courage to confess His Name."

Meanwhile, a certain Eumenius, a very wealthy man and a relation of the Emperor, said to him that it was "quite plain it was not merely to assert the glory of the Christians and the Crucified that that wicked woman endures these tortures, but she is full of foolish tricks and hopes to dazzle everyone by her magic words, frustrate all our efforts and escape from torture. Let her be taken back to prison until tomorrow, and order her to be smeared over with the fat of victims, that the brilliancy of her beauty may be obscured.'

The Emperor hearkened to these counsels. But while the gaolers were taking Martina to her cell, she cried out before all the crowd: "Peace be to all that call upon the Name of Christ! I walk this path in the peace of Jesus Christ." And she joyously crossed the threshold of the prison glorifying the Lord and saying: "Keep me, O GOD, as the apple of Thine eye and cover me with the Shadow of Thy Wings. I give thanks to the power of Thy Holy Name, O Jesus Christ. I entreat Thee by Thy Goodness and Thy Justice to defend me from the impious and cruel Alexander, who

scorns Thy Mercy. Nine centurions have died in torment; others, wearied out, have been unable to beat me longer, and those who succeeded them could not prevail over my courage."

Thus, throughout the whole night, she sang hymns of thanksgiving and a multitude of voices were heard mingling with hers and glorifying the Lord with her.

The next day, as soon as it was light, the Emperor sent the tribune Limenius to the prison with orders to bring out the Saint, but first to smear her with the fat of victims. Limenius immediately going out from the imperial palace, directed his steps towards the cell, when suddenly he smelt the odour of a most delicious perfume. He was saturated, as it were, with its sweetness, and he said to those with him: "Do you also smell a very strong perfume?" Now a great crowd was with him. Some answered: "It is doubtless the Christians preparing aromatic spices for their beloved Martina." Others said: "Some gracious deity has appeared to her." But the nearer they approached the more they were penetrated by the odor. Limenius opened the first door and perceived a great light. He entered the nearest cell (for there were many in that prison), and immediately a flash of lightning dazzled him. Those that followed him were terrified and he himself, seized with fear, fell with his face to the ground. He got up again hastily and entered a third cell, where he saw the Blessed Martina seated on a throne while all around her was a host of men so shining that he could not endure their brightness. All were clothed in white; and Martina held a golden tablet, from which she read these words: "How marvelous are Thy works, O Lord! Thou hast done all things wisely."

Terrified, Limenius went out and returned to the palace to tell the Emperor the marvels of the GOD of Martina. But all who were in the palace, Alexander himself, the idol priests and the orators cried out: "She has seduced him with enchantments. Let us no longer endure this Virgin; let her be delivered to the beasts, that she may learn it is better to sacrifice to the gods than to hope in this Crucified and to put her trust in Him."

And the Emperor ordered her to be taken to Diana's temple, where they would again invite her to sacrifice, and if she refused she would be condemned to the wild beasts. Limenius then went back to the prison accompanied by two of the principal idol priests and a numerous crowd. They found the Saint still sitting on her throne, the same men in white surrounding her. The sight froze them with terror. And Blessed Martina said: "I have run in the way of Thy commandments; teach me Thy Holy Will that I may know the wonders of Thy Power. Deliver me from the torments that men inflict upon me, and I shall keep Thy Law; behold, cruel

dogs surround me ready to devour Thy sheep. But Thou, O my GOD, listen to the prayers of Thy humble servant and grant that they may not succeed in their plans. Blind the eyes of these impious ones and harden their hearts; take me by the hand and lead me, Thou that didst deliver the Three Children from the furnace."

At these words the hired assassins gained courage to tear her from her throne, and of the many hundred men who formed her escort, not one opposed them. She was haled ignominiously out of the prison and taken to the Temple of Diana. The Emperor, seeing in her face more cheerfulness than ever, and in her whole bearing the pride of the most invincible soldier, said to her: "Are you punished enough and at length converted to sacrifice to the benevolent gods? or do you, as I fancy I can see, still persevere in your guilty obstinacy?" "Emperor," replied Martina, "my conversion is complete; you will never persuade me to take part in your sacrifices. I am done with the vanity, the impiety and the miserable seductions of the world. GOD commands; I obey Him. Yes. it is to my interest to be on the Lord's side, to put my trust in Him Who cares for me and will never let me want for anything; for He is my GOD—the GOD Almighty. You want to gain me over; but your words are like arrows shot in the dark, they will never reach one that walks in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. For I have the divine grace with me, enlightening the eyes of my heart. . . . I have crossed the ocean of this world; Christ, my only Hope, stretches forth His Hand to hold me firm amidst the storm of your rage. I behold Him now, waiting to crown me after clothing me with the armour of Justice, by means of which I am able to resist the wiles of your father, the Devil."

She spoke, and the Emperor, in a great rage, answered her: "You shall not die, Martina. Enter the temple and sacrifice to Diana. The pure and mighty gods desire your beauty."

"Yes," answered the martyr, "let me, O Emperor, enter the temple of this blind and senseless idol."

"Enter," said Alexander. "Hasten to sacrifice that you may not perish in the jaws of the wild beasts."

"By the help of GOD Who upholds my courage and at your command, I enter," she said.

But the demon concealed in the idol of Diana knew that the Saint had come to dethrone him, and he cried with a loud voice: "Woe is me! Where shall I fly to escape Thee, O GOD of Heaven?"

As the Saint entered she made the sign of the Cross upon herself, and looking upon the idol, she said to the Emperor: "Behold, O Emperor, the goddess to whom you desire to convert me; her eyes are blind, her ears are deaf, her hands are lifeless, her feet

walk not; she is but a painted image. Well, I will sacrifice to her."

At these words the Emperor was transported with joy, not seeing that she mocked him, and he cried out: "Praise the gods! She obeys me at last!"

And the Saint, approaching the idol, said: "I command you, who inhabit this lifeless idol and seduce the fools that sacrifice to it, depart!"

Then, addressing GOD, she prayed: "Eternal King, Lord of all, Who sittest upon the invisible Throne of Glory, Who supportest the vault of heaven, Who hast laid the foundations of the earth and created the Devil, Thou Who didst crush the dragon's head and cast his infernal legions down to the bottomless pit, Thou, our Saviour, who bringest us into a safe haven, Thou Who has destroyed the empire of the Devil and Whom the multitudes of angels worship with holy fear, GOD, Who in Thy wisdom has sown the vault of heaven thick with stars, Who leadest the sun through space and orderest the march of the moon, Who hast revealed to men Thine eternal Will and Thy holy Law, Thou, the true Light—I worship Thee with holy fear. Ah, I implore Thee, O my GOD, never to abandon me, to hear my prayer, to put a check upon the abominations of Satan's servants. Throw down this idol of man's making and teach this wicked Alexander that Thou alone art the true GOD, Who overthrowest the dwellers in idols and hast slain their priests. For Thou art blessed for ever. Amen."

And suddenly, behold, it thundered and lightened, fire fell from heaven which consumed the idol priests, many of the people perished, the right side of the Emperor's mantle was burnt and the statue of Diana was reduced to ashes. And the Blessed One said: "Glory to GOD in the highest Heaven and on earth, peace to men of goodwill—that peace which the Lord gives to those that love Him and call upon His name!"

The Emperor, exasperated, still refused to see in these marvels the power of the Invisible GOD. He delivered Martina to the governor, Justin, saying: "Take this worthless woman, bind her, stretch her on the rack, tear her flesh until she dies. For I can do no more; I am at the end of my resources; I will not see her again."

The governor led Martina to the gate of the Pretorium; and he went and sat on the seat of judgment and Martina was brought before him. She entered mocking at him. Then he said: "You mock at me, ungrateful woman, and I allow you still to live! I swear by the sun's splendour that I will throw your flesh to the dogs if you do not sacrifice to the gods. We shall see then how your Christ will console you!"

"Wretch," answered Martina. "Am I not right to laugh at the powerlessness of your Emperor, conquered by a woman invoking the Name of Christ, and who yet gives me up to your rage?"

"He is master," replied the governor. "He has power to condemn you, and his orders are that I am to make you sacrifice or kill you by torture."

"Well," replied Martina, "I shall not sacrifice. Torture me as much as you please."

The governor ordered her to be tied to a stake and her flesh torn with swords and iron nails. And during the cruel torment Martina said: "O Cross of Jesus Christ, help me, in you I trust." This lasted until Justin thought her at the point of death and ordered the executioner to stop. She was still tied to the stake, and the governor questioned her, saying: "Martina, will you sacrifice and escape new tortues? Or will you persevere in the faith of your Christ?"

"Christ strengthens me," answered the Saint. "I will not sacrifice to your abominable divinities. I do not feel the torments you inflict, for the Lord Jesus Christ has pity on me."

The governor, furious at not being able to vanquish her after torture so prolonged, had her untied. Her body was so mangled that they saw she could not walk, and the governor ordered a litter and that she should be carried back to prison. But, behold she drew her own garments around her, gathered up her hair and, pushing back her executioners, hastened back to her dungeon. The governor got up on horseback and followed her. He found Martina seated on a magnificent throne, her face shining like the sun, while she sang psalms and glorified the Lord, and a great light filled her prison. He went out grievously vexed, shut the door carefully, sealing the lock and committed the care of Martina to a hundred soldiers; then he sought the Emperor. He found Alexander at table, who was much astonished to see him and said: "What are you doing at this hour?"

"I have executed your Majesty's orders," said the governor. "The ungrateful Martina has been tortured—ever since the morning I have been torturing her, as you may see by my garments—and not only is she not dead, but she did not feel any pain. Her body was but one big wound and I thought she must die every moment, when suddenly she got up and ran to the prison. But I have executed your orders. It is for you to decide her fate."

Alexander said: "It is evident she puts all her confidence in sorcery. Let her be thrown to the wild beasts and she must perish."

Justin did not answer. The next day he sent executioners to the prison with orders to bring Martina; and again he laid the choice

before her—to sacrifice or to be thrown to the beasts. But the Saint recounted the marvels which, by the power of GOD, had been performed by her—how that the statue of Apollo had been crushed to powder and the statue of Diana burnt to ashes. "And still," she said, "you misinterpret the wonders of GOD'S Arm and persist in your blindness?"

At this Justin became enraged and cried out that they should get the beasts ready while he went to the palace to beg the Emperor himself to come to the amphitheatre. This he did, and both together ordered the Saint to be thrown among the wild beasts. Then Martina said: "Now, attend. I am about to offer my sacrifice."

Now there was a lion of matchless ferocity, who every day eat forty pounds of meat besides much bread, and for three days they had kept him without food; for they meant to set him upon Martina.

The Emperor sat upon the highest step of the amphitheatre, and he was sad. At his command the Saint appeared in the arena, and immediately a great noise was heard in the air; and the crowd were terrified. Then the Emperor said to Martina: "Have confidence in me as in a father; only do what I require of you. I love you. I swear to you, by my gods, you can appease my wrath if you will. You shall be mistress of my palace. I will proclaim you Empress. You need not sacrifice; only, to satisfy the people, say one word, for he is great, the god Jupiter. Speak, then, to avert from above your head the avenging arm of the god; obey, and you shall live and share with me the burden of empire."

But the martyr, raising her eyes to heaven and stretching forth her hands, prayed: "O Lord Jesus Christ, Light of my soul, unwearied Guide of Thy handmaiden, Sun of Justice, Eternal King, Who sittest upon an immortal throne, Thou that hast taught us to know Thee and Who givest a crown to Thy Saints, suffer me not to fail in the fight!"

Then addressing the Emperor: "You are mistaken," she said. "You think to affright me by showing me death. But know that I think it sweeter to be devoured by wild beasts and to go to join Christ, with Whom I shall be blessed for ever, than to yield to your wicked entreaties, and afterward to be devoured by the eternal flames of hell."

So the Emperor gave orders to let out the lion, who was roaring terribly in his cage. The keeper who fed him every day opened the door, and the lion rushed roaring upon the Saint. He stopped suddenly at some paces from her and began to show signs of joy at seeing her, shaking his head as if sympathizing with her pain and seeming to try and reassure her; then at one bound he reached her and began to lick her feet. At this Martina cried out: "How admir-

able is Thy power, O GOD! I see about me an army of shining angels glorifying Thee, taming the fury of the wild beasts and hindering them from devouring me in order to try and convince Alexander. For it is to open the eyes of Thine enemies and show to all the nothingness of this world's glory and power that Thou dost soften the wild nature of these animals. Let me not contract uncleanness, sustain my courage in this cruel struggle, and of Thy mercy keep me safe and sound, O my GOD."

"How does it come about," asked Alexander, "that the lion cast himself at your feet?"

"Seek truth in earnest," the Virgin said. "Love Christ." And she went over again the wonders that GOD had wrought for, and by, her and adjured him once more to repent and confess the GOD of all the earth. But as he watched the lion fondling her, he urged her again to confess Jupiter who, he said, was helping her.

"Then why," said the Saint, "did he not aid Apollo and the goddess Artemisia? It is the power of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the prayers of the victim you are persecuting, that have brought about the fall of your idols."

The Emperor gave the order to put back the lion in his cage; his keeper gave the usual signal and immediately the lion sprang erect, threw himself upon Eumenius, a relation of the Emperor, and killed him. At this sight the people cried aloud: "Spare, O Emperor, spare her whom GOD defends and wild beasts hold in awe!"

But Alexander remained deaf to their cries and said to Martina: "Confess that Jupiter is God and I will send you away."

The Virgin answered: "I confess that Christ is GOD. This Jupiter you speak of is nothing but a bronze statue, and if I were to pray to the Lord he, too, would fall, as did Apollo. I remember that Christ said, speaking by the mouth of the Apostle, 'The law is, and by reason of the law sin aboundeth, but where sin aboundeth grace doth much more abound.' So where the law of the Emperor is I perceive the same thing. The prophets and the apostles preached the law of Jesus Christ, and in you sin superabounds; but where your iniquities abound without number the grace of Christ superabounds, and it will destroy the abominable worship of your idols, convert the peoples and bring them out of the way of perdition."

The Emperor ordered that she should be taken back to prison and she went, repeating these words: "I love Thy tabernacles, O my GOD; my soul sighs after Thee. I love Thee, O my GOD, Who livest, world without end. Deliver me from the snares about my feet, protect me from deceitful and wicked men. Teach me Thy Commandments; have pity upon me, according to the multitude of

Thy great mercies." And she entered her dungeon glorifying the Lord, where the Saints came to sing with her over her victories; and they spent the night in gladness of heart celebrating together the goodness of Jesus Christ.

Two days later, as the Emperor was going to the temple of the gods whom he worshipped, he sent for Martina. She came, shining like the sun. Alexander said to her: "Confess that Jupiter is God."

"I confess," replied the Saint, "that he is an infamous idol. Do with me what you will you will never win me over; for my Lord Jesus Christ is with me."

Then he had her tied to a pillar and torn with iron nails. And she said: "I rejoice, O Lord, to obey Thy will; I tremble with delight to behold the works of Thy Hands. Thou hast shown forth Thy wonders to Thy servant; Thy Justice is eternal, Thy Judgments are a torch that is never extinguished."

As the torture grew severe the people cried out: "Confess, Martina, that Jupiter is god, and you shall be delivered."

"I am a Christian," Martina said, "and I confess Christ," and she continued to praise the Lord.

But behold all the executioners are seized with violent pains that pierce the marrow of their bones, and they entreat the Emperor to allow them to stop. In his rage he orders the Saint to be burnt on a brazier. So they light a big fire, and, praying still, the Saint is thrown upon it; and the rain falls, and the wind blows and carries away the brazier and scatters the fire, which destroys many of the spectators.

Then the incredulous and blinded Emperor, still attributing the miracles of divine power to sorcery, orders Martina's head to be shaved. "For," said he, "it is in her hair that her powers of magic lie, and as long as she has that she will be victorious."

So they cut off her hair; and the Emperor said: "What will you do now, poor Martina? I have defeated your magic."

The Saint answered: "It is written in an epistle of St. Paul that a woman's hair is her glory and her ornament, and you dare to abuse me by taking away the glory that GOD gave to His creature? Well, you will see the Almighty take from you your power. GOD'S Glory will be your ruin, and you will die a shameful death of agony."

Then Alexander had her taken to the temple of Jupiter and there shut up. He affixed his seal to all the doors and went back to his palace. The Blessed One devoted herself to glorifying GOD in her new prison. Every day Alexander and the idol-priests went to the temple, but they did not dare to go in, for they heard the

sound of a multitude of angels; and the Emperor said: "Great Jupiter has assembled all the other gods to convince Martina."

On the third day there was to be a sacrifice of oxen and the usual profession of faith in honour of the false gods. The pagans arrived in crowds; and on opening the temple doors they saw the Blessed One seated on a throne, surrounded by a choir of angels, swinging censers filled with exquisite perfumes; and the idol of Jupiter lay on the ground reduced to powder.

Stupefied at the sight, the Emperor said: "Where is the god Jupiter?" The Saint answered: "Christ has delivered him to the angels of Hell, who broke him to pieces as they did Apollo. And you, who are dragging the imperial purple in the mud, the Lord will cast you also from your throne."

At these words the Emperor ordered her to be taken beneath the walls of the city and beheaded. Then the Saint was filled with joy at being about to leave this world of pain and suffering at last; and she began to rehearse all the wonders GOD had wrought for her and for the men of old, and how the Saviour Himself had been hungry and had suffered the torture of the Cross, and how He had descended into Hell and conquered immortality to rescue us from the horror of death. She entreated Him to receive her into the number of His faithful servants—that He would crown her combats, open the doors of Heaven to her and that, "clothed in the purple of martyrs," she might leave this world of temptation. "I am all sin and misery," she said, "but I trust to be found free from stain at the tribunal of Thy mercy; for I have suffered, and am about to die, for defending Thy Holy Law and confessing the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, to Whom be glory and power for ever and ever. Amen."

Then to the executioners she said: "Carry out your orders." And immediately they cut off her head; and a Voice from Heaven was heard saying: "Martina, you fought for Me. Come and receive your reward. Today you shall be with Me in Paradise. Come and sing the hymn of joy with your fathers."

And at these words the executioners fell upon their faces and died.

The bishop Rhytorious and his clergy came and carried off the body of the Saint with holy songs, and they laid it in an alabaster tomb in a beautiful garden. But some say that she lay unburied for several days at the place of execution, with an eagle mounting guard at her head and at her feet; and that the bishop (who with his flock lay hidden in the catacombs), hearing of it, came himself to seek her body; and the Christians seeing it were consoled for the rigours of the persecution.

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EN ROUTE AND CHURCH MUSIC.*

ONE of the sternest clauses in the world-famous Decree on Church Music, which the present Holy Father issued on St. Cecilia's Day, in November, 1903, is that which describes the compositions of those whom all music lovers hold and cherish as masters, as entirely unsuitable for the liturgical service of the Church. In his "Instruction," Pius X has commanded that the ancient traditional Gregorian Chant must be everywhere restored to all public functions; the office which sacred music should fill in the Church—his words tell us—is to form an integral part with the solemn liturgy, and consequently it should contribute to the splendour and the beauty of ecclesiastical ceremonies, and should clothe with a suitable melody the liturgical text, so that through it as a channel the faithful way be the more easily moved to devotion, and better disposed for the reception of the graces which flow from the celebration of the Divine Mysteries. With this principle in mind, the Pope decides, that, since modern music has risen up mainly for profane ends, great care must be taken with regard to it, in order that the musical compositions of modern style which are admitted into the Church may contain nothing profane, be free from reminiscences of motifs adopted in the theatres, and be not fashioned even in their external forms after the manner of profane pieces.

To one familiar with the daring license which many of the best composers have taken, not only with the text but even with the meaning of the words of the different parts of the Mass and other public services, the outlook—as shown in the catalogues of approved Church music, published recently in many dioceses, is not a very favorable one to the great modern composers themselves, and in the light of this widespread reaction to bring about such a momentous reform in the music of the Church, nothing, perhaps, would be more interesting and, indeed, more instructive than to ascertain for a certainty just what were the influences which impelled Pius X to institute this worthy change in the most difficult part of ecclesiastical services. Some would connect the name of Cardinal Sarto with the famous Congress of Arezzo, which was held in 1881, and which at the time so thoroughly aroused the displeasure of the Sacred Congregation of Rites; while others trace the more important of these influences outside the sphere of liturgy and pretend to read them in the pages of the multitudious literature that was written on the subject of Gregorian melody towards the last ten years of Pope

*"En Route," by Joris-Karl Huysmans, translated from the French by C. Kegan Paul, London, 1896; second edition.

Leo's life. There is no doubt much truth in this second conjecture, for the literature on plain chant has sprung up from all quarters of the world, and in the past twenty-five years alone has grown into libraries. Among the many books treating with this ever-attractive subject, few have the charm for the Catholic mind that M. Huysman's "En Route" has. It is an exceedingly interesting work, a novel whose intrinsic merit cannot be too highly appreciated, nor its valuable criticisms too broadly accepted. Written by a Frenchman, a convert to the True Faith from the basest sort of infidelity and freemasonry, it portrays in nine remarkable chapters the story of the opinions, the spiritual difficulties and the moral temptations of a French *litterateur,* who has been led little by little to the door of the Church through his love of art, of mysticism and of Church music.

Harry Thurston Peck, in his admirable appreciation of M. Huysmans—in a little essay, "The Evolution of a Mystic"—speaks of "En Route" as the greatest novel of its day and as one of the most important, because it is one of the characteristic books of the closing years of the century now past. M. Huysmans, its author, is a Parisian of Flemish descent, and was born during the days of the Republic, in 1848. Until the publication of "En Route" he was considered a devotee of that crass naturalism in literature whose leading spirit centered in Emile Zola. The first six noteworthy novels that came from M. Huysmans' pen are bound together into a psychological development, presenting through the life of the single hero, Durtal, every stage of a moral degradation into the basest vices of sensualism, spiritualism and satanism, and a return through Faith to Christian asceticism. "En Route" is the vestibule of this reformation, and the series grows in importance to the reader because Huysmans, who had been a follower of satanism, became a Catholic shortly before its publication. Many of his critics, indeed, would fain see beneath the guise of the hero a delineation of the author's own moral and intellectual struggle. But the English translator of "En Route," the late Mr. C. Kegan Paul, a convert to Catholicism, declares emphatically that it would be intrusive and even impertinent to consider M. Huysmans' work as an analysis of himself or a description of his own conversion. Yet, he does not deny its possibility.

"En Route," is the third novel of the series in which Durtal figures as the hero. "With the first, 'A rebours,' which appeared in 1885," says Peck in "The Personal Equation," "this Flemish Frenchman reached a sort of morbid climax both in subject and in treatment, and because of this Herr Nordau chose him as embodying the quintessence of moral and literary degeneracy. Yet it seemed to many at the time of its appearance that in 'A rebours' there was to

be detected a new and striking note—an indication of new currents of tendency, a drift away from merely physical analysis, a reaching out towards something which, if not ethically higher, was, at any rate, more subtle and more psychologically interesting. The later works of M. Huysmans have made it plain that this assumption was a true one; and since 'La Bas,' the second of the novels, has been succeeded by this latest work, 'En Route,' the true significance of the change is very clear. Taking these three novels together, one may rightly view them as embodying a single purpose—a purpose of which perhaps and probably the writer was himself not always fully conscious, but which, as his task proceeded, fully seized upon his intellect, and was, no doubt, developed with the simultaneous development of his own experience." The keen psychological analysis of the novels which follows these words, quoted from the American critic, gives us a picture of a soul's degeneracy too fearful, too appalling to dwell upon. Our purpose, moreover, is not to bring into light so much the struggles of the passionate nature of the hero as merely to catalogue the more important of the wonderful critiques on Church Music, which cover almost every page of "En Route." To the Catholic mind and the Catholic heart there is nothing but sorrow in the representation of a soul so sated with the pleasures of the flesh, so diseasedly sensual that it is at once most hideous and revolting; of a man whose nature turns at last from the nauseating sordidness of his own life, not into right living at first, but into a sort of mystical frenzy that carries his perverse heart into the grossest sacrileges of satanism and devil-worship, that finds him "present at a black mass, where blasphemy supplants the Litany, where prayer is mocked by cursing and where images of the devil and his angels take the place of God and the Saints." Like the blessed sunshine after the storm, however, the first rays of God's sun of Hope pierce the darkened clouds gathered about the heart of Durtal, and he is presented to us in the opening pages of "En Route" "as already weaned, in spirit at least, from the life he has led so long and as one who has accepted in the fullest sense the faith of the Catholic Church." Mr. Peck describes him as led on at the start by curiosity alone, until his mind and his imagination alike were seized and held fast by the artistic side of the Roman ritual. Setting himself to learn the inner history of the Church, the lives of the Saints and the story of the passionate devotion which those lives have illustrated, he steeped himself in the spirit of the Middle Ages and sought out those sanctuaries where that spirit still finds its manifestations apart from the sordidness of modern life. The stately Gregorian music, the child-like yet affecting forms of mediaeval art, the ancient churches, whose chapels are dimmed by

the smoke of innumerable censers and impregnated with the odor of extinguished tapers and of burning incense, excited in him indescribable emotions. It is a wonderful, an interesting, biography of a man whose moral failings have made him a wanderer through every stage of despair to be led to return to the True Fold only along the pathways of his love of Catholic art and his ardent admiration for the ancient music of the Church. Its pages are filled with essays—sometimes, indeed, to the point of tediousness—on Church Architecture, the Monastic Orders, Hagiography and Mysticism, and, on what is of eminent importance at the present day, on the music found in our churches now as contrasted with the magnificence and sublimity of the pure Gregorian Chant. If I might beg the reader's indulgence for a last quotation—the closing words of Mr. Peck's enthusiastic study of Huysmans—I shall feel that the aversion which a mere hinting at the sad side of Durtal's life may have engendered in the hearts of some will be overcome by the friendly words of one who, though a non-Catholic, appreciates the beauties and, let us hope, the divine origin and perpetuity of the Catholic Church. "To those of us who are Protestants," he says, "the book is full of deep instruction in revealing with startling force the secret of the power of that wonderful religious organization which has made provision for the needs of every human soul, whether it requires for its comfort active service or the mystical life of contemplation. We see how every want is understood and how for every spiritual problem an answer is provided; how the experience of twenty centuries has been stored up and recorded, and how all that man has ever known is known to those who guide and perpetuate this mighty system. And in these days, when doctors of divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith, and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age, that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the severe and lofty accents of divine authority." Let us take a glance at some of these criticisms which M. Huysmans puts on the lips of Durtal.

In the opening scene of Durtal's life, after his conversion to the Catholic Faith, we find him entering the Church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, at eight o'clock on a quiet evening during the first week of November. The sermon was in progress and preparations were being made around him for the chanting of the Office for the Dead. He liked St. Sulpice, because it possessed a choir excellently trained in the old Gregorian music, which was fast dying out in the churches of Paris. The sermon was soon over, and the silence that followed

was broken by a gentle prelude from the organ, that fell lower and lower as though merely to accompany the voices. Suddenly,

> " . . . . a slow and mournful chant arose, the 'De Profundis.' Resting on the low accompaniment of the organ, aided by basses so hollow that they seemed to have descended into themselves, the voices sprang out chanting the verse, 'De profundis ad te clamavi, Do—,' and then stopped in fatigue, letting the last syllables, 'mine,' fall like a heavy tear; then the voices of children, near breaking, took up the second verse of the psalm, 'Domine exandi vocem mearn,' and the second half of the last word again remained in suspense, but instead of separating and falling to the ground, there to be crushed out like a drop, it seemed to gather itself together with a supreme effort and fling to Heaven the anguished cry of the disincarnate soul, cast naked and in tears before God. . . . . At the end of the psalm, when the responses of the antiphon came—'Et lux perpetua luceat eis'—the children's voices broke into a sad, silken cry, a sharp sob, trembling on the word *eis,* which remained suspended in the void. The children's voices stretched to breaking, the clear, sharp voices threw into the darkness of the chant some whiteness of the dawn, joining their pure, soft sounds to the resonant tones of the basses, piercing as with a jet of living silver the sombre cataract of the deeper singers; they sharpened the wailing, strengthened and embittered the burning salt of tears, but they insinuated also a sort of protecting caress, balsamic freshness and lustral help; they lighted in the darkness those brief gleams which tinkle in the 'Angelus' at dawn of day; they called up, anticipating the prophecies of the text, the compassionate image of the Virgin, passing, in the pale light of their tones, into the darkness of that sequence. . . . . The 'De Profundis' so chanted was incomparably beautiful. That sublime prayer ending in sobs, at the moment when the soul of the voices was about to overpass human limits, gave a wrench to Durtal's nerves and made his heart beat."

Almost at a bound Huysmans forces the conviction upon us that he possesses a soul as subdued, as musical and as sympathetic as a deep-toned bell; there is something so unmistakably poetical in his exquisite descriptions, in his words that fairly breathe of life and motion, that we can imagine him only as a man who, having passed through the crucible of intense mental anguish, is ceaselessly brooding in spiritual realms of thought and fancy; whose delicately

attuned ears are ever listening to far-off chiming church bells, so celestial in their tone that they keep compelling from his heart surge on surge of tears down cheeks of trembling joy, and as one who—no matter what the past has been—has arrived at that happy place where the gleam of the soothing light of Heaven is continually shining in his eyes, and, dazzling his sight to things of earth, is uplifting his soul in thought to the Throne of the Eternal Good. One regrets, however, that the artistic proportion of his work is blurred with a fatal prejudice that seems remarkable in a man of so broad a cast of mind, against the polyphonic music of the Palestrinian School and against what he calls the human, earthly music of modern composers. What seemed to him superior to the most vaunted works of theatrical or worldly music, he tells us,

> " . . . . was the old Plain Chant, that even and naked melody, at once ethereal and of the tomb; those grandiose hymns of human faith—the solemn cry of sadness and lofty shout of joy—which seem to well up in the cathedrals like irresistible geysers at the very foot of the Romanesque columns. What music, however ample, sorrowful or tender, is worth the 'De Profundis' chanted in unison, the solemnity of the 'Magnificat,' the splendid warmth of the 'Lauda Sion,' the enthusiasm of the 'Salve Regina,' the sorrow of the 'Miserere' and the 'Stabat Mater' and the majestic omnipotence of the 'Te Deum'? Artists of genius have set themselves to translate the sacred texts—Vittoria, Jorquin re Preè, Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, Handel, Bach and Haydn have written wonderful pages. Often, indeed, they have been uplifted by the mystic effluence—the very emanation of the Middle Ages, forever lost; and yet their works have retained a certain pomp, and in spite of all are pretentious, as opposed to the humble magnificence, the sober splendour, of the Gregorian Chant. With them the whole thing came to an end for composers no longer believed."

Many of the lovers of Plain Chant, for which M. Huysmans is so enthusiastic, would hardly concur with him in this bias of judgment on the polyphony of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; something so heavenly seems to linger about such harmonized Gregorian melodies as the "Improperia," "Populo meus" and the "Missa pro Papa Marcelli secundi" of the Prince of Church Music that to eliminate them from the services of the Church would be undoubtedly unjust. Palestrina was the height of his genius when he wrote these beautiful compositions, and one never tires of hearing the story so oft repeated of how when Pope Marcellus II first heard

the Mass in his honor he was so overcome by the sublime magnificence of the work that he declared it had taken one John in his apocalypse to describe to us the music of Heaven, but another John (meaning Palestrina, whose first name was Giovanni) to bring that music to our ears; and certainly one who has listened to the chanters on Good Friday as they almost whisper the words of the "Popule meus" has felt the very air of the darkened church or cathedral murmur of the awful sacrifice of Calvary. We are compelled, nevertheless, to agree with Huysmans, that the motive underlying the compositions of modern musical geniuses is not the glory of God, but, rather, the determination to exhibit their own skill and to perpetuate their own names and fame. In the liturgical chant, however,

> "created almost always anonymously in the depth of the cloisters, was an extra-terrestrial well without taint of sin or trace of art. It was an uprising of souls already freed from the slavery of the flesh, an explosion of elevated tenderness and pure joy, the idiom of the Church and a musical gospel appealing like the Gospel itself at once to the most refined and the most humble. . . . . Born of the Church and brought up by her in the choir-schools of the Middle Ages, Plain Chant is the aerial and mobile paraphrase of the immovable structure of the Cathedrals; it is the immaterial and fluid interpretation of the canvases of the Early Painters; it is a winged translation, but also the strict and unbending stole of those Latin sequences which the monks built up or hewed out in the cloisters in the far-off olden time.
>
> "Now it is changed and disconnected, foolishly overwhelmed by the crash of organs, and is chanted, God knows how!"

Lost in these reflections, Durtal is unconscious that the services have been progressing, until the first sad chords of that despairing hymn of the Middle Ages, the "Dies Irae," burst forth from the organ. Instinctively he bowed his head and listened.

> "This was no more as in the 'De Profundis,' an humble supplication, a suffering which believes it has been heard and discerns a path of light to guide it in the darkness, no longer the prayer which has hope enough not to tremble, but it was the cry of absolute desolation and of terror. And, indeed, the divine wrath breathed tempestuously through these stanzas. In this chant it asserted itself still more savagely, for it threatened to strike the waters and break in pieces the mountains, and to rend asunder the depths of

Heaven by thunder-bolts. And the earth, alarmed, cried out in fear,

"'Mors stupebit et natura,
Cura resurgit creatura,
Judicanti responsura.'

"A crystalline voice, a clear child's voice, proclaimed in the nave the tidings of these cataclysms; and after this the choir chanted new strophes, wherein the implacable judge came with shattering blare of trumpet, to purify by fire the rottenness of the world! Then, in its turn, a bass, deep as a vault, as though issuing from the crypt, accentuated the horror of the prophecies, made these threats more overwhelming; and after a short strain by the choir, an alto repeated them in yet more detail. As soon as the awful poem has exhausted the enumeration of chastisement and suffering, in shrill tones—the falsetto of a little boy—the name of Jesus went by, and a light broke in on the thunder-cloud, the panting universe cried for pardon, pleading with Him for absolution, as formerly He had spared the penitent thief and the Magdalen. But in the same despairing and headstrong melody the tempest raged again, drowned with its waves the half-seen shores of Heaven; and the solos continued, interrupted by the recurrent weeping of the choir, giving with the diversity of voices a body to the special conditions of shame, the particular states of fear, the different ages of tears. At last, when still mixed and blended, these voices had borne away on the great waters of the organ all the wreckage of human sorrows, all the buoys of prayers and tears, they fell exhausted, paralyzed with terror, wailing and sighing like a child who hides its face, stammering, 'Dona eis requiem,' 'dona eis requiem,' they ended, worn out, in an Amen so plaintive that it died away in a breath above the sobbnig of the organ."

When the solemn Office for the Dead was over and the silence of St. Sulpice brought Durtal back to himself, he felt calmer and happier than he had done for many months. A quiet joy had taken possession of his soul, and the Faith which had entered some time before was increased; and at last he believed with his whole heart. He could hardly understand his conversion; there had been no road to Damascus, no events to bring about such a tremendous crisis; nothing external had happened; but he awoke one blessed morning, and without knowing how or why he trusted in God and in His Holy

Church. Try as he would to penetrate to the innermost recesses of his soul for an answer, he could discover nothing; for the action of God had come, and, like the gentle brush of the zephyr, left no trace of its coming or going, leaving only the sensation behind. His sole pleasure now consisted in visiting the different churches of Paris, listening to the sermons of their clergy and to the music of their choirs and gaining renewed strength from the sight of so many humble and devout worshipers kneeling before the altars and the crucifixes. But, conscious in this ecstasy of mind that he was weak and liable to waiver in heart, he decided to hunt out a certain Abbé Gévrlsin, a prudent, kindly old priest, whom he had met several times at a bookseller's in Paris, and to seek help and advice from him. The Abbé was a shrewd man, one who had had experience with many different classes of human nature, and the story, as Huysmans tells it, of how carefully and how delicately he brought Durtal to the realization of the assistance he would obtain from a retreat with the Trappists is a lesson—a strong, living lesson to all who are interested in like conversions, and deserves every priest's closest study. It is impossible to repeat with any degree of conciseness the mental experiences of the man as they are portrayed by the author; and, moreover, as our motive is to keep Durtal as the critic of Church Music, we must pass over this very interesting part of the novel and take up, though not chronologically, the more important gems of criticism that escape his lips. The dash of virile, masterly rebuke that pervades the whole work against the usurpation of Gregorian melodies by modern compositions, which he savagely describes as offshoots of pert mysticism and as fonts of toilet water invented by our *bie-aime* Gounod, is wonderful from more than one point of view, because the author so successfully keeps up the interest of the reader even with these—sometimes too palpably crowed-in—essays on the Chant of the Church.

One day, when the Abbé had skilfully aroused Durtal's enthusiasm for the Benedictine Order he spoke to him of the singing of the monks and the nuns and of the efforts that the Benedictines have made in the renaissance of the old Plain Song.

> "'You have reason to like it,' said the Abbé, 'for even independently of the liturgy and of art, this chant, if I may believe Saint Justin, appeases the desires and concupiscences of the flesh—affectiones et concupiscentias carnes sedat—but, let me assure you, you only know it by hearsay; there is no longer an true chant in the churches; these you hear today are like the products of therapeutics, only more or less audacious adulterations presented to you. None of the chants which are to some respects followed by choirs, the

"Tantum Ergo," for example, are now exact, and these adulterations are still more apparent if you listen to the "Salve Regina." This is abridged more than half, is enervated and blanched; half its pauses are taken away, and it is reduced to a mere stump of ignoble music. If you ever heard this magnificent chant among the Trappists, you would weep with disgust at hearing it bawled in the churches of Paris.' . . . .

"'Yes, I know it well,' said Durtal. 'When I hear it at St. Sulpice, St. Séverin or Notre Dame des Victoires I am aware that it is sophisticated, but you must admit that it is even then superb. I do not defend the tricks, the addition of *fiorituri,* the falseness of the musical pauses, the felonious accompaniment, the concert-room tone inflicted on you at Saint Sulpice; but what can I do? In default of the original, I must be content with a more or less worthless copy; and I repeat, even executed in that fashion, the music is so admirable that I am enchanted with it.'

"'But,' said the Abbé, quietly, 'nothing obliges you to listen to the false Plain Chant when you can hear the true, for there exists in Paris a chapel where it is intact and given according to the rules of which I have spoken.'

"'Indeed; and where is that?'

"'At the Benedictine nuns of the Blessed Sacrament, in the Rue Monsieur.'

"'Had I but known this chapel earlier,' said Durtal on leaving the Abbé."

The following Sunday he set out and arrived at the little chapel before the time for Mass. It was a structure of pure Gothic architecture, situated in a little-frequented street, and was built so that the nuns could have the strictest privacy. His early arrival gave him the opportunity of seeing the nuns enter the cloister beyond the iron grating separating them from the nave of the chapel. They were followed by an old white-haired priest who was robed for Mass. A small organ, invisible and modest-toned, gave the note to the voices, and as soon as the priest had reached the altar the chant began. Durtel was transported with joy at its almost supernatural beauty; there were not thirty or forty singing, but only one, for the voices were intertwined into a single, soft, heavenly voice that charmed him. He then heard,

. . . . "after a mournful and solemn 'Kyrie Eleison'—sharp and almost tragic, the decided cry, so loving and so grave, of the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' to the true Plain Chant. He listened to the 'Credo,' slow and bare, solemn and pen-

sive, and he was able to affirm that these chants were totally different from those which were sung everywhere in the Churches. St. Severin and St. Sulpice now seemed to him profane; in the place of their gentle warmth, their curls and their fringes, the angles of their polished melodies, their modern endings, their incoherent accompaniments arranged for the organ, he found himself in the presence of a chant, thin, sharp and nervous, like the work of an early master; and he saw the ascetic severity of its lines, its sonorous colouring, the brightness of its metal hammered out with the rude yet charming art of Gothic jewels; he heard the woven robe of sound, the beating of a simple heart, the ingenuous love of ages; and he noticed that curious shade in Benedictine music—it ended all cries of adoration, all tender sighing in a timid murmur, cut short, as though shrinking in humility, effacing itself modestly as though asking pardon of God for having dared to love Him.

"'Ah, you were right, indeed, to send me there,' said Durtal to the Abbé when he saw him again.

"'I had no other choice,' answered the priest, smiling, for he had accomplished a conquest over Durtal that would be conducive to his going on a retreat with the Benedictines, 'because the Plain Chant is respected only in convents under the Benedictine rule. That grand Order has restored it. Dom Pothier has done for it what Dom Guéranger has done for the liturgy.'"

The mention of Dom Pothier brings back a flood of happy memories today—at a time when he has reached the golden zenith of that success for which he has spent a lifetime, and for which he has devoted energies which would have made him famous in whatever direction he chose to put them. He was the leading spirit at Solesmes of one of the most energetic and cultured bodies of men in the world, before the outrage which was inflicted on the Benedictine Monastery and its celebrated presses there by the French Government a short time ago dispersed the good monks. And it was to the Benedictine system of Gregorian Chant, in which he stood as a master, that Pope Pius gave his pontifical authority as the only chant to be sung in the churches throughout the world. Yet, hidden beneath the publication of the "Vatican Kyriale," in August, 1905, which is based upon the studies and manuscripts of Dom Pothier, many silent crises have been met with and overcome, many a heart on fire with enthusiasm for the restoration of the true Chant has been bowed in sacrifice, and a struggle of which the outside world knows little has been kept as secretly as possible through

the humility and the patience of the religious body of which Dom Pothier is a member. But we must return to Durtal.

Naturally, the fervent religious scene which he had witnessed in that little Benedictine chapel in the Rue Monsieur enthused him to become better acquainted with the humble yet highly gifted Order, and the keen old Abbé, who had anticipated this feeling, suggested to him to go the following week in retreat at the Monastery of Notre Dame de l'Atre. We meet here the first, and perhaps the only, humorous situation in the whole novel. It might be called solemnly humorous, as we watch Durtal packing his portmanteau for the visit with works on Mysticism, lives of the saints, cigarettes, chocolate, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, the "Dolorous Passion" of Catherine Emmerich, sugar, a stock of tobacco, packets of antypyrine, laudanum and towels, thinking there would be none at the Monastery. He would like to draw back now, but his promise to the Abbé and the letter which he received that morning from the Father Superior bind him to go; and he sets out, like a man going to execution, with the words of a droll prayer on his lips:

> "'Take count of this, O Lord! I know by experiment when I am ill-fed. I have neuralgia. Humanly, logically speaking, I am certain to be horribly ill at Notre Dame de l'Atre; nevertheless . . . . I will go, all the same. In default of love, this is the only proof I can give. I desire Thee, that I truly hope and believe in Thee, but do Thou, O Lord, aid me.'"

Durtal was at least morally weak; his nature had been so steeped in vice before the light of Faith broke over his soul that he was continually wandering, even now in the spiritual atmosphere of the monastery, from licentiousness of thought to love of God. His struggles, his trials, his temptations and falls at the monastery are vividly pictured with the usual French frankness in these matters, although the translator has wisely tempered down the indelicacy of the phrasing here and there; for Durtal, as he says, "writes in narrative certain matters which a translation must hide and merely hint; that can be said in French, openly, which English *men* would not say to each other in private." In the midst of prayer he is compelled to battle with his nature, till little by little peace comes over him, and the great day of Confession at last arrives. The terrible tragedy of that Confession! The arrows of shame and remorse pierce every sensible part of his heart, but, oh, how peaceful and loving was the consolation which entered into his whitened soul when it was over! And how heavenly a fervour did the reception of the Body and Blood of Our Lord engender his heart the next morning!

Here in the Abbey he heard for the first time the true Gregorian

Chant sung by men. It was the hour for Compline in the evening, and twilight was gradually stealing over all the valley, as he went across the grounds to the Chapel. The Chant down to the Hymn for the day did not differ from the Vespers he had heard so often at Paris, but suddenly all the monks arose in their places, and with a mighty, yet subdued, shout the "Salve Regina" rang through the fast-darkening Chapel. The description of this great Hymn of St. Bernard is one of the most striking passages in the book:

> ". . . . Durtal was indeed affected as he listened to this admirable chant, which had nothing in common with that which is bellowed at Paris in the churches. This was at once flexible and ardent, sustained by such suppliant adoration that it seemed to concentrate in itself alone the immemorial hope of humanity and its eternal lamentation. Chanted without accompaniment, unsustained by the organ, by voices indifferent to themselves and blending in one alone, masculine and deep, it rose with a quiet boldness, sprang up with irresistible flight towards Our Lady, then made, as it were, a return upon itself, and its confidence was lessened; it advanced more tremblingly, but so different, so humble, that it felt itself forgiven, and dared then in passionate appeals to demand the undeserved pleasures of Heaven. . . . Durtal followed in his prayer book this work with so short a text, so long a chant, and as he listened to it and read it with recollection, this magnificent prayer seemed to decompose as a whole and to represent three different stages of the soul, to exhibit the triple phase of humanity—its youth, its maturity and its decline. It was, in a word, an essential summary of prayer for all ages.
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> First, there was the canticle of exultation, the joyous welcome of a being still little, stammering forth respectful caresses, petting with gentle words and the fondness of a child who seeks to coax his mother: 'Salve, Regina, mater misericordiae vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.' Here the soul so candid, so simply happy, has grown, and, knowing the willful failings of thought, the repeated loss through sin, joins her hands, and asks, sobbing, for help. She adores no longer with smiles but with tears. 'Ad te clamamus, exules filii Heval, ad te suspiramus, gerrentes et flentes in hac lachrymarum valle.' At last old age comes. The soul lies, tormented by the memory of counsels neglected, by regret for lost graces, and having become weaker and more full of tears, is charmed before her deliverance,

> before the destruction of that prison of the flesh which she feels at hand, and then she thinks of the eternal death of those whom the Judge condemns. On her knees, she implores the Advocatress of earth, the Consultrix of Heaven: 'Eja ergo Advocata nostra, illos two misericordes oculos ad nos converte, et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, novis post hoc exilium ostende.' And then is added the three invocations of St. Bernard, "O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria, scaling the inimitable prose with a triple seal, by those three cries of love which recall the hymn to the affectionate adoration of its beginning."

The remaining pages of this wonderful novel, from which we have quoted so many lines, are given over to describing Durtal's life in the monastery during the several days left of his retreat; only occasionally do we find allusions to Plain Chant, though many criticisms on the Liturgy of the Church, and on the Hymns of the Breviary all as well analyzed as the foregoing quotation shows it has been done in the case of the "Salve Regina." While he was driving to the station, however, on the day of his departure, he was surprised to find that the monk accompanying him was not only the coachman of the Monastery, but also the keeper of the accounts, the commercial agent, the first chanter and the Professor of Plain Song. The good man assured Durtal in all simplicity that he esteemed all five offices alike, but, since the revival of the ancient melodies of the Church had begun in earnest throughout the Benedictine Order, his mind and his time were entirely occupied in following the work of the monks of Solesmes. M. Huysmans, who became a Benedictine at Solesmes some few years ago, never allows an opportunity of praising the Solesmes Chant to pass; and, indeed, from the savage tone of the last two or three pages of "En Route" one might well imagine that the author had a personal quarrel with the Ratisbon editors, so full are his concluding sentences with ridicule and contempt, not for the Ratisbon music alone, which has been abolished by the Pope's "Motu Proprio," but even more especially for those who were instrumental in publishing the chant books which have been in use for the past thirty years and which are, as he makes the good monk say to Durtal, "the absolute negation of Gregorian tradition and the most complete heresy of Plain Chant."

The Holy Father was speaking the truth when he said in a letter to Cardinal Respighi about a month after the issuance of the famous decree of reform, "The Gregorian Chant, restored in such a satisfactory way to its early purity, is sweet, soft, easy to learn and of a beauty so fresh and full of surprises that wherever it has

been introduced it has never failed to excite real enthusiasm in the youthful singers."

And yet there are many even within the Church to whom all this work of reform is but a runic enigma. How few Catholics have ever heard Plain Chant outside the "Prefaces" and the "Pater Noster"? This priceless heritage, the relic of the great ages of Faith, is practically unknown to our Catholic people of today. It remains then for those who are familiar with its sublimity, with its never-ending magnificence, who see in it a beauty like the multitudinous rippling laugh of the ocean, who find in it, as Huysmans in "En Route" has done, the greatest source of their inspiration and the brightest vision of that immortal life God has destined for the soul whose faith it strengthens and consoles, to enter with willing hands into the great work of restoring the Chant in all its purity to the children of the twentieth century, so that they may enjoy the tremendous influence that this heavenly song of our forefathers will undoubtedly exert upon the religion of the future.

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THE HOME RULE STRUGGLE AS A TEST OF CONSTITUTIONAL RULE.

IT IS a singular concomitant of every great movement that has marked the efforts of the Irish people to emancipate their country from the dismal incubus of foreign domination that the outcome resulted in bringing to the people of Great Britain as well as they a great triumph for the broad cause of Constitutional rule versus privilege and caste ascendency. Catholic emancipation brought emancipation for the British Isles generally, as well as the Irish population in particular. The agitation which culminated in the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland has been imitated successfully in Wales, and is so far advanced toward final success as to want only a few finishing touches to make it the law in Great Britain. There are also minor examples of the beneficent influence which the "divine discontent" of a small people, chafing under an odious tyranny, ecclesiastical, political and fiscal in its scope, and of long prescription in the statute law of the United Kingdom, has exerted on the policy of "the predominant partner," but the two greater ones we have singled out will suffice for the purpose of showing how the weaker partner, by calm, resolute and pertinacious adhesion to a policy of resistance within the law, may in the result prove its claim to have been all through the really pre-

dominant one—the partner who led the way to national greatness and the uplift of the whole population. The people of Scotland, though never in modern days having labored under a systematic neglect of their local business, such as those of Ireland long groaned under unheeded, have taken heart by Ireland's example and secured Parliamentary assent to the second reading of a measure with an object identical to the Home Rule plan elaborated for Ireland, and in a short time, in the natural order of Parliamentary progress, that measure will be the law of the land and in practical operation throughout Scotland.

Recent developments in Ireland have brought the British people face to face with the startling fact that, despite all the Tennysonian boasts of the freedom which those who till the soil of England thought they enjoyed, the rule under which they have long lived was, in its last analysis, that of an autocratic and military oligarchy. Under this deep-rooted aristocratic upas tree the chances of merit securing its rightful share in the prizes of life in the public service, in either army or navy, were infinitesimal until the introduction of the law abolishing the purchase of commissions as the sole rule, and introducing the competitive examination system as a *sine qua non* for a pass in the commissioned officer class. Despite the introduction of this new principle, the power of wealth and aristocratic influence was potent enough to form an *imperium in imperio* in the disposal of high office in both army and navy.

Long and bitter experience failed, time after time, in every great Empire or State, to check the tendency toward a military ascendency over the affairs of the nation—a tendency inherent in the recognition of the popular maxim that the safety of the people is the highest law. Men had risen to the highest office in the service of the people, as represented by the monarch or by the consuls, or by the decemvirs, or by the timarchs, or any other trustees of the people's sovereign supremacy, in States that had risen from the condition of serfdom under despotic rule; and these men became as difficult to dislodge from positions of preëminence, even in Republics, as the dictators who in times of desperate extremity had been summoned from private life to save the nation by the force of character, the genius for organization and the military aptitude they possessed. Hence ancient history is one long monotonous chronicle of the rise and fall of aspiring men whose patriotism was subordinated to their personal ambition as soon as the emergencies that had called them to the place of honor in the national defense had disappeared for the time being. The supremacy of the sword over the toga was finally asserted in the mighty Republic of Rome, gradually transformed into an Empire by the voluptuous tendencies of

its aristocrats, when the Prætorian Guards were enabled to dictate the choice of men to be, not rulers, but mere *rois faineants* or figure-heads in the imperial palaces. When the flood of barbaric irruption burst its dams after the downfall of the colossal Empire, nearly every institution of civilization in Europe gave way before its fury. The imperial city alone, having the Church as its citadel, withstood the shock, and its head, the dauntless Gregory, faced the hordes of Attila, who boasted that he was "the scourge of God," humbled his barbarian pride and compelled him to retrace his steps, because he had reached his limit.

The British Isles, owing to their insular position, lay long immune from the ravage which was fast making of the European Continent a trackless wilderness and an eyesore to the earth by the stoppage of the labors of the husbandman and the slaughter of the industrious population. Hengist and Horsa led a force of Angles and Saxons and Jutes, it is true, into Britain, but these, having been converted to Christianity by St. Augustine and his monks, and by Irish monks on the western shore and northern border, the island was ere long reduced to comparative quiet and orderly government by the establishment of the principle of parliamentary rule under the Anglo-Saxon monarchs. This quiet was at length rudely dissipated by the irruption of the stern mail-clad hosts of the Norman power under Duke William; and the rule of the sword that was established on the ruins of the Anglo-Saxon Witan, sanctified as it had been by the saintly headship of King Edward and other wise and pious rulers of the Anglo-Saxon and Danish dynasties succeeded. The coming of the Normans to England marked the introduction of the system of military predominance into the political existence of the British people. The creation of a military caste by the introduction of the laws of primogeniture, with military service as a feudal obligation, incurred by every man whose name appeared on the roll of Battle Abbey as the recipient of grants of the land confiscated from the Anglo-Saxons when their power was overthrown at the battle of Hastings, marked an entirely new departure in British polity. This feudal military supremacy was maintained by the Anglo-Norman lords until it became a tyranny too intolerable, and Simon de Montfort convened a Parliament and drew up a code of laws which, embodying the principles of the Great Charter wrung from King John by the barons at Runnymede, substituted the rule of the civil power for the power of the sword, and the power of the Commons' House over the public purse through the budgets presented to Parliament by the Chancellors of the Exchequer every year.

This, briefly, was the genesis of the present highly developed

fiscal system which gives complete control of the public revenues to the two Houses of Parliament. But that control was not finally secured without many a prolonged and bitter—yea, sanguinary—struggle with the powerful Kings of the Plantagenet and Tudor and Stuart dynasties. The ferocious Henry the Eighth had a pleasant habit of sending a card of invitation to call on him to the bold member of Parliament who had the temerity to stand up and demand an explanation why so much money was needed for this item or that in the Chancellor's list, and intimating that if opposition were persisted in, the member might find his conduct inconsistent with the retention of his ears or mayhap his head. King Charles the First found the inquisitiveness of Parliament so obnoxious to his plans of foreign policy and internal development that he determined to abolish the troublesome formula of presenting a budget, and substituting Crown warrants for royalty's needs, on customs, shipping and other established sources of revenue; and this practice was persisted in until it raised a rebellion on the part of Parliament and people, as a consequence of which the King's armies were defeated and he himself compelled to fly to Scotland, where he was taken prisoner and handed over to his enraged subjects across the border for a small sum of money. He lost his crown and he lost his head for his temerity in defying Parliament; and the main count in the bill of indictment drawn up by the Commons against him was the offense against the Constitution of keeping a standing army without the sanction of Parliament and using the same to overawe the people. Then came the most apt illustration of the ancient fable of King Log and King Stork that human history affords. If the monarch, Charles, had scourged the people with whips, the plebeian, Cromwell, who had destroyed him, after he had secured his own supremacy by military force, proceeded to make himself independent of Parliamentary control in the same despotic way as Charles did, was the King *de facto* for thirteen years ere he died, and was almost tempted to accept the offer of a *de jure* title, in much the same way as Cæsar was coy about a similar offer. He would not be addressed as "Your Majesty," but he assented to "Your Highness." He had destroyed the Puritan league in the army, even as he had destroyed the monarchy and the power of Parliament over the army. Despite the "self-denying ordinance" of the "Solemn League and Covenant" he had accepted the highest honors, power and "train attendant" for himself and his house. Cromwell's dealings with the army had been so fruitful in inducing in his followers a belief in the rightful superiority of the military over the civil arm that the remains of that belief seem never to this day to have been entirely eradicated in Great Britain.

The situation which was brought about in Ulster recently through the secret plotting and open treason in Parliament and on public platforms by members of the Orange lodges corresponded with that which arose in London when the news came that General Monk, at the head of the Scottish army, was marching toward the capital. "A united army," says Macaulay, "had long kept down a divided nation, but the nation was now united and the army was divided."

The parallel is startling in its similarity, though nearly three centuries have passed away in the interval. The Orange leaders had gone about among the rank and file of the volunteers that Ulster had begun to train in military tactics, declaring that the soldiers of the Crown would not be used to repress them when they offered resistance to the transfer of governmental power to a Parliament sitting in the Irish capital. Lord Halsbury, an ex-Chancellor, the highest judicial and legal office under the Crown, whose holder is officially designated as "the keeper of the King's conscience," was one of those who took the stump in favor of the intended rebellion in Ulster and told a South London audience at the end of April, 1914, that "It had become a question of whether the people who lived with the rights which their fathers had won by their swords should have those rights taken from them, and whether the British flag, which had for so long braved the battle and breeze should be treated as a filthy rag. If the Government attempted by British arms to shoot down British men because they tried to respect and preserve what had been won for them in the times gone by, then he would say to them, do it, but do it if you dare."

When the real situation, in all its astounding seriousness, became known to the Government, it was at once apparent that an emergency unparalleled in modern times confronted the country. A few days after Mr. Asquith, as Premier, had stated the terms of the new concessions which the Government offered as the last word to be said on concessions, both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, the Unionist leaders, rejected the proposals contemptuously and repeated Ulster's threat to fight. At once Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, took up the insolent defiance. Speaking at Bradford, he said: "After this offer has been made, any unconstitutional action by Ulster can only wear, in a phrase which Mr. Gladstone once used on another occasion, the aspect of unprovoked aggression, and I am sure and certain that the first soldier who is attacked and killed by an Orangeman will raise an explosion in this country of a kind they little appreciate or understand, and will shake to the very foundations the basis and structure of society. We cannot let ourselves be bullied by threats of force,

or, let me add, by force itself, from doing justice to the rest of Ireland and from making good arrangements for the future of the whole of Ireland and maintaining the authority of the State. Mr. Law says in effect if there is civil war in Ulster it will spread to England, too. I agree with him. I go further. Once resort is had to violence by the leaders of a British party, Ulster and Ulster's affairs will dwindle to comparative insignificance. This will be the issue: whether civil and Parliamentary government in these realms is to be beaten down by the menace of armed force."

The way in which the army had been honeycombed by the machinations of the Orange intriguers made a situation full of pitfalls for the Government had they proceeded on their course with regard to the Home Rule measure in ignorance of the secret tunneling. It was discovered as by a fortunate accident.

As in the time of the Stuarts and Queen Anne, the work of party intrigue began at court and was carried on in the drawing-rooms and clubs. The old Marchioness of Londonderry (one of the Castlereagh family), the Marquis of Hamilton, the Duke of Abercorn and other members of the ascendency aristocracy were coöperating with the Unionist leaders in the organization of the resistance of "Ulster"—that being the term selected to deceive the outside world as to the scope and area of opposition to Home Rule in the North of Ireland, the fact being that it was confined in reality to portions of four counties of the province. The Duke of Abercorn had been twice Viceroy in Ireland, and under his reign the Orangemen had the last word in shaping the policy of Dublin Castle as to the internal affairs of Ireland. The Hamiltons, the Castlereaghs, the Beresfords and the O'Neills (Chichesters in reality, although called O'Neill under royal letters patent, granted by James I.) were the real rulers of Ireland, save for the short period when an honest Englishman, Sir Thomas Drummond, held the important post of Chief Secretary. He initiated an honest policy and made an attempt to clean out the *débris* of a system that was redolent of the foul methods of Titus Oates, Major Sirr and his "battalion of testimony," Lord Norbury, the Irish Jeffreys in the hanging business, and Lords Clare and Castlereagh. Since Drummond's time until John Morley's appointment as Chief Secretary there had not been any sympathy between the Government and the people of Ireland. Tory statesmen recognized no reason why any such sympathy should exist. As regards the relations of the army in Ireland to popular movements, as a rule, the policy of the Government was to keep it as far as possible out of sight and not use it unless in the last emergency in agrarian quarrels between landlords' agents and the tenants. There was one remarkable occasion when the Commander of the

Forces was consulted by the Viceroy, on the part of the Government, as to the advisability of using the army for the repression of the Repeal agitation. Sir Edward Blakeney was the incumbent of the office then. He was a humane man, and when he was ordered to act to prevent a mass meeting, called by O'Connell, on the shore of Dublin Bay, near Cloutarf, he sent private word to the stewards of the meeting warning them that guns were being trained on the scene of the gathering, in view of the strong probability of the proclamation which he knew was being printed to prohibit the holding of the meeting being disregarded by the enthusiastic people. When O'Connell was advised of the danger he called the meeting off and so averted a massacre predetermined on as a means of killing the Repeal agitation. At an earlier period—just before the Princess Victoria was called to the throne, in 1836—the army, or at least the officers, in Great Britain and Ireland, entered into a plot to prevent a woman wearing the crown, by means of something like what in Spain had been long known as "pronunciamientoes." The Duke of Cumberland was to be supported by the lodges and the officers, and the men were to be ordered out simultaneously, in the great military centres, to declare for him instead of the Princess. Happily the existence of the conspiracy leaked out somehow, and the Duke and the ringleaders fled from the country as quickly as they could. After nearly eighty years a plot of an equally illegal and nefarious character stands revealed before the world. This plot had a twofold aim. Its main purpose was to nullify the recent Act of Parliament which deprived the House of Lords of the power of veto on bills sent up from the Lower House after they had thrice been passed therein; and the second, to prevent, by armed force, the installation of the machinery of Home Rule in the northeast portion of Ulster, where the Orange lodges dictate the distribution of public office. In effect the conspiracy was a bold attempt to overthrow the supremacy of Parliament over the military power and allow the private soldiers as well as the commanding officers to decide what laws passed by Parliament they would enforce and what ones they would disregard. Happily the conditions in Great Britain to-day are widely different from those which existed there in Cromwell's time. Democracy is the dominant power now; and the British democracy is the last in the world to brook any encroachment on its rights either by princes or peers. The discovery of this present Tory conspiracy to defeat the will of Parliament has elicited an outburst of passion and astonishment so fierce, spontaneous and outspoken that not even the most stupid and hot-headed of Tories dare disregard it.

The first outspoken manifestation of a spirit of disloyalty in the

army was a meeting of officers held at the Curragh of Kildare, at which the situation in Ulster was discussed, and it was determined by those present that they would resign rather than take any part in the coercion of Ulster in case armed resistance to Home Rule were decided on by the leaders of the Ulster Volunteers. As a measure of precaution the military authorities had decided to move troops from the Curragh and Dublin and other places to protect the stores of arms and munitions held in these cities, and at once a cry was raised that there was a plot on the part of the Government to provoke the Ulsterites into an armed rising and then to let loose those soldiers from the Curragh and the South and West of Ireland, to mow them down on the streets, and thus squelch the opposition to Home Rule. Colonel Seely, then War Secretary, has told all about this movement of the troops, and made it plain that it meant nothing more than a matter of ordinary precaution to take such steps as were necessary to safeguard those stores when it was known to all the world that, despite a proclamation forbidding the importation of arms in Ireland, arms were being smuggled in and distributed throughout Ulster. Colonel Seely believed it to be his duty to warn the Government to have troops sent forward to protect the military stores, and the advice was promptly acted upon. When the order to move the troops was issued, the resolution arrived at by the officers present at the Curragh meeting was put into effect, and a large number of officers at once sent in letters of resignation. Sir Arthur Paget, the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, only a few days previously, had given out, in the course of a banquet in Dublin, that he knew the spirit of the army in Ireland, officers and men, and that he could vouch for its readiness to go wherever it was ordered to go by the King. This statement being kept in mind, some irresponsible person assumed that the King had intervened, and that the resignations of the officers was the reply to His Majesty's interference. This mischievous inference at once raised a commotion as great as the false report of a plot and the intention to perpetrate a massacre. At the same time many letters appeared in the papers telling of a widespread system of intrigue and organized terrorism in the army messes, as well as in aristocratic society, in order to deter officers from the performance of their duty to the Government and the law of Parliament. A "plot" there was shown to have been indeed, but it was not the Government which had been plotting, but the Unionist leaders. Moreover, the plot had been much more comprehensive than had been at first supposed. "Ulster" was only a pawn in the game. The real object aimed at was the overthrow of the Liberal Government, the negation of the Home Rule scheme, and the reëstablishment of the veto privilege of the

House of Lords. All these facts, and many collateral ones bearing on the astonishing project, came to light as soon as the news of the Curragh meeting and its purpose leaked out.

The situation was indeed grave, and it was apparent that some strong action was necessary to demonstrate that it was not too grave to baffle the resources of constitutional civilization in Great Britain. The hour had come, and lo! there came with it the man. All the world wondered when next morning's papers brought the news that Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, had laid down his office and, assuming the office of War Minister, just vacated by Colonel Seely, presented himself to the constituency of East Fife as a candidate for reëlection. This step was so unexpected that it evidently dazed the conspirators. Paralysis seemed to have seized upon them. They made no move to put forward a candidate to oppose the new War Minister, who had so strikingly shown his fitness to command. The announcement of Mr. Asquith's unopposed return came in a few days later. Simultaneously with this came the announcement of General Macready's appointment to the command of the Royal Irish Constabulary—a position relatively more important than that of Commander-in-Chief at this particular time. The constabulary has only a normal strength of 13,000, but the careful training of these men, their splendid physique and their perfect acquaintance with the country and the ways of the people add immensely to their value as a fighting force. It is to the constabulary that the duty of keeping order in the disturbed portions of Ulster at anniversary times invariably falls; the military ars usually kept in their barracks at those periods. Consequently, while the Orange crowds cherish a wholesome dread of the constabulary, they regard the soldiers with an entirely different feeling—more or less as comrades and chums. The constabulary are generally referred to by the Orangemen on these occasions as "Fenians"—sometimes as Fenian females of a disreputable kind, so ferociously are they hated when the July fever is on the fraternity. General Macready is an officer who has had much experience in dealing with troublesome people elsewhere, we believe. Despite the bluster and boasting of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law, the Orangemen of Ulster will have to obey the law. That is what is meant by the assumption of the office of Secretary of War by Mr. Asquith and the selection of General Macready as head of the Royal Irish Constabulary, in place of Colonel Seely, resigned.

These unexpected movements seemed to have paralyzed the Unionist leaders. This was the reason why they did not put up a candidate to oppose Mr. Asquith's reélection for East Fife. In the course of a few days he was back in the House of Commons, facing

once more the enemies whom, in the manner of Cardinal Richelieu, he had so astounded and outmanœuvred.

There was something of the grotesque about the military side of this episode. Before the coup about the landing of arms came off, both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Law went up and down the country openly boasting that they were preparing to fight and taunting the Government because it made no attempt to arrest or prosecute them. When the Government gave an order to the Commander-in-Chief for the movement of troops to protect the stores, they raised the cry that there was a plot to massacre the Volunteers! A silly idea, indeed, that Government was to sit still and do nothing when it became known that attempts might be made to capture the stores. The moment the bombast and bluster of the Ulsterites changed into action which menaced the peace of the country, that moment it became necessary that the Volunteers must be seriously dealt with. When the news of the "gun-running feat" in Belfast came in, Mr. Asquith went to the House of Commons and assured the members present that in view of so gross and unprecedented an outrage, the country might depend on the Government taking all necessary steps to maintain the supremacy of the law. What those steps were he did not deem it proper to give out, for experience had shown the vital necessity of preserving secrecy. Spies, acting in the interests of the Unionists, were in every part of the public service. Official letters were opened and their contents revealed to those who had no right to be informed of them. The Unionists had established a perfect system of espionage, which, working in secret, went hand in hand with a rule of social coercion that had no parallel in any epoch of modern times, and could be found only in the methods employed in France during the period of the Directory, and in Ireland previous to the rebellion of '98, when Lord Castlereagh and Lord Clare set about the task of carrying the Union by terrorism and massacre of the population and corruption of Parliament. Colonel Seely, who is president of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Liberal Club, made a powerfully strong point against the Unionist leaders in the course of a speech which he delivered there recently. He commented on the fact that, while a loud outcry had been raised over the movement of His Majesty's troops to protect the military stores, little notice had been taken of a movement of a far different character on the part of the people who styled themselves Loyalists and Unionists. Speaking of the audacious landing of arms and munitions in Ulster, the gallant officer said:

"If all he heard was true we were faced with a situation the gravity of which it was impossible to overestimate. It appeared that last night the Ulster Volunteers were mobilized, not all of them

—apparently about 30,000. It was a strange thing that the moving of about 1,400 of His Majesty's troops should be regarded as a vile plot and as provocative action, whilst the mobilization of 30,000 was a proper thing to do. He asked and demanded to know whether the Ulster Volunteers had had these Maxim guns which they were reported to possess, and, if so, what were they for, and whom were they to shoot? He called upon the Bishop who blessed the Orange colors to answer or go down to Christendom as an arch-hypocrite. It was time to face these things. They on their side made great sacrifices. In face of great provocation they had avoided the use of force. Now they boldly and determinedly called upon the other side to follow the same course, and in these political matters to abstain from using any gun, rifle, Maxim, or touching any policeman or customs officer. As Englishmen had done for the last 100 years, they should confine themselves to political opposition.

Many people had been wondering why the Government had allowed the Orangemen to organize and arm and drill and prepare to fight against the law of Parliament, as they insolently boasted they were resolved to do. Colonel Seely furnished the reason—a very simple and logical one. He said in the course of the same speech:

"He might be asked why the Government had not dealt with this dangerous movement in Ulster, and why they had not brought Sir Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry to justice. The answer was twofold. With regard to the legal aspect of the case, they were advised, and he believed it to be the fact, that no actual breach of the law had been committed. They were advised that hypothetical treason was not treason. Besides, perhaps, it was not unreasonable to assume that a force that was organized and led by a Privy Councillor and that was officered in no inconsiderable degree by ministers of the Christian religion, would not break the law and attack the police in the execution of their duty. It was not unreasonable to assume that a force so led and officered would be so faithless to their oath and to the religion they professed as to indulge in actions which might lead to wholesale massacres."

There was much speculation as to whence all the money came to finance this extraordinary campaign against the rule of Parliament. The people of Ulster are not very remarkable for recklessness in money matters; they are the very antithesis of the rest of the population in that regard. A rough and ready estimate of the cost of arms, accoutrements, the holding of meetings throughout the British Isles, election contests and "incidentals" of various kinds, gives the figure at £3,000,000. Whence, then, came that enormous sum of money? Precedent and logic indicate that it comes from the

Unionist party in Great Britain, the party of Peers, aristocrats, capitalists and monopolists, who are moving heaven and earth to defeat the Home Rule bill, and thereby to smash the Parliament Act and to restore the ascendency of the House of Lords and the reign of Toryism. They are maddened at their exclusion from office for eight years and at the prospect of the enactment of the Liberal programme of land law reform, constitutional revision and social reformation. They are bankrupt in leadership and in brains. The same sources that supplied funds to buy Richard Pigott to ruin Mr. Parnell and defeat Home Rule can still be relied on to finance every undertaking looking toward a similar end. But there is a force now to be reckoned with that had little existence when the question at issue meant only the ruin of a popular leader and an Irish aspiration. The intensity of feeling aroused in Great Britain over the audacity of the procedure of the Unionist leaders over this question made itself felt everywhere and found voice in all the Liberal press. One single extract from a representative paper, "The Nation" (London, gives a good idea of the tone of the whole. It said (April 25):

"Has it come to this that guns, rifles and ammunition for use against the King's soldiers (for that is their only possible objective) may not properly be seized before they enact murder and treason? That Ulster is forbidden ground to the British army? Who takes this attitude? Let the Tory leaders assume it if they dare. This is not, as Mr. Bonar Law supposes, matter for a trial by a body of judges, selected on the model of the Parnell Commissioners. It is a subject for inquisition by the High Court of Parliament, which is fully armed to deal with cases of rebellion against the Crown.

"Now we much hope to see that doctrine presented by Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons, and to observe what the country thinks of it. If we are not mistaken, there are millions of men and women in Britain who would wildly applaud the issue of warrants against the whole pack of self-confessed traitors, from Sir Edward Carson downwards; and the turning of the 'rebel' administration neck and crop out of Belfast Town Hall and the placing of that building under a mixed guard of regulars and constabulary, would seem a mild military preliminary to such a policy. It may come to that; and if any one tells us that the Government that did it would be turned down, we assure him that he knows nothing of popular temper."

Some remarkable developments are certain to take place in any Ministry of which a member of the Churchill family is a part. That has been the record of that wonderful family from the first day when it succeeded in obtaining preëminence in English public life. The present first Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill, is

almost an exact reproduction of his deceased father, Lord Randolph Churchill, so far at least as eccentricity and unwillingness to do "team work" in Parliament is concerned. In early life he was a mutineer in the Conservative party, going to the length of starting a "fourth party," under the Ministry of which Sir Stafford Northcote was nominal head; and that new party for a considerable time caused the regular Tories no small amount of chagrin and embarrassment when it came into power. Now Mr. Winston Churchill is, as a member of the Asquith Cabinet, creating not less trouble for the Liberal party by impromptu action at momentous crises in political affairs. We have shown how his official deliverances at one period were regarded as a challenge and a provocation to the "Ulsterites," and how the challenge was taken up and responded to by the "party of action." Now it is the chronicler's office to take note of a sudden change of front on the part of the same unmanageable pilot. By a curious coincidence, it was almost at the same date that two members of the Churchill family were brought at once into the public eye. His father, the Duke of Marlborough, had determined, no doubt for good and sufficient reasons, to dispose of his Blenheim estate, in lots, and he announced, by advertisements in the press, that he would, for the benefit of both purchasers and the seller (himself), act as his own auctioneer in regard to all the lots, merely saving the payment of license fees as an auctioneer, to the Crown, and the auctioneer's commission on each sale to the purchasers. While the elder Churchill was thus proving that he was a true Churchill in the matter of thrift, the younger was demonstrating no less convincingly that he inherited the genuine temper of the Marlborough stock by throwing a political somersault, totally unlooked for by his fellow-councillors at Whitehall and unreliable member of the Council board. A vote of censure had been moved, on the 28th of April, by Mr. Bonar Law, nominal leader of the opposition, and after a couple of nights' discussion was defeated by a majority of eighty votes. The reason of moving for such a vote was what Mr. Bonar Law called "the plot" of the Government to inveigle the unwary Ulster volunteers into an ambuscade, in effect, and then deliver them over to the forces of the Crown to be "massacred!" Mr. Asquith had ridiculed the story, as belonging to the class of fable known as "mare's nests," and Mr. Churchill denounced the attempt to sustain a charge of plotting by the Government as equivalent to one by the criminal classes to move a vote of censure on the police. This was at the beginning of the debate on the motion of Mr. Law. Toward the end, to the intense astonishment of Mr. Asquith, Mr. John E. Redmond and the rest of the Liberal and Nationalist members, but not perhaps to the surprise of the leaders

of the "Ulster" party (for the matter may have been secretly prearranged), Mr. Churchill concluded a stirring speech in defense of the Governmental measures for preserving peace by putting forward a new proposition looking to a peaceable settlement of the question at issue in Ireland. He said (after Sir E. Carson had admitted that he was responsible for the "gun-running"—the landing of arms—in Ulster):

"The right honorable gentleman, the member for the University of Dublin, is running great risks, and no one can deny it, in strife. Why will he not run some risk for peace? The key is in his hands now. To-day I believe most firmly, in spite of all the antagonism and partisanship of our politics and our conflicting party interests, that peace with honor is not beyond the reach of all. To-morrow it may be gone forever. I am going to run some little risk on my own account by what I will now say. Why cannot the right honorable and learned gentleman say boldly, 'Give me the amendments to this Home Rule bill which I ask for to safeguard the dignity and the interests of Protestant Ulster, and I in return will use all my influence and good will to make Ireland an integral unit in a Federal system'? If the right honorable gentleman used language of that kind in the spirit of sincerity with which everybody will instantly credit him, it would go far to transform the political situation, and every man would be bound to reconsider his position in relation to these great controversies. If such language were used, I firmly believe that all that procession of hideous and hateful moves and countermoves that we have been discussing and are now forced to discuss, and that hateful avenue down which we have looked too long would give place to a clear and bright prospect which would bring honor, and not discredit, to all concerned, and would save these islands from evils for which our children will certainly otherwise hold us accountable."

Instantaneous astonishment over the boldness of this proposition prevented any further discussion that evening. Mr. Redmond gave no welcome to the proposition, inasmuch as he had previously intimated that the Irish party had said their last word as to further concessions to "Ulster." Next day Mr. Asquith took care to dissociate himself from the proposer and explain that Mr. Churchill was taking on himself powers to which he had no proper claim.

Mr. Asquith to the eleventh hour refused to believe that his hope of a peaceable settlement of the Ulster trouble was vain and futile. He spoke in the House on May 13, and again held forth the olive branch to the seeming irreconcilables. He said:

"Speaking for my colleagues, and I believe for my friends, I have said that I will never close any door to the possibility of

a settlement. I am going a step further now than I think I have ever gone before when I say, as I do say on behalf of His Majesty's Government, that while we shall ask the House to give this Bill a third reading before we separate for our Whitsuntide recess, we shall make ourselves responsible for introducing an amending proposal in the hope that a settlement by agreement may be arrived at in regard to the points which are of immediate and outstanding importance."

This statement was loudly applauded by the whole of the Coalitionists, but Mr. Redmond pointed out that, while for the sake of peace Nationalists had been willing, as the price of peace, to acquiesce in the concessions proposed on March 9 by the Prime Minister, the Unionists had not budged one hair's breadth from the position they first took up, and that the Unionists' idea of concession was to get all they asked and to give nothing in return. They tried to kill the Home Rule Bill, and would kill it if they could. But it would become law in spite of them.

Holding out the olive branch to the very last, Mr. John E. Redmond, the capable Irish leader, made a manly appeal to the Irish Unionists to consult their better selves and join hands with their brothers of the Nationalist side in the noble endeavor to build up a new Irish Nation. He said, in the course of this appeal:

"I take this opportunity of the third and final passage of the Home Rule Bill to express the most earnest hope that now, when every one in Ulster, as elsewhere in Ireland, has to face the indisputable fact of Home Rule and a Home Rule Parliament, those of our fellow-countrymen who are genuinely nervous as to their position will abandon unreasonable demands and enter into a conciliatory discussion with their fellow-countrymen upon points of the Bill upon which they would desire further safeguards. I say, on behalf of the Nationalists of Ireland, that we desire their coöperation and friendship; and I appeal to them, in all parts of Ireland, to join hands with us in making the Home Rule settlement one that will ensure the prosperity and the freedom of all classes in the country."

Pertinacious efforts were made by Mr. Law to induce the Premier to disclose the scope and nature of the amending bill which he had undertaken to bring in, as the last attempt to placate the stubborn Ulsterites. On the night of the 21st of May Mr. Asquith gave out the information that the amending bill would be introduced in the House of Lords, and that the Commons would have the last and determining voice in the matter. On Monday, 25th of May, the vote on the third reading was taken, and resulted in showing a majority of 78 votes for the Govern-

ment—351 to 274. Mr. William O'Brien and his followers, ten in number, abstained from voting. The bill was sent to the House of Lords, and as a matter of formality got its first reading there. An amending bill, embodying the further concessions which Mr. Asquith promised, was entrusted to Lord Morley for presentation in the Upper House at a subsequent date.

An extraordinary calm immediately settled down on the situation in Ulster as soon as the passage of the third reading of the bill was made known. Many people believed that an instant rush to arms would be beheld in Ulster, for Nationalists as well as Unionists were known to be quietly procuring weapons of offense. But for a whole fortnight a hush came over the area of disturbance. The newspapers ceased to report marchings and drillings; the House of Commons' atmosphere ceased to be agitated with heated debates over the "vexata quaestio," and the eager public was reduced to the necessity of looking to the lurking suffragettes to provide the unhealthy food on which excitement-mongers batten. On the night of June 4, despite the vigilance of the local police and customs officers, a cargo of Mauser rifles was landed at Belfast and Donaghadee, and spirited away by volunteers for secret distribution. It was evidently the strategy of the "Ulster" leaders to keep up the pretense of preparations for hostilities as long as there remained the faintest hope of overturning the Ministry by a snap vote in Parliament, ere the Home Rule Act (for it had ceased to be a Bill by the passage of the third reading) came into complete shape by the affixing of the King's signature.

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POST-GRADUATE WORK AT THE UNIVERSITIES IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

IN RECENT years it has often been said that no university can be considered as quite accomplishing its proper work as an educational institution, unless, besides teaching, it is also adding materially to the existing body of knowledge by original research. Because of unfortunate educational traditions, probably the last thing in the world that would enter into the minds of most people to conceive as likely to be found in the history of the universities of the thirteenth century would be important original research in any form. In spite of the almost universal false impression in this matter, original work of the most valuable kind, for much of which the workers would be considered as amply deserving of their doctorates in the various faculties of the post-graduate departments of the most up-to-date of modern universities, was constantly being accomplished during this wonderful century. It is, as a matter of fact, with this phase of university activity that the modern educator is sure to have more sympathy than with any other, once the interesting details of the work are brought out clearly and their significance properly interpreted in present-day terms.

All surprise that surpassing original work was accomplished will cease when it is recalled that, besides creating the universities themselves, this century gave us the great cathedrals—a wellspring of originality and a literature in every civilized country of Europe that has been an inspiration to many subsequent generations. At last men had the time to devote to the things of the mind. During what are called the dark ages, a term that must ever be used with the realization that there are many bright points of light in them, men had been occupied with wars and civic and political dissensions of all kinds, and had been gradually climbing back to the heights of interest in intellectual matters which had been theirs before the invasion of the barbarians and the migration of nations. With the rebirth of intellectual interests there came an intense curiosity to know everything and to investigate every manifestation. Everything that men touched was novel, and the wonderful advances they made can only be realized from actual consultation of their works, while the reader puts himself as far as possible at the same mental point of view from which they surveyed the world and their relations to it.

The modern university prides itself on the number of volumes written by its professors and makes it a special feature of its announcements to call attention to its at least supposed additions to

knowledge in this mode. It must have been immensely more difficult to preserve the writings of the professors of the mediæval universities, for they had to be copied out laboriously by hand; yet we have an enormous number of large volumes of their works on nearly every intellectual topic that have been carefully preserved. There are some twenty closely printed large folio volumes of the writings of Albertus Magnus that have come down to us, yet this is only a single example and there are many others. For two centuries until the time of printing ardent students must have been satisfied to spend much time in preserving these.

While mainly devoted to theology, they treat of nearly everything else, and at least one of the folio volumes is taken up almost exclusively with physical science. St. Thomas Aquinas has as many volumes to his credit, and his work is even of more importance. Duns Scotus died at a very early age, scarcely more than forty, yet his writings are voluminously extensive and have been carefully preserved, for few men had as enthusiastic students as he. Alas! that his name should be preserved for most people only in the familiar satiric appellation dunce! The modern educator will most rejoice at the fact that the students of the time must indeed have been devoted to their masters to set themselves the task of copying out their works so faithfully, for as Cardinal Newman has pointed out, it is the personal influence of the master, rather than the greatness of the institution, that makes education effective.

First, with regard to philosophy, the mistress of all studies, whose throne has been shaken, but not shattered, in these ultimate times. After all, it must not be forgotten that this was the great century of the development of scholastic philosophy. While this scholastic philosophy is supposed by many students of modern philosophy to be a thing of the past, it still continues to be the basis of the philosophical teaching in the Catholic seminaries and universities throughout the world. Catholic philosophers are well known as conservative thinkers and writers, and yet are perfectly free to confess that they consider themselves the nearer to truth the nearer they are to the great scholastic thinkers of the thirteenth century. Even in the circle of students of philosophy who are outside the influence of scholasticism, there is no doubt that in recent years an opinion much more favorable to the schoolman has gradually arisen. This has been due to a study of scholastic sources. Only those despise and talk slightingly of scholasticism who either do not know it all or know it only at second hand. With regard to the system of thought, as such, ever is it true that the more close the acquaintanceship, the more respect there is for it.

With regard to theology, the case is even stronger than with

regard to philosophy. Practically all of the great authorities in theology belong to the thirteenth century. It is true that men like St. Anselm lived before this time and were leaders in the great movement that culminated in our century. St. Anselm's book, "Cur Deus Homo," is indeed one of the best examples of the combination of scholastic philosophy and theology that could well be cited. It is a triumph of logical reasoning applied to religious belief. Besides, it is a great classic, and any one who can read it unmoved by admiration for the thinker who so many centuries ago could so trenchantly lay down his thesis and develop it must be lacking in some of the qualities of human admiration. The writers of the thirteenth century in theology are beyond even Anselm in their marvelous powers of systematizing thought. One need only mention such names as Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventure, Duns Scotus and Raymond Lilly to make those who are at all acquainted with the history of the time realize that this is not an idle expression of the enthusiasm of a special votary of the thirteenth century.

As we shall see in discussing the career of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Catholic Church still continues to teach scholastic theology on exactly the same lines as were laid down by this great doctor of the Church in his teaching at the University of Paris. Amid the crumbling of many Christian systems of thought, as upheld by the various Protestant sects, there has been a very general realization that the Catholic Church has built up the only edifice of Christian apologetics which will stand the storms of time and the development of human knowledge. Confessedly this edifice is founded on thirteenth century scholasticism. Pope Leo XIII., than whom, even in the estimation of those who are least sympathetic toward his high office, there was no man of more supremely practical intelligence in our generation, insisted that St. Thomas Aquinas must, in general principle at least, be the groundwork of the teaching of philosophy and theology, as they are to form the minds of future Catholic apologists.

The scholastic theology and philosophy of the thirteenth century have come to us in absolute purity. The huge tomes which represent the indefatigable labors of these ardent scholars were well preserved by the subsequent generations which thought so much of them, and in spite of the absence of printing have come down to us in perfectly clear texts. Is it easy to neglect them and to say that a study of them is not worth while? They represent, however, the post-graduate work and the research in the department of philosophy and theology of those days, and any university of modern time would consider itself honored by having their authors among its professors and alumni. Any one who does not think so need only

turn to the volumes themselves and read them with understanding and sympathy, and there will be another convert to the ranks of that growing multitude of scholars who have learned to appreciate the marvelous works of our university colleagues of the thirteenth century.

With regard to law, not much need be said, since it is well understood that the foundations of our modern jurisprudence, as well as the methods of teaching law, were laid in the thirteenth century, and the universities were the most active factors, direct and indirect, in this work. The University of Bologna developed from a law school. Towards the end of the twelfth century Irenæus revived the study of the old Roman law and put the curriculum of modern civil laws on a firm basis. A little later Gratian made his famous collection of decretals, which are the basis of canon law. Great Popes during the thirteenth century, beginning with Innocent III. and continuing through such worthy emulators as Gregory IX. and Boniface VIII., made it the special glory of their pontificates to collect the decrees of their predecessors and arrange and publish them, so that they might be readily available for consultation.

French law assumed its modern form and the basis of French jurisprudence was laid under Louis IX., who called to his assistance in this matter the professors of law at the University of Paris, with many of whom he was on the most intimate terms. His cousin, Ferdinand of Castile, laid the foundation of the Spanish law about the same time under almost similar circumstances and with corresponding help. The study of law in the English universities helped to the formulation of the principles of the English common law in such simple connected form as made them readily accessible for consultation. Just before the beginning of the last quarter of the thirteenth century, Bracton, of whose work much more might be said, drew up the digest of the English common law, which has been the basis of English jurisprudence ever since.

It took just about a century for these countries, previously without proper codification of the principles of their laws, to complete the fundamental work to such a degree that it is still the firm substructure on which rests all our modern laws. Legal origins in our modern sense came not long before the thirteenth century; at its end the work was finished to all intents and purposes. Of the influence of the universities and of the university law departments, in all this there can be no doubt. The incentive undoubtedly came from their teachings. The men who did so much for legal origins of such far-reaching importance were mainly students of the universities of the time, whose enthusiasm for work had not subsided with the obtaining of their degrees.

It is in medicine, however, much more than in law or theology, that the eminently practical character of university teaching during the thirteenth century can be seen, at least in the form in which it will appeal to a scientific generation. We are so accustomed to think that anything like real progress in medicine, and especially in surgery, has only come in very recent years, that it is a source of great surprise to find how much these earnest students of a long distant century anticipated the answers to problems, the solutions of which are usually supposed to be among the most modern advances. Professor Allbutt, the regius professor of physics in the University of Cambridge, a position the occupant of which is always a leader in English medical thought, the present professor being one of the world's best authorities in the history of medicine, recently pointed out some of these marvels of old-time medicine and surgery. In an address on the historical relations of medicine and surgery at the end of the sixteenth century, delivered at the Congress of Arts and Sciences at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, he (Professor Allbutt) spoke with regard to one of the great university medical teachers of the thirteenth century as follows:

"Both for his own great merits as as original and independent observer and as the master of Lanfranc, William Salicet (Guglielmo Salicetti, of Piacenza; in Latin, G. Placetinus de Saliceto—now Cadeo), was eminent among the great Italian physicians of the latter half of the thirteenth century. Now, these great Italians were as distinguished in surgery as in medicine, and William was one of the protestants of the period against the division of surgery from inner medicine—a division which he regarded as a separation of medicine from intimate touch with nature. Like Lanfranc and the other great surgeons of the Italian tradition, and unlike Franco Ambroise and Paré, he had the advantage of the liberal university education of Italy; but, like Paré and Wurtz, he had large practical experience in hospitals and on the battlefield. He practiced first at Bologna, afterwards in Verona. William fully recognized that surgery cannot be learned from books only. His surgery contains many case histories, for he rightly opined that good notes of cases are the soundest foundation of good practice; and in this opinion and method Lanfranc followed him. William discovered that dropsy may be due to a "durities renum;" he substituted the knife for the Arabist abuse of cautery; he investigated the causes of the failure of healing by first intention; he described the danger of wounds of the neck; he sutured divided nerves; he forwarded the diagnosis of suppurative disease of the hip; and he referred chancre and phagedæna to "coitus cum meretrice."

This paragraph sets forth some almost incredible anticipations

of what are usually considered among the most modern phases of medicine and surgery. Perhaps the most surprising thing is the simple statement that Salicet recognized that surgery cannot be learned from books alone. His case histories are instructive even to the modern surgeon who reads them. His insistence on his students making careful notes of their cases as the soundest foundation of progress in surgery is a direct contradiction of nearly everything that has been said in recent years about mediæval medicine, and especially the teaching of medicine.

William's great pupil, Lanfranc, followed him in this, and Lanfranc encouraged the practice at the University of Paris. There is a notebook of a student at the University of Paris made towards the end of the thirteenth century carefully preserved, in the Museum of the University of Berlin. This notebook was kept during Lanfranc's teaching and contains some sketches of dissections, as well as some illustrations of operative procedures, as studied with that celebrated surgeon. The tradition of case histories continued at the University of Paris down to the beginnings of modern surgery.

Some of the doctrines in medicine that William of Salicet stated so clearly sound surprisingly modern. The connection, for instance, between dropsy and *durities renum* (hardening of the kidneys) shows how wonderfully observant the old master was. At the present time we know very little more about the dropsical condition associated with chronic Bright's disease than the fact that it constantly occurs where there is a schlerosis or contraction of the kidney. Bright, in his study of albuminuria and contracted kidney, practically taught us no more than this, except that he added the further symptom of the presence of albumin in the urine. It must have been only as the result of many carefully studied cases, followed by autopsies, that any such doctrine should have come into existence. There is a dropsy that occurs with heart disease; there is also a dropsy in connection with certain affections of the liver; and yet the most frequent cause is just this hardening of the kidneys spoken of by this middle of the thirteenth century Italian professor of medicine, who, if he would believe so many of the historians of medicine, was not supposed to occupy himself at all with ante and post-mortem studies of patients, but with the old-time medical authorities.

Almost more surprising than the question of dropsy is the investigation as to the causes of the failure of healing by first intention. The modern surgeon is very apt to think that he is the only one who ever occupied himself with the thought that wounds might be made to heal by first intention and without the occurrence of suppuration or granulation. Certainly no one would suspect any

interest in the matter as far back as the thirteenth century. William of Salicet, however, and Lanfranc, both of them, occupied themselves much with this question and evidently looked at it from a very practical standpoint. Many careful observations must have been made and many sources of observational error eliminated to enable these men to realize the possibilities of primary union, especially knowing as they did nothing at all about the external causes of suppuration, and considering, as did surgeons for nearly seven centuries afterwards, that it was because of something within the patient's tissues that the cases of suppuration had their rise.

Unfortunately the pioneer work done by William and his great disciple did not have that effect upon succeeding generations which it should have had. There was a question in men's minds as to whether nature worked better by primary union or by means of the suppurative process. In the next century surgeons took the wrong horn of the dilemma, and even so distinguished a surgeon as Guy de Chauliac, who has been called, not without good cause, the father of surgery, came to the conclusion that suppuration was practically a necessary process in the healing of large wounds at least, and that it must be encouraged rather than discouraged. This doctrine did not have its first setback until the famous incident in Ambroise Paré's career, when one morning after a battle, coming to his patients expecting to find many of them severely ill, he found them, on the contrary, in better condition than the others for whom he had no forebodings. In accord with old custom, he poured boiling oil into the wounds of all patients, but the great surgeon's supply of oil had failed the day before and he used plain water to cleanse the wounds of a number, fearing the worst for them, however, because of the poison that must necessarily stay in their wounds, and then had the agreeable disappointment of finding these patients in much better condition than those whom he had treated with all the rules of his art as they then were. Even this incident, however, did not serve to correct entirely the old idea as to the value of suppuration, and down to Lister's time, that is, almost the last quarter of the nineteenth century, there is still quesion of the value of suppuration in expediting the healing of wounds, and we hear of laudable pus and of the proper inflammatory reaction that is expected to bring about wound repair.

The danger of wounds of the neck is, of course, not a modern doctrine, and yet very few people would think for a moment that it could be traced back to the middle of the thirteenth century and to a practical teacher of surgery in a mediæval Italian university. Here once more there is evidence of the work of a careful observer who has seen patients expire in a few minutes as the result of some

serious incident during the course of operations upon the neck. He did not realize that the danger was due in many cases to the sucking in of air into the large veins, but even at the present time this question is not wholly settled and the problem as to the danger of the presence of air is still the subject of investigation.

As to the future of divided nerves, it would ordinarily and as a matter of course be claimed by most modern historians of surgery and by practically all surgeons as an affair entirely of the last half century. William of Salicet, however, neglected none of the ordinary surgical procedures that could be undertaken under the discouraging surgical circumstances in which he lived. The limitations of anesthesia, though there was much more of this aid than there has commonly been any idea of, and the frequent occurrence of suppuration must have been constant sources of disheartenment. His insistence on the use of the knife rather than on the cautery shows how much he appreciated the value of proper healing. It is from such a man that we might expect the advance of careful investigation as to just what tissues had been injured, with the idea of bringing them together in such a position as would prevent loss of function and encourage rapid and perfect union.

Perhaps to the ordinary individual William's reference of certain known venereal affections to their proper cause will be the most astonishing in this marvelous list of anticipations of what is supposed to be very modern. The whole subject of venereal disease in anything like a scientific treatment of it is supposed to date from the early part of the sixteenth century. There is even question in certain minds as to whether the venereal diseases did not come into existence or at least were not introduced from America or from some other distant country that the Europeans had been exploring about this time. William's studies in this subject, however, serve to show that nothing escaped his watchful eye and that he was in the best sense of the word a careful observer and must have been an eminently suggestive and helpful teacher.

What has thus been learned about him will serve of itself and without more ado to stamp all that has been said about the impractical character of the medical teaching of the mediæval universities as utterly unfounded. Because men have not taken the trouble to look up the teaching of these times, and because their works were until recent years buried in old folios, difficult to obtain and still more difficult to read when obtained, it has been easy to ignore their merit and even to impugn the value of their teaching completely. William of Salicet was destined, moreover, to be surpassed in some ways by his most distinguished pupil, Lanfranc, who taught at the university at Paris at the end of the thirteenth century. Of Lan-

franc, in the address already quoted from, Professor Allbutt has one very striking paragraph that shows how progressive was the work of this great French surgeon and how fruitful had been the suggestive teaching of his great master. He says:

"Lanfranc's 'Chirurgia Magna' was a great work, written by a reverent but independent follower of Salicet. He distinguished between venous and arterial hemorrhage, and used styptics (rabbit's fur, aloes and white of egg was a popular styptic in elder surgery), digital compression for an hour, or in severe cases ligature. His chapter on injuries of the head is one of the classics of mediæval surgery. Clerk (cleric) as he was, Lanfranc nevertheless saw but the more clearly the danger of separating surgery from medicine."

Certain assertions in this paragraph deserve, as in the case of Lanfranc's master, to be discussed because of their anticipations of what is sometimes thought to be very modern in surgery. The older surgeons are supposed to have feared hemorrhage very much. It is often asserted that they knew little or nothing about the ligature and that their control of hemorrhage was very inadequate. As a matter of fact, however, it was not primary hemorrhage that the old surgeons feared, but secondary hemorrhage. Suppuration often led to the opening of an important artery, and this accident, as can well be understood, was very much dreaded. Surgeons would lose their patients before they could come to their relief. How thoroughly Lanfranc knew how to control primary hemorrhage can be appreciated from the quotation just made from Dr. Allbutt's address. The ligature is sometimes said to have been an invention of Ambroise Paré, but, as a matter of fact, it had been in use for at least three centuries before his time and perhaps even longer.

Usually it is considered that the difficult chapter of head injuries, with all the problems that it involves in diagnosis and treatment, is a product of the nineteenth century. Hence do we read with all the more interest Allbutt's declaration that Lanfranc wrote what is practically a classical monograph on the subject. It is not so surprising, then, to find that the great French surgeon was far ahead of his generation in other matters, or that he should even have realized the danger of separating surgery from medicine. Both the regius professors of medicine at the two great English universities, Cambridge and Oxford, have since the beginning of the twentieth century made public expression of their opinion that the physician should see more of the work of the surgeon and should not depend on the autopsy room for his knowledge of the results of internal disease. Professor Osler particularly has emphasized his colleague, Professor Allbutt's opinion in this matter. That a surgical professor at the University of Paris in the thirteenth century should

have anticipated these two leaders of medical thought in the twentieth century would not be so surprising only that unfortunately the history of mediæval teaching has, because of prejudice and an unfortunate tradition, not been read aright.

Occasionally one finds a startling bit of anticipation of what is most modern in medicine as well as in surgery. For instance, towards the end of the thirteenth century a distinguished English professor of medicine, known as Gilbert, the Englishman, was teaching at Montpellier, and, among other things, was insisting that the rooms of patients suffering from smallpox should be hung entirely with red curtains, and that the doors and the windows should be covered with heavy red hangings. He claimed that this made the disease run a lighter course, with lessened mortality and with very much less disfigurement. Smallpox was an extremely common disease in the thirteenth century and he probably had many chances for observation. It is interesting to realize that one of the most important observations made at the end of the nineteenth century by Dr. Finsen, the Danish investigator, whose studies in light and its employment in therapeutics drew to him the attention of the world and eventually the Nobel prize of $40,000 for the greatest advance in medicine, was that the admission of only red light to the room of smallpox patients modified the disease very materially, shortened its course, often prevented the secondary fever, and almost did away completely with the subsequent disfigurement.

It is evident that these men were searching and investigating for themselves, and not following blindly in the footsteps of any master. It has often been said that during the middle ages it was a heresy to depart ever so little from the teaching of Galen. Usually it is customary to add that the first writer to break away from Galen effectually was Vesalius, in his "De Fabrica, Corporis Humani," published toward the end of the second quarter of the sixteenth century. It may be said in passing that as a matter or fact Vesalius, though he had accomplished much by original investigation, did not break so effectually with Galen as would have been for the best in his own work, and especially for its influence on his successors. He certainly did not set an example of independent research and personal observation any more fully than did the medical teachers of the thirteenth century already mentioned, and some others, like Mondaville and Arnold of Villanova, whose names well deserve to be associated with them.

One reason why it is such a surprise to find how thoroughly practical was the teaching of the thirteenth century university medical schools is because it has somehow come to be a very general impression that medicine was taught mainly by disputations and by

the concentration of authorities, and that it was always more important to have a passage of Galen to support a medical notion than to have an original observation. This false impression is due to the fact that the writers of the history of medical education have until recent years drawn largely on their imaginations and have not consulted the old-time medical books. In spite of the fact that printing was not discovered for more than two centuries later, there are many treatises on medicine that have come down to us from this early time, and the historians of medicine now have the opportunity and are taking the trouble to read them with a consequent alteration of old-time views as to the lack of encouragement for original observation in the later middle ages. These old tomes are not easy reading, but nothing daunts a German investigator bound to get to the bottom of his subject, and such men as Pagel and Puschnum have done much to rediscover for us mediæval medicine. The French medical historians have not been behind their German colleagues and magnificent work has been accomplished, especially by the republication of old texts. William of Salicet's surgery was republished by Pifteau at Toulouse in 1898. Mondaville's "Surgery" was republished under the auspices of the Society for the Publication of Old French Texts in 1897 and 1898. These republications have made the works of the old-time surgeons readily available for study by all interested in our great predecessors in medicine all over the world. Before this it has always been necessary to get to some of the libraries in which the old texts were preserved, and this, of course, made it extremely difficult for the ordinary teacher of the history of medicine to know anything about them. Besides, old texts are such difficult reading that few except the most earnest of students have patience for them, and they are so time-taking as to be practically impossible for modern, hurried students.

Unfortunately writers of the history of medicine filled up this gap in their knowledge only too frequently either out of their imaginations or out of their inadequate authorities, with the consequence of inveterating the old-time false impression with regard to the absence of anything of medical or surgical interest even in the later middle ages.

Another and much more serious reason for the false impression with regard to the supposed blankness of the middle ages in medical progress was the notion quite generally accepted, and even yet not entirely rejected, by many that the Church was opposed to scientific advance in the centuries before the Reformation, so-called, and that even the sciences allied to medicine fell under her ban. For instance, there is not a history of medicine, so far as I know, published in the English language which does not assert that Pope Boniface

VIII., by a bull promulgated at the end of the thirteenth century, forbade the practice of dissection. To most people it will at once seem a natural conclusion that if the feeling against the study of the human body by dissection had reached such a pass as to call forth a Papal decree in the matter at the end of the century, all during the previous hundred years there must have been enough ecclesiastical hampering of anatomical work to prevent anything like true progress and to preclude the idea of any genuinely progressive teaching of anatomy.

There is not the slightest basis for this bit of false history except an unfortunate, it is to be hoped not intentional, misapprehension on the part of historical writers as to the meaning of a Papal decree issued by Boniface VIII. in the year 1300. He forbade, under pain of excommunication, the boiling of bodies and their dismemberment in order that thus, piecemeal, they might be transported to long distances for burial purposes. It is now well known that the bull was aimed at certain practices which had crept in, especially among the crusaders in the East. When a member of the nobility fell a victim to wounds or to disease, his companions not infrequently dismembered the body, boiled it so as to prevent putrefaction or at least delay decay, and then transported it long distances to his home in order that he might have Christian burial in some favorite graveyard, and that his friends might have the consolation of knowing where his remains rested. The body of the Emperor Frederick Barbarosa, who died in the East, is said to have been thus treated. Boniface was one of the most broadly educated men of his time, who had been a great professor of canon and civil law at Paris when younger, realized the dangers involved in such a proceeding from a sanitary standpoint and he forbade it, requiring that the bodies should be buried where the persons had died. He evidently considered that the ancient custom of consecrating a portion of earth for the purpose of burial in order that the full Christian rites might be performed was quite sufficient for noble as for common soldiers.

For this commendable sanitary regulation Boniface has been set down by historians of medicine as striking a deathblow at the development of anatomy for the next two centuries. As a matter of fact, however, anatomy continued to be studied in the universities after this bull as it had been before, and it is evident that never by any misapprehension as to its meaning was the practice of dissection lessened. As a matter of fact, the history of human dissection can only be traced with absolute certainty from the time immediately after this bull. It is during the next twenty-five years at the University of Bologna, which was always closely in touch with the ecclesiastical authorities in Italy, and especially with the

Pope, that the foundations of dissection as the most important practical department of medical teaching was laid by Mondino, whose book on dissection continued to be the text book used in most of the medical schools for the next two centuries. Guy de Chauliac, who studied there during the first half of the fourteenth century, says he saw many dissections made there. It was at Montpellier, about the middle of the century, when the Popes were at Avignon, not far away, that Guy de Chauliac himself made attendance at dissections obligatory for every student and obtained permission to use the bodies of criminals for dissection purposes. At the time Chauliac occupied the post of chamberlain to the Popes.

All during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries constant progress was making in anatomy, especially in Italy, and some of it was accomplished at Rome by distinguished teachers of anatomy who had been summoned by the Popes to their capital in order to add tinction to the teaching staff at the famous Papal school of science, the Sapienza, to which were attached during the next two centuries many of the distinguished scientific professors of the time.

This history with regard to the Papal prohibition of dissection has no foundation in the history of the times. It has had not a little to do, however, with making these times very much misunderstood, and one still continues to see printed references to the misfortune, which is more usually called a crime, that prevented the development of a great humanitarian science because of ecclesiastical prejudice. This story with regard to anatomy, however, is not a whit worse than that which is told of chemistry in almost the same way. At the beginning of the fourteenth century Pope John XXII. is said to have issued a bull forbidding chemistry under pain of excommunication, which according to some writers in the matter is said to have included the death penalty. It has been felt in the same way as with regard to anatomy that this was only the culmination of a feeling in ecclesiastical circles against chemistry which much have hampered its progress all during the thirteenth century.

An examination of the so-called bull with regard to chemistry—it is really only a decree—shows even less reason for the slander of Pope John XXII. than of Boniface VIII. John had been scarcely a year on the Papal throne when he issued this decree forbidding "alchemies" and inflicting a punishment upon those who practiced them. The first sentence of the title of the document is, "Alchemies are here prohibited, and those who practice them or procure their being done are punished." This is evidently all of the decree that those who quoted it as a prohibition of chemistry seem ever to have read. Under the name "alchemies," Pope John, as is clear from

the rest of the document, meant a particular kind of much-advertised chemical manipulation. He forbade the supposed manufacture of gold and silver. The first sentence of his decree shows how thoroughly he recognized the falsity of the pretensions of the alchemists in this matter. "Poor themselves," he says, "the alchemists promise riches which are not forthcoming." He then forbids them further to impose upon the poor people, whose confidence they abuse and whose good money they take to return them only base metal or none at all.

The only punishment that John inflicted for the doing of these "alchemies" who might transgress his decree was not that of death or imprisonment, but that the supposed makers of gold and silver should be required to turn into the public treasury as much gold and silver as had been paid them for their alchemies, the money thus paid in to go to the poor. As in the case of the bull with regard to anatomy, it is very clear that by no possible misunderstanding at the time was the development of the sciences of chemistry hindered by this Papal document. Chemistry had to a certain extent been cultivated at the university at Paris, mainly by ecclesiastics. Both Aquinas and his master, Albertus, wrote treatises on chemical subjects. Roger Bacon devoted much time to it, as is well known, and for the next three centuries the history of chemistry has a number of names of men who were not only unhampered by the ecclesiastical authorities, but who were themselves usually either ecclesiastical or high in favor with the churchmen of their time and place. This is true of Hollandus, of Arnold of Villanova, of Basil Valentine, and finally of the many Abbots and Bishops to whom Paracelsus in his time acknowledged his obligations for aid in his chemical studies.

Almost needless to say, it has been impossible, in a brief sketch of this kind to give anything like an adequate idea of what the enthusiastic graduate students and professors of the thirteenth century succeeded in accomplishing. It is probably this department of university life, however, that has been least understood, or, rather, we should say, most persistently misunderstood. The education of the time is usually supposed to be eminently impractical, and great advances in the departments of knowledge that had important bearing on human life and its relations were not therefore thought possible. It is just here, however, that sympathetic interpretation and the pointing out of the connection of intellectual work often considered to be quite distinct from university influences were needed. It is hoped, then, that this short sketch will prove sufficient to call the attention of modern educators to a field that has been neglected, or at least has received very little cultivation compared to

its importance, but which must be sedulously worked if our generation is to understand with any degree of thoroughness the spirit manifested and the results attained by the mediæval universities.

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New York City.

INFLUENCE OF PAINE ON AMERICAN THOUGHT: HIS SAD END.

A VERY large amount of space was devoted by a popular paper lately to the career and work of Thomas Paine, the English infidel writer who played a prominent part in the American Revolution, and the share he had in moulding the minds of some who moulded the American Constitution. Paine undoubtedly had much influence over Franklin and Jefferson and other notable men who took part in the Revolution and the framing of the Constitution. No one questions the fact that Thomas Paine was a very remarkable man—an exceedingly gifted man, in an age of very gifted men both in Ireland and England, and especially in America—for in an era of revolutions it is the gifted minds that have to come to the front to give proper direction to the tide of revolution. But the terms of adulation used again and again in the course of these papers must have been offensive in the highest degree to Catholic readers, more especially from the fact that no reference was made to the miserable end of the fugitive, dying in exile and literally obeying the terrible advice tendered to Job, perishing on his litter of stable refuse, in his back yard. We perceive, from letters which appear now and again in the papers, that Paine has a good many admirers here, even among the gentle sex; and it is somewhat a matter of wonder whether those who write such letters do not consider it any drawback to a writer that he should be a rabid infidel, and look up to such a person as one to be taken as a guide and example in matters that largely affect the welfare and happiness of millions of people in this country and elsewhere. Socialists are often found writing to the press, lamenting that some monument has not been raised by the American public in honor of one to whom the United States owes a great deal of the spirit of freedom which has found expression in the terms of the Declaration of Independence. Paine could find no market for the works of his mind in his native land. There was little sympathy for infidels there at that particular era. Shelley was expelled from college when he was found devoting his

poetical genius to its praise; Hume was despised as an historian because of his religious opinions; Godwin was ostracized, and deservedly so, for the scandalous example he gave in his own family in regard to Shelley. An exceptionally gifted man, he had found no opening for his talents in his own country, England, because of the deep-rooted hostility of public opinion to anything savoring of Jacobinism and unorthodoxy. He was a poor Quaker's child—the son of a staymaker in Norfolkshire, he had been in turn a sailor, an excise clerk, a tobacconist and an usher in a school at a miserable salary (not quite ten shillings a week). Seeing nothing before him but semi-starvation if he remained at home in England, he took the notion to try his luck in America. He came at the psychological hour. The country was seething with discontent at the manner in which it was being governed from London. Its men, long used to the free life of Colonial farmers for the most part, or else the life of fishermen on the coast or sailors on the trading ships, were just the sort of people who would not long stand for a rule of red tape or irresponsible officialdom. He had met at the house of a friend of his, David Williams, in London, the celebrated inventor, Dr. Franklin, and been lucky enough to gain that erratic genius' good opinion. Hearing Paine saying he would like to try America, Franklin gave him letters of introduction to some persons in Philadelphia whom he thought likely to be helpful to his design. David Williams turned out to be so radical in his views and speeches that he, along with Paine, received the honor of French citizenship. Paine had been fortunate enough to be appointed assistant editor of "The Pennsylvania Magazine," at a salary of fifty pounds a year—not so very bad as one might think, in those days of sparse money and low prices of commodities. His friendship with Franklin brought him much advantage in gaining social position. His native qualities of judgment, logical reasoning powers and clear habit of expression stood him in good stead in the field of opportunity which his new avocation opened out before him. He was soon plunged up to the neck in the stream of political controversy which soon began to envelop the whole country in its serpentine folds. Pamphleteering had ever been the harbinger of political upheaval. Paine soon took to the exciting amusement; it suited his genius. If he had not the power of satire that Swift possessed, he did not need it, for he had a different audience to deal with—an audience to which the argument to cold facts appealed where the argument to their sense of humor would be lost on barren soil.

At first Paine's writings were innocuous, from a religious point of view. After he had paid a visit to France, however, his ideas

and vehicle of expression underwent a decided "sea-change." They were something "new and strange," decidedly, in a land peopled to a large extent with descendants of the Puritans and the fanatics who, under the leadership of Cotton Mather and Stoughton, hanged droves of wretched women and pressed others to death by the "peine forte et dure"—the "strong and hard pain" of the French and English code of penal provisions.

It is a very suggestive fact that when Paine began to write for public purposes he was careful to conceal the fact that he was an infidel in regard to revealed religion. In fact, his appeals made respectful reference to God and Divine Providence. But this was before he had begun to lay down the lines of the work which stamped him as the foe of Christianity, "The Age of Reason." It was after his visit to France and his coming into contact with the violent and atheistical writers and politicians of the revolutionary period. "Tyranny," he wrote in "The Crisis," "like hell, is not easily conquered;" "Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right not only to tax, but to bind us in all cases whatsoever; and if being bound in that manner is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God."

Again: "My secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent." "I am as confident as I am that God governs the world that America will never be happy until she gets clear of foreign domination." "I wish with all the devotion of a Christian that the names of Whig and Tory may never more be mentioned." "Throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but 'show your faith by your works,' that God may bless you."

It must be conceded that the use of such sentiments as these was eminently calculated to gain the favor of a patriotic people, who were largely imbued with the religion of a Puritan ancestry. When these professions and sentiments, moreover, were followed up, later on, by the appropriation of Paine's whole salary to the cause of the revolution; it must be owned that he knew well how to gain the hearts of the people by whom he was surrounded, and with whom he was for the time being coöperating in their struggle for emancipation.

While Paine was content to write for the public instruction and entertainment as a Christian, he could be uncommonly edifying, and at times decorously sparkling. In his introduction to the newly-founded "Pennsylvania Magazine" he was afforded a good opportunity of showing his expected audience what quality of literature they might be prepared to taste of while he was chef of the literary menage. He flattered his clientele's vanity by assuring them that their wit as well as their intellectual qualities generally were superior to those possessed by Englishmen. Considering the many notable names that were found in the literary coteries and clubs and drawing rooms in the British Isles, that preëminent epoch in letters and arts over there, this was a hazardous piece of flattery, to say the least. His definition of wit, in this connection, was particularly happy, if not particularly true. Wit, he said, "is a qualification which, like the passions, has a natural wildness that requires governing. Left to itself, it soon overflows its banks, mixes with common filth and brings disrepute on the fountain. We have many valuable springs of it in America, which at present run purer streams than the generality of it in other countries. In France and Italy it is froth highly fomented. In England it has much of the same spirit, but rather a browner complexion. European wit is one of the worst articles we can import. It has an intoxicating power with it, which debauches the very vitals of chastity and gives a false coloring to everything it censures or defends. We soon grow fatigued with the excess, and withdraw like gluttons sickened with intemperance. On the contrary, how happily are the sallies of innocent humor calculated to amuse and sweeten the vacancies of business! We enjoy the harmless luxury without surfeiting, and strengthen the spirits by relaxing them."

Paine sailed for France in 1787, and this event marked the end of his era of benefit to humanity as a philosophic writer, and the beginning of a stormy petrel career which lasted for fifteen years, alternating or oscillating between France and England, and terminating ingloriously and obscurely in a mean habitation in New England. He became a violent demagogue; his writings—especially the "Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason" were condemned and outlawed by England and several other European Governments. It is blatantly infidel in its tendency, its teachings, its reasoning.

The manner of Paine's passing away is clearly preserved for the benefit of historical students in a letter written by the Bishop of Boston, the Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Fenwick, to his brother, the Rev. Enoch Fenwick, at Georgetown College, which is worth

the space we now devote to it, since a good deal has been done to hush up the matter in the press, obscure the lesson of Paine's miserable end. The following is the full text of the letter:

"A short time before Paine died, I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic woman, who went to see him in his sickness, and who told him, among other things, that, in his wretched condition, if anybody could do him good, it would be a Roman Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quakeress), whom I had received into the Church only a few weeks before. She was the bearer of the message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlman at breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part, he agreed to do so, at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at the time quite young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the most impious as well as infamous of men.

"We shortly after set out for the house at Greenwich where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed upon a mode of proceeding with him.

"We arrived at the house; a decent-looking elderly woman (probably his housekeeper) came to the door and inquired whether we were the Catholic priests, 'for,' said she, 'Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by ministers of different other denominations calling upon him, that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the clergymen of the Catholic Church.' Upon assuring her that we were Catholic clergymen, she opened the door and showed us into the parlor. She then left the room, and shortly after returned to inform us that Paine was asleep, and at the same time expressed a wish that we would not disturb him, 'for,' said she, 'he is always in a bad humor when roused out of his sleep—'tis better to wait a little till he be awake.' We accordingly sat down and resolved to await the more favorable moment. 'Gentlemen,' said the lady, after having taken her seat also, 'I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine, for he is laboring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he cannot possibly live, and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day because he was told that if any one could do him good you might. Possibly he may think that you know of some remedy which his physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries, when he is left alone, are truly heartrending. 'O Lord, help me!' he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress, 'God help me!' 'Jesus Christ, help me!' repeating the same expressions without any the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm

the house. Sometimes he will say: 'O God, what have I done to suffer so much!' Then, shortly after: 'But there is no God!' And again, a little after: 'Yet if there should be, what will become of me hereafter?' Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden he will scream as if in terror and agony and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him and inquired what he wanted. 'Stay with me,' he replied, 'for God's sake; for I cannot bear to be left alone.' I then observed that I could not always be with him, as I had much to attend to in the house. 'Then,' said he, 'send even a child to stay with me; for it is a hell to be alone.' 'I never saw' she concluded, 'a more unhappy—a more forsaken man; it seems he cannot reconcile himself to die.'

"Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant, yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining room across the passageway, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke. We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman, and she opened the door for us. On entering we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched being in appearance I never before beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent in itself, but at present besmeared with filth; his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind; his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose better days had been but one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken, undoubtedly, but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited very unequivocal traces of it as well as of blood, which had also flowed in the track and left its marks on the pillow. His face, to a certain extent, had also been besmeared with it. The head of his bed was against the side of the room through which the door opened. Father Kohlman, having entered first, took a seat on the side, near the foot of his bed. I took my seat on the same side near the head. Thus, in the posture in which Paine lay, his eyes could easily bear on Father Kohlman, but not on me easily without turning his head.

"As soon as we had seated ourselves, Father Kohlman, in a very mild tone of voice, informed him that we were Catholic priests,

and were come, on his invitation, to see him. Paine made no reply. After a short pause, Father Kohlman proceeded thus, addressing himself to Paine in the French language, thinking that, as Paine had been in France, he was probably acquainted with that language (which, however, was not the fact), and might understand better what he said, as he had at that time a greater facility and could express his thoughts better in it than in the English:

"'Mons. Paine, j'ai lu votre livre intitule 'L'Age de la Raison,' ou vous avez attaque l'ecriture sainte avec une violence, sans bornes, et d'autres de vos ecrits publies en France: et je suis persuade que.' Paine here interrupted him abruptly, and in a sharp tone of voice ordering him to speak English, thus: 'Speak English, man; speak English.' 'Mr. Paine, I have read your book entitled the 'Age of Reason,' as well as other of your writings against the Christian religion; and I am at a loss to imagine how a man of your good sense could have employed his talents in attempting to undermine what, to say nothing of its divine establishment, the wisdom of ages has deemed most conducive to the happiness of man. The Christian religion, sir,'——

"'That's enough, sir; that's enough,' said Paine, again interrupting him; 'I see what you would be about—I wish to hear no more from you, sir. My mind is made up on that subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and J. C. to be nothing more than a cunning knave and an impostor.'

"F. Kohlman here attempted to speak again, when Paine, with a lowering countenance, ordered him instantly to be silent and to trouble him no more. 'I have told you already that I wish to hear nothing more from you.'

"'The Bible, sir,' said Father Kohlman, still attempting to speak, 'is a sacred and divine book, which has stood the test and the criticism of abler pens than yours—pens which have made at least some show of argument, and——'

"'Your Bible,' returned Paine, 'contains nothing but fables; yes, fables, and I have proved it to a demonstration.'

"All this time I looked on the monster with pity, mingled with indignation at his blasphemies. I felt a degree of horror at thinking that in a very short time he would be cited to appear before the tribunal of his God, whom he so shockingly blasphemed, and with all his sins upon him. Seeing that Father Kohlman had completely failed in making any impression upon him, and that Paine could listen to nothing that came from him, nor would even suffer him to speak, I finally concluded to try what effect

I might have. I accordingly commenced with observing: 'Mr. Paine, you will certainly allow that there exists a God, and this God cannot be indifferent to the conduct and actions of his creatures.' 'I will allow nothing, sir,' he hastily replied; 'I shall make no concessions.' 'Well, sir, if you will listen calmly for one moment,' said I, 'I will prove to you that there is such a Being; and I will demonstrate from His very nature that He cannot be an idle spectator of our conduct.' 'Sir, I wish to hear nothing you have to say; I see your object, gentlemen, is to trouble me; I wish you to leave the room.' This he spoke in an exceedingly angry tone, so much so that he foamed at the mouth. 'Mr. Paine,' I continued, 'I assure you our object in coming hither was purely to do you good. We had no other motive. We had been given to understand that you wished to see us, and we are come accordingly, because it is a principle with us never to refuse our services to a dying man asking for them. But for this we should not have come, for we never obtrude upon any individual.'

"Paine, on hearing this, seemed to relax a little; in a milder tone of voice than any he had yet used, he replied, 'You can do me no good now—it is too late. I have tried different physicians, and their remedies have all failed. I have nothing now to expect (this he spoke with a sigh) but a speedy dissolution. My physicians have indeed told me as much. 'You have misunderstood,' said I immediately to him; 'we are not come to prescribe any remedies for your bodily complaints; we only come to make you an offer of our ministry for the good of your immortal soul, which is in great danger of being forever cast off by the Almighty on account of your sins, and especially for the crime of having vilified and rejected His Word, and uttered blasphemies against His Son.' Paine on hearing this, was roused into a fury; he gritted his teeth, twisted and turned himself several times in his bed, uttering all the time the bitterest imprecations. I firmly believe, such was the rage in which he was at this time, that if he had had a pistol he would have shot one of us; for he conducted himself more like a madman than a rational creature. 'Begone,' says he, 'and trouble me no more. I was in peace,' he continued, 'till you came.' 'We know better than that,' replied Father Kohlman; 'we know that you cannot be in peace—there can be no peace for the wicked; God has said it.' 'Away with you, and your God too; leave the room instantly!' he exclaimed; 'all that you have uttered are lies, filthy lies, and if I had a little more time I would prove it, as I did about your impostor, Jesus Christ.' 'Monster!' exclaimed Father Kohlman, in a burst of zeal, 'you will have no more time —your hour is arrived. Think rather of the awful account you

have already to render, and implore pardon of God; provoke no longer His just indignation upon your head.' Paine here ordered us again to retire, in the highest pitch of his voice, and seemed a very maniac with rage and madness. 'Let us go,' said I to Father Kohlman; 'we have nothing more to do here. He seems to be entirely abandoned by God; further words are lost upon him.'

"Upon this we withdrew both from the room, and left the unfortunate man to his own thoughts. I never, before or since, beheld a more hardened wretch.

"This, you may rely upon it, is a faithful and correct account of this transaction."

"VINCIT VERITAS."

Book Reviews

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM. The new official edition in four volumes, 18o, 4 by 6 inches. Turkey Morocco, $11.25; Brown Russia, $13.50. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

This new edition corresponds exactly to the very latest Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and embodies all, even the minutest changes that have been made, in their proper places. It shows correct references in every instance, and follows throughout the new order and arrangement to such an extent that all Responses, even those of the "Scriptura occurrens," are everywhere placed in extenso at the end of the lesson.

One of the most persistent annoyances of the old Breviaries obviated in the new is the absence of the response at the end of the third lesson of the first and second nocturns. In this new Breviary it is added in the proper place.

In the Psalter, "Prime" and "Complin" are quoted each day at full length, and at Tierce, Sext and None the hymn at the beginning of the Hora is repeated in each office. A newly edited leaflet, given gratis with each set of Breviaries, makes the troublesome references to the Ordinarium in all cases unnecessary. This new Breviary is printed on the best quality of tinted India paper, which is very restful for the eyes and entirely eliminates the adhesive tendency of the pages. Hence the Editio Typica, offering clear and distinct print, combined with practical arrangement and small dimensions (4 by 6 inches), represents four handy, neat, light and dainty volumes, which it is a pleasure to handle and a convenience for the pocket to carry whilst traveling.

There is only one question to be answered for the individual buyer before purchasing this book, and that is concerning the type—is it large enough? That question can be easily answered by writing to the publishers for sample pages, which they will forward cheerfully and promptly. The type is excellent in every way, and could not be larger in a book of this size, but lest any one should be disappointed, it is best to see it.

It is well to remember also that a larger book is not yet promised, and may not appear for some time, and even when it does appear, it cannot supplant this edition, which combines the excellencies of the larger and smaller books so well as to make a medium sized Breviary, suitable for all occasions, as nearly perfect as the skill of man can reach.

As to the old fear that other radical changes will be made soon, we are assured on the best authority that it is groundless. Breviaries purchased now will be well worn before such changes are made. Attention is called to the fact that by Decree of Pope Pius X. the Proper for Rome and the supplements for most countries will be eliminated by January 1, 1915. Only a few special feasts for certain localities in the United States and Canada will be granted in future. These will be furnished free by the publishers as soon as they are approved by the Commission in Rome.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. Vol. XVI. Index and Reading Lists. New York: The Encyclopedia Press, Inc.

As originally planned and announced, the Catholic Encyclopedia was not to have an Index Volume. The editors were of the opinion that the alphabetical order of the articles and numerous cross references would enable the reader to find readily the topics ordinarily sought after. Few encyclopedias have indexes.

No sooner had the first volume appeared than subscribers urged upon the editors the necessity of publishing an Index. The numerous topics treated in the articles, all of unusual character and interest, would, it was argued, be extremely difficult to find without the aid of an analytical index. Such an index would tell the reader at a glance every part of the work in which a given topic is discussed, and bring together in alphabetical order every other topic closely related with it.

Shortly after deciding to prepare an analytical index of the Encyclopedia, in April, 1907, the editors began the work, by training a corps of assistants who, as each successive volume appeared, selected the titles which would be most commonly the subject of inquiry. In this way the titles selected were available for reference as the work went on, so that they could be constantly tested by the editors, and on the completion of the Fifteenth Volume of the Encyclopedia nothing further remained to be done except the arrangement and verification of the titles as they occur in the passages indicated, and the usual painstaking reading of printers' proofs which such work requires.

The Index will make the volumes proper of the Encyclopedia immensely more valuable than they would have been without it. For the benefit of all who may wish to use the Encyclopedia not only for reference, but also for systematic reading, Courses of Reading are published in this volume, bringing together in logical

and chronological sequence the subjects which the alphabetical order of the Encyclopedia has necessarily kept apart. This volume also contains addenda and corrections. These new articles bring the book right up to date and save the reader the disappointment of waiting for a supplemental volume.

It was originally intended to publish short biographical sketches of the contributors and their portraits with the Index, but this intention was abandoned. While the Encyclopedia is complete without the Index, and no subscriber is obliged by his contract to purchase it, yet it perfects the work and extends its field of usefulness so much that there will be a universal demand for it. Young people and students generally will find it indispensable.

THE WORD OF GOD PREACHED TO CHILDREN. A Course of Sketches for Sermons on the Creed, the Means of Grace and the Commandments. By the *Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R.* New York: Joseph Wagner.

These sketches treat of the Apostles Creed, Prayer, the Sacraments and the Commandments. They first appeared in the "Homiletic Review" and will be familiar to readers of that periodical.

No one can deny that sermons for children are necessary, because they must be instructed and because the sermon that is preached to the adult congregation is above them. Sometimes it is above the congregation. It must be acknowledged also that the child's sermon is the hardest of all to prepare and preach. The child's limited capacity, its undeveloped mind; the serious nature of the subject matter, its technical phraseology; the mature mind of the preacher, his equipment for more learned dissertations; the difficulty of catching and holding the child's attention—all these combine to make the task a more than ordinarily difficult one. We imagine we have noticed that the preacher who thinks himself best suited for this kind of work is least suited, while the one who makes no pretense is more apt to hit the mark.

We certainly admire the courage of the man who undertakes a course of sermons for children, and we most heartily wish him success. We have not the courage even to criticize his work. In order to do so fairly, one should have had experience of this kind himself, and while we have instructed children ourselves very frequently for thirty years, we are by no means confident that we have succeeded. On the most recent occasion, in church, we saw with humiliation that a small boy in the front pew had stolen an important part of our congregation from under our very nose, and he preached a pantomime sermon on an old penknife with one broken blade. We are willing to believe this could not happen

to any one who will use the sermons in this book. Father Girardey shows that he is fully alive to the importance and difficulty of the work in his Preface where he speaks of the qualities which should distinguish both author and text. His explanations are terse and clear, while his illustrations are interesting and enlightening. The field is ripe and the reapers are few; we hope that Father Girardey will gather in a rich harvest.

THE HOSSFELD LANGUAGE METHODS: German, French, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Russian, Portuguese, Dutch. Each, one dollar net. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly, 133 North Thirteenth street.

So many schools for languages have sprung up in recent years and so many methods have been invented that the old-fashioned way of learning from a text-book has almost been forgotten. Of course, no one can deny that the best way to learn a language is to live among those who speak that language only, so that the pupil is forced to express his thoughts in it or not express them at all. Nor can it be denied that the next best way is the method that is most like the best. But when all this is said, it still remains true that for most persons a good text-book and a competent teacher is the only way. And the important part that a good text-book plays in this combination is often overlooked. If it were always possible to find a good teacher in the full sense, one capable of arranging a course in the best way, the book would not be so important. But how many persons can do this? Comparatively few, we fear. Hence the great value of a well-arranged language course. And this thought brings us to the consideration of Hossfeld's Method. It has been devised by the hand of a master; it has been polished and improved until it is now well-nigh perfect; it has been extended to at least a dozen languages; and it is approved by the best scholars of this country and Europe. What greater commendation could any system have?

The Hossfeld Manuals bring one about as near the acquisition of a language without a teacher as it is possible to go; they make the study of a language about as easy and pleasant as it is possible to make it.

ADVANCED AMERICAN HISTORY. Intended for High Schools, Normal Schools and Academies. By *Dr. S. E. Forman*, author of "Advanced Civics," "The American Republic," "An Elementary History of the United States," etc. About six hundred pages, with sixty-one maps and many original documents and illustrations. Price, $1.50. New York: The Century Company.

The distinctive features of "Forman's Advanced American History" are several, and first of all, the large share of attention given

to economic and social subjects. Such topics as commerce and industry, transportation, urban development, immigration, great inventions, education, social and industrial betterment, the rule of the people, are treated in a liberal manner with the result that the pupil learns how the world around him comes to be what it is. Another prominent feature is the ample treatment of the industrial and political history of recent times, which is important for the new student and not easily accessible. The full and faithful account of the westward movement is another feature worthy of special notice. The story is so told that the newly developed communities of the West rise out of the wilderness in geographical and chronological sequence. Thus the progress of the white man towards the West is followed as with the eye. The value of the text is enhanced very much by the excellent maps, including one series showing the movement of the frontier line and another showing the development of the transportation routes. The teachers' aids, references and suggestions for independent work and an analytical index complete the work and render it practical for class purposes.

SHORT AND PRACTICAL FUNERAL SERMONS. By *Rev. Anthony Hayes.* New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

"The present volume is, for the most part, a free adaptation of an old German book by the Rev. H. Nagelschmidt. While much of this book could not be profitably employed by the preacher of the present day, and is therefore replaced here by more suitable matter, the real excellence of the work was found in its great wealth of Scriptural quotations, a most appropriate and valuable feature in addresses of this kind."

We are glad to be able to subscribe to the above quotation from the Preface to this book. It is full of solid thought, built up on the Sacred Scriptures, and illustrated from the lives of the saints and other holy men. The sermons are short, but to the point, and they are fitted to various occasions. The book should be very useful to priests who have to preach frequently in larger city parishes and find it difficult to vary their sermons.

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